THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

...ated Weekly
Fou...28 by Benj. Franklin

AUGUST 24, 1912 — 5cts. THE COPY

THE MAN WHO WOULDN'T MARRY

Alco Trucks Reduce the Cost of Living

It takes three teams to haul this load.

One Alco Truck hauls this load easily.

Horses die by thousands in summer.

Extreme heat does not affect Alco Trucks.

Horses are stalled by snow.

An Alco Truck easily ploughs through snow.

Horses eat their heads off on Sunday.

An Alco Truck is almost of no expense on Sunday.

Horses are limited to a 3 mile radius.

An Alco Truck operates easily in a 15 mile radius.

It is costing more and more every day to haul goods. That is one reason why the cost of living has gone up. If hauling costs come down—prices will subside. That is natural.

But the cost of hauling goods will not come down *during the era of the horse.* A horse costs too much today to make animal means of transportation an economy. The price of a horse is rising higher and higher. There never was a time when feed cost so much as now.

Meanwhile the working life of the horse is growing less. Those that reach 5 years in city service do unusually well. The trouble is the horse is getting too far away from nature. Cobble stones, asphalt pavements, noise, excitement and "canned" food do him no good.

Wise merchants, aware of these facts, have sought a remedy in Alco motor trucks. And not a single one has gone back to horses! These are *their* conclusions:

An Alco truck covers a territory easily within a fifteen mile radius. Horses are limited to a three mile radius.

An Alco truck carries three times the load a two horse team hauls, and carries it twice as fast.

An Alco truck can work twenty-four hours a day, if necessary. A horse's working limit is ten hours.

An Alco truck is of almost no expense on Sunday—a day when horses eat their heads off.

An Alco truck is not affected by extreme heat. Horses die by thousands during summer months.

An Alco truck is not stalled by snow. Horses get stuck, or slip and fall down on icy pavements, making impossible—or delaying deliveries.

An Alco truck saves fifty per cent in rent or in real estate over horses. It can be housed five miles from the point where delivery begins—where rent or real estate is cheap. Horses must be stabled nearby, as a long journey to work would tire them before the day's work is begun.

* * *

ALCO

Motor Trucks

6½ ton 5 ton 3½ ton 2 ton

Their conclusions—not *ours*, remember. And here is the evidence of the men on the firing line; those who operate Alco trucks.

"One of our Alco Trucks makes two or three trips a day at a cost of 9c. per cwt. as against 12½c. by team."
ROBERTS & OAKE, Packers, Chicago.

"Saving over horses by Alco truck 50 per cent." INLAND BREWING & MALTING CO., Spokane, Washington.

"I realize on my Alco Truck $22.50 on each trip." CHARLES J. SIEDLER, Fruit Grower, St. Louis.

"Saving by Alco truck 33⅓ per cent over the cost by horses."
E. L. BROWN, Truckman, Seattle.

"Our Alco has saved us during the month about $50 over horses."
A. H. SWEET & SONS, Box Manufacturers, Norton, Mass.

"We figure the Alco truck is doing the work of eight horses and doing it better than eight horses would do it."
H. R. BOYNTON, Hardware, Los Angeles.

So runs the evidence. Powerful testimony that Alco trucks save.

Any house using Alco trucks can give better prices—and the house with the lower prices usually gets the business.

Thus *down* come hauling costs, *down* come prices, *down* comes the high cost of living.

Do you want your delivery problem analyzed by Transportation engineers, blue printed; possibly your hauls re-routed; and cost figures shown you—without charge to you? The Alco Transportation Cost Bureau was established for this very purpose. It is at your service. Analyses will be made in order of request.

64-page Book About the Alco Sent on Request.

AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE COMPANY, 1880 Broadway, NEW YORK

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"I don't see how they make them wear so well."

"Nor I, either, Dad—they're so light-weight and stylish."

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Holeproof Hose are the choice of business men and of their stylish wives and daughters. For the "Holeproof" appeal is not solely based on the six months' wear they give. They are bought for style, for sheerness and for extra light-weight—simply because they feel good to the foot and because they comply with what fashion decrees. The wear is considered by many buyers as merely an extra advantage.

"Holeproof" are made in cotton for men, women and children—even the smallest infants. You can get them *in silk* for adults. We get the silk from the north of Japan. It is long-fibered—light-weight but strong—the best silk one can buy for the purpose. These hose will meet with your idea of what silk hose should be. There is nothing near-silky about them—nothing makeshift or shoddy. They are "unmistakably silk" to everyone who sees them. Try a box of the silk. Try a box of the cotton hose, too.

EVERY STITCH GUARANTEED

We pay an average of 70c per pound for the Egyptian and Sea Island cotton used in the cotton goods. And we use nothing else. Thus we guarantee every stitch. If a *single thread* breaks we replace the hose gladly.

FAMOUS
Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

We could buy common cotton for as low as 30c a pound. But such hose would be heavy and cumbersome, or, if made light-weight, would be weak. "Holeproof" can be had *in cotton* in the lightest, sheerest weights, guaranteed just the same as the heaviest hose on the market.

We spend $55,000 a year to insure this quality standard, for that's what we pay for inspection—to see that each pair is perfect. In all our experience, our replacements have never run more than 5 per cent. And "Holeproof," the original guaranteed hose, have been on the market for 13 years. 39 years of hose-making experience goes into every pair.

THE signature, *Carl Freschl*, is that of the originator. Look for it if you want genuine "Holeproof." It's on the toe of every pair. And it means the very finest hose in existence. The genuine "Holeproof" are sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request or ship direct where there's no dealer near, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance. Cotton "Holeproof" for men, women, children and infants (six pairs) cost $1.50 to $3.00, according to finish and weight, guaranteed six months. Silk "Holeproof" for men and women, three pairs guaranteed three months, cost $2.00 for three pairs of men's; $3.00 for three pairs of women's. Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

Holeproof Hosiery Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Ltd., London, Can.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906
Carl Freschl

Are Your Hose Insured?

(356)

Are you prepared for Winter?

Don't start up the old-fashioned heating again! Don't risk another winter the dangers and discomfort to young folks, and old, in rooms heated in spots. At an actual economy you can just as well have a uniform, genial temperature ALL through the building—no drafts—no dampness—no shivering when you go to bed or get up to bathe and dress—no ash-dust and coal-gases to breathe. Reliable heating and ventilation are a necessity—to keep you well and always at your best for work or play. And it is made a dividend-paying purchase, too, if you put in now an outfit of

AMERICAN RADIATORS & IDEAL BOILERS

You'll be surprised at the small outlay needed for an IDEAL-AMERICAN heating outfit—if you'll let us have one measured to exactly fit your cottage or larger building you'll get double the volume of heat from every pound of fuel. You'll figure the health protection and the absence of repair bills. You'll figure the saving of household drudgery and the freedom from ash-dust and sootiness, which thereby insures much longer life to furnishings and decorations. You'll figure the great satisfaction and better social standing the family will enjoy in a home genially and cleanly warmed by IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators. You'll see that they are a paying *investment*, not an expense.

A No. 2-22-W IDEAL Boiler and 460 sq. ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators costing the owner **$205**, were used to heat this cottage.

A No. 3015 IDEAL Boiler and 175 sq. ft. of 38-inch AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner **$125**, were used to heat this cottage.

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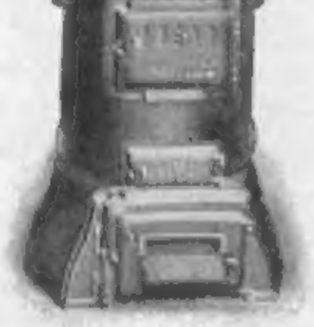
From our Testing Laboratories in the U. S., Germany and France (the only three laboratories of their kind in the world) are published the results of exhaustive tests, and which furnish the basis for the world's engineers to scientifically and completely warm and ventilate a cottage or a monster building.

These outfits are giving ideal results in a million buildings of all kinds and conditions in America, Europe, Australia and elsewhere. They are *fully guaranteed*. Accept no substitute. Ask for catalog (FREE): "Ideal Heating Investments."



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We have also brought out the first genuinely practical, automatic, durable Vacuum Cleaner. ALL the dirt and trash is drawn from the room, through small iron suction pipes leading to big, sealed dust-bucket in cellar. Attach hose to iron suction pipe opening in baseboard of any room, turn an electric button to start the machine in cellar, and with a few gentle strokes of the hollow, magical ARCO WAND, you instantly and thoroughly clean carpets, rugs, floor, walls, ceiling, draperies, moldings, mattresses, drawers, corners, crevices, etc. Put with ease into any old or new dwelling or building. Costs little monthly for electricity to run. Ask for catalog of ARCO WAND Vacuum Cleaner.

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THE BLACK SQUAD

A Tale of Forty Fires—By Richard Matthews Hallet

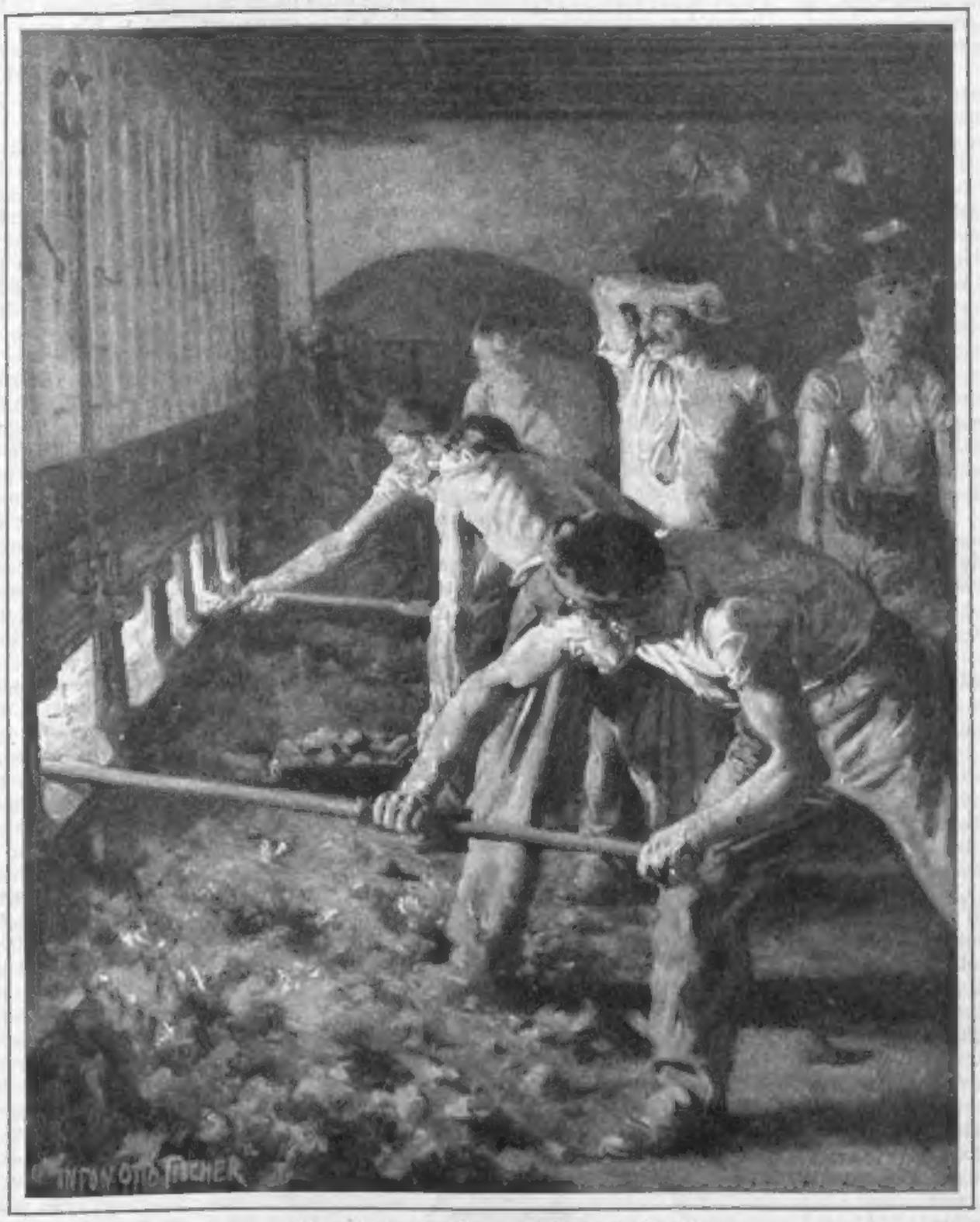
ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

THE beginning of this was in Australia. Three months before I had jumped a windjammer in Sydney and had all this time been coming down the road to Melbourne. Your new chum has a great place in the back country, and I lived well and wrought not much. But there is a kind of subsidence of personality in towns—a fine figure will become a mean one over night; a cold word will shrivel an imposing port; and a bitter wind sap the promise of a bed for the night which a sheltered roguery, basking in good esteem, will quite possess. Be that as it may, I had short shrift at the Apollo Inn, where I had sat me down, as I thought, to write my memoirs. Rogueries of the Road, I think I was to have called them; and there was to have been a fine dash and revelry about them too—but that's aside.

The truth is that, as I was coming down Flinders Street one dingy morning, with the heroic sixpence in my pocket, I passed the port bo'sun of that windjammer. We turned and stopped. He was an impudent little figure customarily, with red whiskers and a glowing red face that might have just dropped hot from some perverted Vulcan's anvil—but now he smiled because he suspected me of the sixpence; and there was about him a sheepish and liberated air, which he at once explained—a little proudly. He had been in jail twenty-eight out of thirty days ashore, it seemed. He felt a trifle jubilant to have wrung bed and board out of an ungrateful country all that while! Then there were the baths—daily! And you were only required to swing a ten-pound hammer. He had spent worse hours in chain lockers.

"What's the shipping?" I asked.

A Norwegian bark and a French one. A few jobs at painting. He was going "on the coast."



Always That Insidious and Gnawing Heat!

"There's a job trimming a mail steamer at the port of Melbourne," he said; "but I'm no man for that. I'm no fireman. Too near hell as it is to be toasting my toes before my time!"

"Then that's for me," I said. I provided him beer and turned my steps toward the port of Melbourne. An able seaman is one thing and an able fireman quite another. If I was to get out of Melbourne in any honest fashion I should have to ship as trimmer.

I shipped as trimmer. The job was mine for the asking and a little pounding from the doctor; the trimmer's job is, so to speak, on its knees. I put my gear—a slim collection—in the forecastle of the four-to-eight; looked into the messroom, but not for long—and failed in an effort to get a mattress. I slept finally on the steel slats of my bunk.

I was prodded in the ribs. An elderly, very touchy person, with white hair, held a slip of paper. He read my name off.

"That you?" he shouted.

"Yes."

"Engine room!" he screamed, and vanished.

I rolled out stiffly and went down into the engine room. This irascible old fellow was there before me, with his black cap at a commanding angle. He was called storekeeper, though he appeared to have nothing in his store but oil lamps and a great yellow brick. The noise of the engines was such that it was impossible to hear him until after a third or fourth repetition, a thing that greatly inflamed him and that was probably the cause of his ruined disposition. A fellow victim, who had told me hurriedly on the way down that he was going to join a deserted wife—his own—in Freemantle, was set down with the brick between his knees and a rasp with which to scrape off dust for polish. He was a slight youth, with fair mustache—a waiter; and nothing could be more melancholy than to see him sitting there clasping that brick, sweat blinding him, those great, bright flawless rods, blurred with grease and steam, plunging all about him. Surely his wife could want no better demonstration of his renewed affection for her! This devotion sanctified him.

The storekeeper put in my hands a three-cornered steel scraper, an old shovel and some strips of burlap, and bade me dig the grease out of the deckplates, beginning with the tail of the shaft and working forward. The shaft is laid in a long, narrow alley, and is an uncompanionable thing. It spins its whole sleek, fat, shining length without a murmur; strange varicolored frying greases lie under it, mottled with pale, leprous bubbles. This shaft is rigid, infallible, greedy of work, incommunicable. A lonesomer place than that long alley I cannot remember to have seen!

When I had been clacking a couple of hours over the diamond impressions in the plates, depositing black grease in the shovel, the storekeeper stood over me again.

"Put on a coat," he said, "and go up and sign the articles."

Four of us had joined the ship in Melbourne and we met to sign articles in the purser's office. We made a humble group, standing there with our dusty caps off, unkempt and huge in this magnificence, before a plump, white presence—the purser's assistant. We stood on plush and leaned on rosewood, answering questions. This assistant was young and peremptory—dispatch was what you read in his poised pen.

"You've been to sea before? You know the articles?" he shot at us seriatim in a keen voice. We nodded; yet we never have known—never shall know—the articles. They form the vague but artful bond which binds us to the tyrant of the seas. We have heard them mumbled over in consuls' offices. We understand that whisky and firearms must not be brought aboard; bowie-knives and knuckle-dusters are forbidden; assault is five shillings for the first offense and ten for each succeeding. We cannot be asked to go farther south than the eighty-fifth parallel—that is, we cannot be forced to go hunting for the South Pole. Beyond this, we know simply that they tie us up somehow; that if we do not do as we are told the company has so framed the articles that we shall get the worst of it. Well, what's a payday more or less? We affect a supreme indifference to these articles; we sign them to humor the plump assistant—or because we are there and it would be childish to refuse. As with all simple people, our sense of tort is quicker than our sense of contract.

I took advantage of this business to have a word with the second engineer. Two hours had unequivocally fed me up on the shaft and its vicinity.

"I shipped as trimmer, sir," I said. "Am I not to get a chance to—er—trim?"

He laughed shortly. "Your first trip, I see," he said. "You'll get your chance to trim."

I went back to the shaft. Presently the storekeeper was standing over me again.

"Put away your gear," he said, "and wash up. You're in the four-to-eight."

Now the four-to-eight is generally conceded to be the best watch of the three. As the men put it, you have "all day off and all night in." This is specious. There are two terrific intervals—dawn and dusk—when you are neither "off" nor "in," but unmitigatedly "on." It is either broad day or black night when you come off; and for five weeks you will not see the sun rise or set, but only a waxing or waning light at the top of the ventilators.

During that "all day off" I acquired a mattress, a plate, a knife and fork, an empty baking-powder tin—to drink out of—and an active distaste for Tasmanian tiger, an animal arching his back over that first dinner table, the men supplying him with growls. Tasmanian tiger is no other than stewed rabbit—an incomprehensible dish, I take it, though there were Olivers among us who called for more; but these had been on watch—and the body of a stoker roars for fuel like a furnace.

At seven bells I put on my working gear—dungarees, a gray shirt, a black cap, a sweatrag knotted about the throat. Weak tea, piping hot, made its appearance. A great noise arose in the galley, where the men were threatening the frightened cook with the claws of his Tasmanian tiger.

Suddenly there rose over a bunkboard an immense, compact, livid body, as thickly figured as a tapestry. On the chest was the insignia of the Order of the Garter, with the lion and unicorn rampant, *Honi soit qui mal y pense* in the circle and *Dieu et mon droit* on the bottom scroll; on each shoulder, a red star with violent black rays; round the neck, a bulging snake; under each collarbone, a sprightly robin; on the shoulderblades, butterflies; on the right knee, a skull with crossbones, the skull grinning when he swung his leg; on the left knee, a devil that grinned alternately with the skull. You have before you in the fancy flesh Jimmy Jones, the leading spirit in the four-to-eight.

"Red!" he bellowed, and the chatter ceased. A small, sleepy head, very white, and with a curiously swanlike pose, leered over the opposing bunkboard.

"Are you going to sleep all night and all day too?" inquired Jimmy Jones, who had certainly been doing that himself. "You're an early quick un."

The "early quick un" rolled the china-whites of his eyes, swore sulkily and muffled himself in his blankets again; but as if some importunate duty rested on him, searching his very soul, he wriggled uneasily; and after a few seconds of defiance he jumped out of his bunk and began to slide into his gear.

"Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither!" muttered Jimmy Jones sleepily but with some erudition. He relapsed into his bunk and called loudly for his pot of tea. "Bob Shilling, fill my pot."

Bob Shilling filled it; he drank and turned out. Thereupon they all turned out; there was none of them with the temerity to lie on after Jimmy Jones had set foot to the deck.

They dressed rapidly, took each a pot of the fluid called tea and went down to their respective holes. The way led first down two steep flights, past the freezing room, out of which came incongruously a great puff of intolerably hot, moist air; then through the long pass, a narrow gallery presenting a motley of stokehold gear—shirts and dungarees, drying against the yellow ribs of the ship. At the end of this was a low door, which I misjudged, cracking my head in consequence; then a turn to the left and the descent by a long steel ladder into stokehold number one.

This ship contained four double-ended Scotch boilers, and two single boilers aft, next the engine room. This made four stokeholds, the after one the largest, having sixteen fires opening upon it. Each of the double-ended boilers was fired through two boxes at each end and each fireman had four fires—a pass fire, the one next the pass connecting all the holds and running between the cheeks of the pass boilers; a wing fire, next the coal bunkers; and two intermediate or low fires, so called because their fireboxes were set somewhat lower down.

Such is the order of things. Return with me to the chaos of flame, coal, ashes and hot words wherein I found myself in that first *descensus Averni*. I wandered into the after hold, coughing, blinking, singed and useless. I had forgotten to lace my boot; the leather gaped at the top and a hot cinder tumbled in against my ankle. I yelled, snatched off the boot and stood on one foot. Evidently this had no bearing on the progress of the ship.

"Want a job?" said Jimmy Jones. "Take that away. Next hole—to the left."

He pointed to a steel barrow that stood under his high or pass fire. It was heaped with the living body of coals he had raked out of the box. I seized the handles; they were wet with sweat and burning hot. The malignant coals snapped and spun out against my forearms; the barrow wobbled—and I dropped it incontinently.

"Throw on some water," said the helpful Jim. I filled a bucket from a spout in the pass—this water, too, was hot; and I threw it savagely into the barrow. It returned against me in a blinding cloud of steam. I tore off my sweatrag, wound it about the hotter of the two handles, and this time wheeled the barrow into the pass. The forward movement trailed the steam back full upon me, burning my arms like fire and filling the pass until I could neither see nor breathe. The ship rolled; I staggered and ground the knuckles of my left hand against the hot side of the boiler. All at once I came out into the after center hold; the steam cleared a little and a chorus went up of: "Haul tight!" But I could not haul tight. I was hauling very loose indeed, and I trundled grimly into another barrow and overset it. This barrow had been coming from the forward hold at great speed, and its skillful operator laid all the blame on me—and quite right too. In his place I should have done the same. It was the early quick un; the whites of his eyes now twinkled in a face gone very gray and hoary. He stood over his barrow, expanding his really remarkable little chest and tightening his belt.

"Go on!" he shouted.

I went on. Right ahead of me was a huge, molten, snapping mountain of coals, over which hung a thick pall of ashdust, soot and fiery particles. Here was a vault indeed "fretted with golden fire." Under this declivity two vague, dusky figures were shoveling like mad into a snuffling bowl-shaped receptacle with barred top. A third stood over this grating, smashing the larger lumps through it with a steel rod.

"Over there!" shrieked the leaner of these fiends, and directly I had tilted out that glowing mass he gave an agonizing cry.

"Where's your water?"

Impossible to explain that it had gone up in steam. I backed out, seized the barrow and fled aft, knocking my heels against the under part of it in some maddening way. So began the operation known as cleaning fires. Certain fires were each watch marked in chalk as burndowns; and the fireman in charge, as the watch drew to its close, allowed them to die down, leaving a long lane of gray cinders to the left and saving a patch of fire to the right. The down-coming man cleared the grate to the left, twisted the live fires over to the empty side, and pulled out the other and hotter half. Then he spread out his fires again over the whole, hurling in "cobs"—huge lumps that burn savagely, but soon crumble and lose heat.

Each fire marked as a burndown yielded, with this foreign coal, from four to five barrows of ashes. There were five in Jimmy Jones' little private hell. Five times I lurched through the pass, choked with steam, toppling—first right, then left—against the glowing surfaces of steel; and each time I brought down upon myself in some new way the wrath of those mysterious, catapultic demons, all unrecognizable, who struggled at the foot of this ever-renewing mountain. When I brought the empty barrow back for the fifth time the great Jones was lighting a cigarette. The atmosphere had cleared a little, and he invited me to draw the pit or ashpan. I swung up the door and seized a rake, or hoe with a broad blade. The door was hot and the red had only now died out of the handle of the rake. No matter—"In with it! In with it!" said Jimmy Jones; and in it went. The shaft rested in a hook. In my left hand, which was to seize the rake where it smoked, I held a handrag—that is to say, a square piece of Brussels carpet.

"Make a jolly good dust, whatever you do!" chanted Jones; and so I did. He took the rake from me, showed me the more conservative stroke and how to drag out the back of the pan by using the hook. So it came about that somehow or other we cleaned fires—though how, from that one night's work, I should never have been able to explain.

Hot, dripping, fighting for breath, I got under a ventilator, and at once a cold dagger of air sank into my wet back—enough to kill a dozen men not preserved for worse ends! We were not yet in the hot oceans; it was still possible to draw breath out of the heat. The time was coming shortly when we should cluster in vain under those sooty airholes, with the little spot of yellow sunlight high above.

While I still sat or crouched under the ventilator, regarding a huge raw welt across my gray forearm, I heard from the second stokehold the iron rattle of a shovel on the lid of a mudbox, and the cry: "Fire aft!" The man who rattled this shovel was "on the steam"; it was his duty to watch the steam gauge and give the signal to rake or fire as the pressure fell away from "the red"—two hundred and fifteen pounds. This job was taken in turn; and the less often he found it incumbent upon him to rattle, the more popular was the man on the steam.

Jones began with his wing fire. The trimmer here in the twelve-to-four had luckily left him a good bulk of fuel; for I had not yet begun or thought of beginning to wheel out my heaps. With each shovelful a fierce white blob of flame leaped out of the box with a noise like low thunder; the face of the fireman was strained and distorted; sweat seemed to squirt from the end of his nose, his chin, his neck, his forearms. These last were black and shining, with a high light of yellow on the swollen veins and cleat-like muscles, grown there in the service of these daily agonies. He kept regularly lifting the coal, giving the shovel a vicious thrust far into the box, so as not to heap his coal in front and so block himself off from building up his fire to the rear. No Liverpool fires for him! He threw half a ton of coal into that fire and shut the door. One down! He took the three remaining doors in turn, without stopping, always in the loom of that just tolerable heat—always with the same precision, the same niceness of shovel-play. In his hands a shovel seemed as deft a tool as a lancet or a rapier—never stumbling against the box, yet always, in the upward thrust, faintly lipping it, thus taking the most out of the given angle.

He picked up a slicebar—a tool like a heavy crowbar flattened at one end. This flattened end he coaxed along the bars of the grate under the whole body of the fire. He then pulled it out until he had cleared perhaps four feet of its smoking length from the coals, and bore down on it with all his might. I stepped behind him and looked quickly in. Arching over all I saw the heavy crown-sheet, ribbed and frosted, enduring the unendurable; under it the black mound of coal smoldered in jets of white smoke, then suddenly split open from end to end, the whole area leaping up in short, stiff orange flame, driven by the fans below. The orange roared on into a white which is the last white that flame can show; and a rain of hot dust spun down into his face—that black, scorched, unflinching face—while he still clung doggedly to the bar. Twined that way about the hot steel, he was like some writhing gargoyle—grotesque, hideously affected by some constant strain. He drew out the bar, let it fall heavily and clanged-to the door. An ugly red began to die out of the tip of the fallen slice. His face was drawn; streams of sweat channeled through those blackly carved features. His giant shoulders drooped—he smiled a gaunt smile; but he was irrepressible.

"Gaw bless us, wot a cheerful blaze!" he said; and the thought of some old gentleman rubbing his hands and drawing up a little

(Continued on Page 34)

You Have Before You in the Fancy Flesh Jimmy Jones, the Leading Spirit in the Four-to-Eight

The Man Who Wouldn't Marry

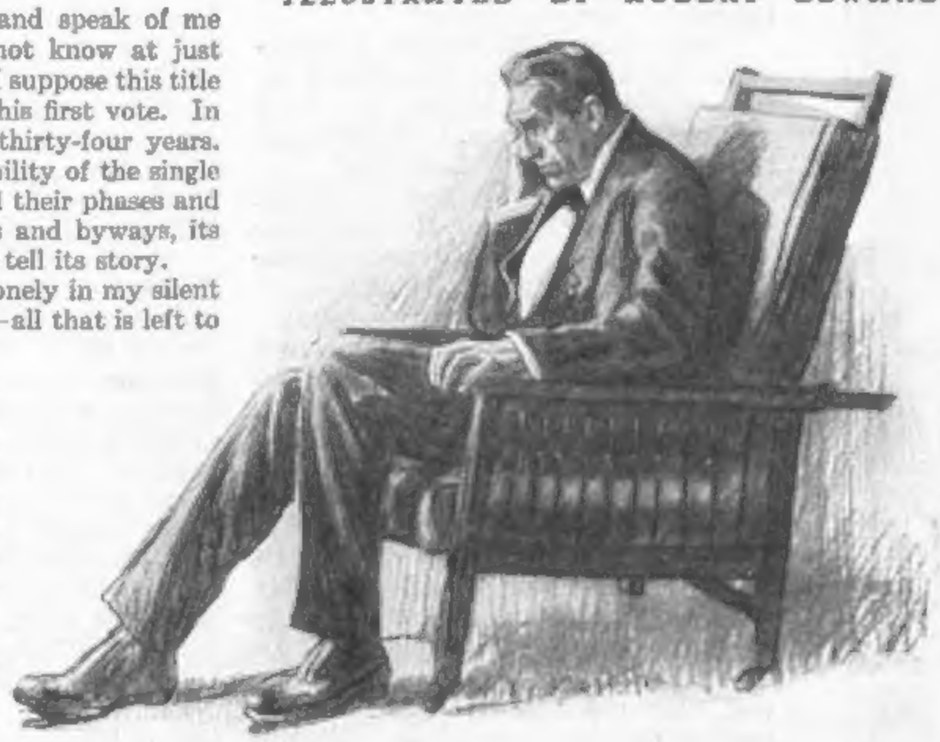
By ANNESLEY BURROWES

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT EDWARDS

I AM FIFTY-FIVE years of age and people call me an old bachelor. Those of limited intelligence and fancied humor make it a bit shorter and speak of me derisively as "that old bach." I do not know at just what age a man becomes a bachelor, but I suppose this title attaches to him with the right to cast his first vote. In that case I have been a bachelor for thirty-four years. I have enjoyed the careless irresponsibility of the single state. I have pursued its pleasures in all their phases and varieties. I have explored its highways and byways, its chill valleys and its sunlit hills, so I can tell its story.

Sometimes, as I sit gray-haired and lonely in my silent room or in my quiet corner at the club—all that is left to me of the wide ranges of my former life—my life seems to unroll itself into the pages of a great ledger, and on it, in fancy, I inscribe the record of the profit and loss of my bachelorhood.

How full is the debit side! In that column of lost hopes there are ranged all the wonders, all the beauties, all the vanished possibilities of the might have been; but on the other side what is there? What things stand to my credit as a bachelor?



If Only, Instead of Being a Bachelor, I Had Been a Man

Years ago I might have written many an entry of pleasures enjoyed, of duties neglected and of some evils recklessly indulged in, but of them there is nothing but cold and empty memories. On the credit side of my ledger there are only negatives—homelessness, loverlessness, friendlessness and, worst and bitterest of all, uselessness. Not to the men who are bachelors perforce, who have sacrificed love and home to some great duty or to some good work, but to the bachelors of pleasure, the bachelors of indolence, the bachelors of self-indulgence, I dedicate this story of my life.

When I first remember my mother she was a doctor's widow in a small New England town. We were poor but very proud, because she was a Virginian and her father had owned slaves before the war. This foolish pride, coupled with a simple ignorance of the outer world, bred ideas that seem strange in these days of electric energy, of vast enterprises and of great fortunes quickly gained.

"Never marry," my mother used to tell me, "until you can afford to support a wife in the station to which you were born."

And often she would shake her head very wisely and say: "In these days a young man cannot get on very far unless he has capital or influence."

These teachings from my mother's good, well-meaning heart went far to the shaping of all my future life. At the age of eighteen, through the interest of John Gwyllym, an old family friend, a bank clerkship was procured for me in one of the larger cities of the Middle West, which at that time boasted a population of something over one hundred thousand souls. This was quite in line with my bringing up. I now had the influence which I so much needed. I had made an initial success without effort. I was getting something for nothing. I was being assisted. How different my life might have been had this assistance been withheld, had I been forced to gain my own advancement by the strength of my own will! But even now had I met the neglect and inattention which are the lot of the average boy in a strange city, had I had the associations of hard-working, self-helping young men, I might still have developed ideals and aspirations that would have made me a good man and a good citizen. But that was not to be. Again I was to be assisted, and here came the worst of all the influences that mapped my life. Our friend, in the goodness of his heart, invited me to live with him as a member of his large family through the winter that had just begun.

Then for six months I lived the life that I had no right to live—the life of a rich young man. There were dancing parties, dinner parties, sleighing parties, skating parties and every form of social enjoyment. If there were sleighs to be paid for they went into John Gwyllym's livery bill. If there were theater tickets to be bought, John Gwyllym's footman carried his money to the theater and was first in line when the office opened. It was only on my private excursions into society that my own pocketbook was lightened, and as I was at no other expense the drain was easily borne.

During these months I developed all the qualities that are so highly valued in society, but that are so useless in the workaday life unless backed by industry, ambition and force of character. Tall, straight, broad-shouldered, and with the touch of romance and distinction given by my Southern ancestry, I soon became a favorite with women; and presently I began to develop the ease of manner, the flow of conversation, the power of narrative and the touch of wit and repartee that for many years afterward made me welcome in all companies.

How I should have contrived to make my salary support this life when I left John Gwyllym's hospitable roof I do not know, had not my mother, out of her slender means, provided me with a small temporary allowance. With this I managed to keep my head above water, and I received further assistance from our friend, who presented me with a membership in a fashionable boat club with dues paid for two years. Thus was continued the fatal policy of assistance, and thus began that club life that helped to chain me forever to a life of bachelorhood.

My life during the next few years was one of outward ease and pleasure, but beneath the surface it was a succession of sordid economies and wretched makeshifts that even today make me blush to remember. Once or twice a week I swaggered in expensive restaurants and bought cigars and drinks for my fashionable acquaintances. On other days, when not invited out, my meals were taken in cheap boarding-houses and remote cafés. I lived in a tiny room, destitute of even such comforts as I had known in my mother's home; and often I have put off the landlady with excuses when I needed the month's rent to meet the expense of some social pleasure. When my fashionable clothes verged on shabbiness I had them turned by a little tailor who slept and ate in his own workroom. In my leisure moments I cleaned my own gloves, and then feared lest the odor of benzine might offend some dainty miss who favored me with her society. I bought an iron, and with door locked and curtains drawn I secretly pressed my own clothes. Sometimes, after one of these operations, I have sat at some rich man's table and fancied I could feel the heat of the pressing iron still upon my hands. I made no presents unless by doing so I could strengthen my social standing. I gave nothing in kindness, nothing to charity; I grudged even the dime that I dropped into the church plate when occasionally I occupied a seat in John Gwyllym's family pew.

It was during this period, one cold night in December, that I was hastening to catch a car on my way home from a fashionable dinner party. In my tall hat and Inverness coat I carried an air of easy opulence that appealed to the imagination of a poor wretch cowering in the shadow of the buildings. I knew that the winter was a hard one, that many honest men were out of work, but my pocket contained only two quarters and a dime, and when the man stopped me with his plaintive appeal I snarled a refusal.

The beggar shrank back and I turned away. Then a wave of shame passed over me, and in a moment's flash I realized how low I had fallen, what a contemptible wretch I had become.

"Here, you!" I called, and the man came creeping back. I dribbled my last two quarters and my last dime into his outstretched palm just as the horse-car drew up with a clatter of hoofs and grinding of the brakes.

"All aboard!" cried the conductor.

I turned away and walked two miles to my cheerless room.

This was the first unselfish kindness I had done in years and I felt the better and manlier for it. That night, lying under the wadded covers, I thought it all over. I was not naturally mean, my disposition was even generous; and looking back over the years since I had left my mother's roof my soul sickened at what my life had been. I could not and would not go on as I had been doing. But could I change? Could I give up my friends, give up my pleasures, give up my position, and fall back into the ranks of the toilers whose life was one of saving and slaving?

Had I reached that decision, had nothing occurred to alter my intention, how happy an issue it had been out of all my affliction! But that was not to be. The hour was late. I was young and weary, and when sleep closed my eyes the great problem was still unsolved.

The next morning on my way to the bank I was puzzling over the ways and means by which the great change was to be effected. I was puzzling when I reached my desk. I puzzled in brief intervals of my work. I was puzzling when the office boy presented himself and said respectfully:

"The president says will you please come into his office, sir."

James Faulkner, president of the bank, was a close associate of our friend, John Gwyllym, and he greeted me with a pleasant smile.

"Christmas is only two days off, Leigh," he said kindly. "I thought I'd tell you that your salary for the next year will be fifteen hundred dollars."

He handed me an envelope and added: "Here is a little Christmas present from the board of directors. I notice that you lead rather a gay life, but your work at the bank has always been excellent." Then he smiled quizzically. "You're getting along, Leigh. Better get a wife."

I came out of his office walking on air. The great problem had been solved, and solved for me. It did not occur to me that up to date all my problems had been solved for me.

The envelope contained one hundred dollars. I spent twenty-five on a lace shawl for my mother, the first present I had given her since I began life for myself. Then I sent twenty-five as part of a public fund for the relief of the poor. I felt my self-respect coming back. I felt I was doing at least a little to make up for past negligences and ignorances.

Although my fortunes had improved, I allowed no increase in my social expenditures. With my enlarged income I enlarged my own comforts. I moved into a better room, threw my pressing iron into the alley, enjoyed better food, and allowed myself many little luxuries that until now I had been forced to deny myself. Life became more solidly enjoyable to me, and now from time to time my mind reverted to Faulkner's careless jest: "You're getting along, Leigh. Better take a wife."

Well, why not? I was now nearly twenty-six years old. Other men of my age were marrying. I was popular with the young women and liked by their parents. I wouldn't marry for money—my mother had always cautioned me against that, but I remembered the line in Tennyson's Northern Farmer:

"Doänt thou marry for munny, but goä wheer munny is!"

I went. Her name was Dorothy. Her father was at the head of one of the largest industries in the Middle West. She was a little girl, with a light, graceful figure, dark eyes and a bright cheerful smile. But most important of all was Dorothy's disposition. She was unspoiled by her father's wealth. She set little value on money and treated all classes of people with an equal kindness and civility. She was the ideal rich wife for a poor man.

During the next year I saw a great deal of Dorothy. I made no attempt to hurry things, no effort to gain her favor. I showed her only the most ordinary friendliness, but I lost no opportunity of being in her society. It would have been almost impossible for any man to be much in Dorothy's society without loving her, and I soon developed a warm and unfeigned affection for this sweet girl. Her goodness seemed to react on me and I felt myself a better man when I was near her. I suppose she saw her own qualities reflected in me, and in the course of time it was evident that she regarded me with more favor than any of the other men in her circle.

So it was no mere pretense when I told Dorothy that I loved her and asked her to be my wife. She accepted, but with a proviso—she would not marry without her father's consent, and I must ask him.

John B. Mills was writing at a flat-topped desk when I entered his study. The shaded light fell upon a pair of square shoulders, a square forehead and a very, very square jaw. His short black hair stood on end with a spiky effect, and there were lines running from his large nostrils to the corners of his wide mouth so deep that they left black shadows on his cheeks. There was no mellowness, no geniality in John B. Mills' countenance when he bade me sit down.

I told my story, told it well. My life during the past nine years had left no timidity in my nature. Socially I was up to anything. I even felt a little sense of superiority to the rugged man behind the desk. John B. Mills listened to me in silence. When I had finished he remained silent, looking straight at me with steady eyes. Then he reached into a drawer and drew out a bundle of neatly folded papers held by a rubber band.

"Look them over," he said dispassionately.

I opened the first paper. It bore the heading of a great publishing house and stated that John B. Mills was debtor four hundred and fifty dollars.

"For my daughter's library," remarked John B. Mills carelessly.

My blood rose slowly, until I felt that every drop in my body was congested in my burning face. In quick succession I ran over bills for prints and pictures, bills for embossed stationery, bills for flowers, bills for music and painting lessons, a bill for a cabinet grand piano, memoranda of the expenses of a trip to New York and Boston, bills for a score of things I had never thought of as part of a woman's expense account. I did not wait to see the millinery and tailor bills, but gathered them all up and dropped them on the table.

"My daughter's personal expenses last year were something over five thousand dollars," said John B. Mills calmly; "and," he added with a smile, "she paid no board."

She Shook Hands With Me Lingeringly, Almost Lovingly, and Then She Was Gone

I sat speechless. I was not afraid, but I could say nothing. I felt that there was nothing to say. Dorothy's father watched me in silence. Then he went on:

"Your salary is fifteen hundred dollars a year. If you gave all of it to my daughter it wouldn't pay her dressmaker. If you were a practical man and I was otherwise satisfied with you, I might take you into my business; but you are only an officehand. I couldn't use you. I can hire fifty men like you for less money than you earn at the bank. You are getting on toward thirty and at that age you have accomplished nothing, and you give no promise of accomplishing anything. You have shown no ability unless as an adder, a subtracter and a multiplier of figures. Your leisure has been devoted to pleasure. My daughter will have great interests. She needs a man—not a cotillion leader."

For another minute I sat in silence, while Dorothy's father regarded me with steely eyes. I had no reply to make, for I knew that John B. Mills had spoken the truth. So I rose, still in silence, and left the room. The hall below was empty. I could hear the strains of a piano in the distant music room. It was the Moonlight Sonata, and I knew that Dorothy was playing while she waited for me. I took a step forward and then stopped. How could I face her, with the humiliation of her father's rejection upon me, and tell her—as I must tell her—that he was right. My coat and hat were lying upon the table. I took them and went out.

Well, it was over. For a year all my hopes, all my plans, all my life had been leading up to this. I had pictured myself as the husband of a girl whom I really loved, as the son-in-law of a multimillionaire. I had seen myself taken into his enterprises and participating in his great investments. I imagined myself growing in wealth and power, the possessor of horses and yachts and perfectly equipped houses. I had planned my amusements, hospitalities and even my charities, and now I was back where I belonged, in a third-story bedroom and with a bank-clerk's salary. I looked at the people passing by and wondered if any of them were so miserable as I. I envied the conductor who took my fare. There was no sham about him. He stood before the world for what he was. He earned his wages honestly and spent them happily with his wife and children, while I—what was I getting out of life? Nothing but worry and misery and false pretense. I stumbled up my two flights of stairs and blundered into my room. It was brightly lighted.

"Hello, Buckey!" shouted a cheery voice, for that was my name among my friends. "Welcome home! I've been waiting an hour for you. I've got something to tell you—something big!"

It was my neighbor and friend and officemate, Dick Burton. He stood there in the gaslight, his broad, honest Anglo-Saxon face flushed with happiness.

"What is it?" I asked querulously.

"I'm going to be married," he shouted. "Do you understand? Married! Married to the finest girl in America! I want you to be best man. Will you, Buckey, old chap?"

I braced myself and summoned a smile. Of course I accepted. I didn't need to ask Dick who the lucky girl was. I knew already. Mary French was reasonably goodlooking. Her figure wasn't bad. She dressed well on an allowance of two hundred dollars a year, and everybody knew that when her father died Mary would have to earn her own living. She was the right kind of girl for a poor man to marry—the sort of girl that would have been a good wife for me.

During the three months before Dick's wedding I did a great deal of thinking. I was now nearly twenty-eight years old. I had been almost ten years in the bank. I knew twenty men of my own age and means who, like Dick, had married, but now it occurred to me that these fellows had not cut any dash in society. They went out more or less, but on the whole they were men of a rather serious type, who lived decently, saved money and attended to business. Some of them had married girls with small incomes, some girls with no incomes at all. Two or three had married rich girls. I noticed that these were young fellows of admitted ability in the lines of business that had made the fortunes of their fathers-in-law. I began to suspect that the fathers had given their consent to these unions because they regarded the men as valuable additions to the family strength. I also began to suspect why Dorothy had been hurried away to visit relatives in Pittsburgh. From one of her friends I heard that she was tremendously impressed with the forcefulness and strength of the young men who were engaged in the great iron and steel industries. A little later came the news of her engagement to one of them. For a day or two after this I was as miserable as any disappointed hero of romance. Then I resolved to change. I would give up society, devote myself to the study of banking and finance. I would work day and night and never rest until I had made a place for myself in the world. I would begin my new life—when the prenuptial gayeties had been ended by Dick's wedding.

Everybody knew Dick and liked him, and everybody knew and liked Mary French, so the wedding was a big one. After the ceremony there was the usual breakfast, the usual speeches, the usual jokes, the usual rice and shoe-throwing, and then away to catch the midday train for the East. I saw them safely on board, said farewell to the bride, wrung Dick's hand and left them.

And now the time had come for the change that I had been planning for the last three months. I was done with pleasure, done with frivolity, done with society. Tomorrow—no, next week—I would begin a course of self-denial, of economy, of study and work, which in the end must lead to wealth and power.

As I entered the bank James Faulkner, the president, was going out. He stopped me, asked about the wedding and then said casually: "You haven't been looking well, Leigh. If you should happen to get an invitation that will take you out of town, don't hesitate. The bank will spare you."

It came the next day. As I was walking down to business John Gwyllym overtook me.

"Hello, youngster!" he cried; "I've been looking for you. I want a juvenile man for my yachting trip along the Atlantic Coast. I've spoken to Faulkner about it and he says you can come. We'll be gone a month. Can you be ready tomorrow?"

I demurred, but my patron would take no refusal, and I did not see how I could insist on mine. We visited every summer resort from Portland to Long Branch. The month was a constant round of pleasure. I returned to work in fine health and exuberant spirits. On the whole, I decided, the life of a bachelor was not so bad. I had been reckoning its profits.

During the next two years my salary at the bank rose steadily, and on the Christmas following my thirtieth birthday it was brought up to two thousand dollars a year. In the middle eighties that was a very substantial income. Rents were low, household expenses were trifling as compared with today and life was lived on a more moderate scale. A young couple on two thousand dollars could house themselves comfortably, dress respectably, entertain quietly and educate their children. At this time I could have married nicely, but I had no inclination to marry. I was now realizing the profits of bachelorhood. I was having too good a time. I was not so keen on the society game, but was still a good deal sought after for functions of various kinds. I did not accept as many invitations as before and so I was able to pick my hostesses. I think this was done with discrimination and taste, and I soon had a charming circle whose friendship and society I thoroughly enjoyed. Most of my friends were young married people. There were few young girls among them. I was no longer in the younger set.

On the other hand, I had joined several clubs. I played cricket with a team that is still remembered. At the yacht club I had a fifth interest in a ten-ton sloop. I picked up a swagger side-bar buggy and a decently bred horse at a bargain, and maintained them at a livery stable for thirteen dollars a month. I was fond of driving out to the country club in the afternoons and stopping for dinner and a cool drink on the veranda. While I increased my expenditure in these ways I retrenched on candy, flowers, cabs, theater tickets and other things by which younger men were obliged to conciliate the favor of the débutantes.

Again my salary went up and I moved into a better house, where instead of merely a bedroom I occupied a commodious and well furnished sitting room on the ground floor. I bought a bookcase and began the accumulation of a library. From reading good literature I went forward to an interest in music and art. I attended lectures and concerts, and without losing my standing as a good fellow I began to gain a reputation as a man of taste and understanding. My salary rose again and I joined the La Salle Club, with all that this implied twenty years ago. I was now thirty-five years old. My rooms were in a fine old street quite close to the clubhouse, and I now took most of my meals there. Bridge was unknown in those days and poker was the only game. I spent three months of my leisure in studying the chances of the play, and then began. My companions were all men of means and most of them played a little recklessly. I myself assumed a degree of recklessness, but beneath it I played a cool, watchful, conservative game. My winnings were not large, but in a month's play they always exceeded my losses, and in the course of a year added three or four hundred dollars to my income, which I spent to the best advantage.

Often at this time I felt myself prompted to save money. I realized quite well that the years were fleeting. I knew that I ought to save. I made many resolutions to save. I did save, and occasionally accumulated a few hundred dollars. But always some fancied necessity arose, or some alluring pleasure, and then my savings slipped away from me. Many times, too, the idea of marriage obtruded itself. I always intended to marry—some day. Strange to say, there has never been a time when I have absolutely given up the idea of marriage. Occasionally I met women whom I would have liked to marry, but I shrank from the sacrifice of my bachelor liberty and bachelor pursuits, and always I pushed the thought farther and farther into the background. Sometimes I spent evenings at the houses of young married men with small incomes. After these visits I always went home with an added satisfaction in my comfortable apartments, my luxurious club dinners, and the hundred and one other things that made life pleasant for me.

These were the halcyon days of my bachelorhood and I enjoyed every minute of them. I needed to. It was well that I took my profits when I could.

Men's friendships are oftenest made by their recreations, and it was through the game of golf, which I took up in my forty-first year, that I became intimate with James Bidwell, assistant cashier in one of the larger banks. About two years later his father died and his sister came on from Boston to take charge of her brother's house and children, for Jim was a widower.

Somewhat above middle height, Katherine Bidwell combined the easy grace and splendid physical development of the outdoor woman with that full-blown beauty that sometimes comes in the early thirties. She played golf and bridge with equal cleverness. She could sit a horse, reef or steer a boat, cast a fly or pot a duck with a skill that many a man might envy. Her mind was tuned to art, literature and music, as well as to the practical things of life, and to all these she added the most wonderful

feminine charm that it had ever been my fortune to experience. Not all these things were apparent to me at first. Katherine Bidwell's attractions and merits unfolded themselves gradually, for she was inclined to reticence—not a woman whom one learns by heart in a week and tires of in thirty days. I knew that she was a good woman. I knew that she was the kind that I ought to marry. I felt the power of her attraction, but the thought of marriage did not come at that time with great force and I put it aside. I did not want to marry. I was enjoying life very well as it was. I was still taking the profits of my bachelorhood. Had my past life been of a different character I think I should have succumbed to Katherine Bidwell's charm, but I was now an old bird. I was forty-four years of age. I had met many charming women and had often played the game of love. I still had many women friends. I was still in demand for dinners in winter and for all kinds of outdoor diversions in the warmer months. Besides, marriage had its disadvantages. It involved sacrifice and self-denial and responsibilities, and all kinds of unpleasant things.

But I did not cease my visits. On the contrary, almost insensibly they increased in number. Always Bidwell had liked me to dine with him after golf, and now I began to accept these invitations oftener. The evenings after these dinners were very delightful. The talk was always bright and inspiring, and when alone with Katherine Bidwell she discovered an especial sympathy with me, a sort of mental affinity. She seemed to understand my moods and to suit herself to them. And now, when I went to other houses, I began to compare the women to her and the atmosphere of their home life to hers. Society began to bore me a little. Two or three invitations in my morning mail would make me peevish. By-and-by I found myself refusing invitations which a few months before I would have accepted with pleasure. The truth dawned on me.

I made a feeble attempt to break away—to go less often to Bidwell's house and to resume my interest in my other friends—but it was futile, and I had to face the fact that my former friends bored me to extinction. I now abandoned myself entirely to the friendship of Jim Bidwell and the pleasure of his sister's society. A place was laid for me at dinner as though I were a member of the family. I was thoroughly contented.

I knew now that Katherine Bidwell was the only woman in the world for me. I realized that I must marry her, but there was the question of money. I had always lived up to my income, and to marry one must have money. I would not speak just now. I must save. But my bank account grew slowly. I could not see just where I could cut my expenses. I disliked giving up my clubs. It would cause remark. I couldn't do without my horse or my yacht. A few days' shooting in the autumn was necessary to my health. However I did eliminate a few smaller expenses, and anyway I was quite happy.

Another year slipped away. As I look back upon it now, it was the purest, the sweetest, the happiest year of all my life. I was forty-six years old. Insensibly, as my habits had become quieter, my expenditures had lessened. That which I had not the courage to attempt had come of its own accord. I seemed to need fewer of the things that once were necessary to me. Katherine Bidwell was filling the places of so many of my old pleasures. I began to realize why married men were content to live so quietly. I had never understood it before. My bank account was now really quite respectable. I would speak to Katherine. I would speak soon.

I had never seen Katherine Bidwell so beautiful as that night. She glowed and beamed and scintillated, and yet sometimes she fell silent for a moment, and then I thought I noticed a shade of sadness cross her face—the expression of a woman who feels that she is losing something that she has valued highly, perhaps loved. When dinner was over she asked me to excuse her. She had many things to do, she said, and as she spoke I saw that same look in her eyes, that look of loss and sorrow and infinite sadness. She shook hands with me lingeringly, almost lovingly, and then she was gone.

"Well," said Jim with a sort of vindictive brutality; "Katherine's engaged to be married."

"Married?" I felt the blood surge into my face and then sink out again. I tried to speak and could not. I fell back into my chair and stared at Bidwell with sort of blank horror.

"Isn't it splendid?" he asked with a cold sneer.

"But, Jim, old man," I faltered, fighting to keep the choke out of my voice, "didn't—didn't you—know that I—that I hoped ——"

Then Bidwell exploded.

"You unmitigated ass!" he exclaimed in a voice choked with grief and rage. "You inexcusable idiot! Do you suppose I don't know what you hoped—what you rather thought you hoped? Do you suppose Katherine didn't know what you rather thought you hoped? Why in thunder didn't you hope harder? Did you expect me to throw her at your head? Did you expect her to drag you to the altar? Why, man, you could have had her for the asking any time these three years, and now Jake Abershaw comes back from South Africa, the man my sister loved years ago—and a man, mind you, a man from the feet up, a man who wanted her and wanted her bad and wanted her hard, who'd make sacrifices to get her. Do you blame a woman for taking a man like that and leaving an effigy who didn't want her badly enough even to hint about it?"

"Go on, Jim," I said sorrowfully. "Go ahead! I need it. It does me good."

"Does you good!" he sneered. "Why, blast you, you can't help thinking of yourself even now!" Then his voice broke into a sort of sob. "Oh, Buckey, why didn't you speak? Money? What's money got to do with it? Wouldn't we all have lived together and wouldn't we have been happy and comfortable? And now you've lost her and I've lost her. And we needed her, Buckey, both of us!"

Jim Bidwell gave his sister away with a steady voice and an aching heart. That night I dined at home with Jim. There was a quiet elderly woman in Katherine's place, a cousin of Jim's wife. The meal was a horror to us, and when it was over we found the brightest, liveliest café in the city, and sat and sat because we were afraid to go home. We stayed until the lights were turned down and the head waiter chased us out into the night.

When I wakened next day, after a miserable night, the whole world seemed different. I dressed without care, I ate without appetite, I plodded through my day's work soddenly, for I had nothing to look forward to at the end of it. Jim and I played golf in the afternoon, but the game had lost its flavor. We topped and baffed and sliced and foozled. Each of us seemed to irritate the other. I did not go home with Jim that night—I could not face the woman at his table. I dined alone at the club. I took my coffee in the smoking room. There were half a dozen youngsters there whom I scarcely knew. They were chattering about their friends and their amusements. Their dull repartee and foolish laughter sickened me. I called up an old friend whom I had long neglected, and humbly asked leave to come and see her, but when I found myself ensconced in a big chair before the fire I realized that I had nothing to talk about. I had fallen out of the run of society life and now its small talk bored me. I left early and dropped into the theater to see the last act of a newly famous play. How flat it was! How wretched the performance compared to those delightful ones of other years. I supped at a public café and went home to my room. In one night I had almost exhausted the pleasures of the town, and they were bitter in my mouth.

We did not golf next day. In the afternoon I went home and tried to immerse myself in a book. That night I broke into my old game at the club. The fellows looked at me with surprise. I had not played for a year and some were strangers to me. It seemed to me that they were not overjoyed to see me there. I played for an hour and then sat out. The conversation was ghastly—what a contrast to our delightful evenings at Jim Bidwell's! I groaned at the thought that those days were gone forever. I wondered how I could ever have borne the dullness, the stupidity, the flat banalities of that miserable gang of gamesters.

Again I took refuge in my rooms and read until the clocks began to strike the early hours. I was now feeling keenly, feeling miserably the awful losses of my bachelorhood. These were the first two days of my new life. There were to be many like them, days of dullness, of loneliness, of wretchedness, of bitter self-reproach—days when I would have given all my future to live over again the last two years. I made desperate efforts to resume my old habits and associations, but I could not. I had dropped out. The older generations were scattering and passing away. A new generation was rising up and it wanted none of me. Many changes had come which I had scarcely noticed in the rush of business and pleasure, and in my quieter years with the Bidwells; but now, with my occupation lessened and time heavy on my hands, they rose up again and smote my heart with keenest pain. I realized now as never before how few were even my friendly acquaintances. Some had died years before, scarcely noticed then and long since forgotten. Some had moved to other cities. Some had settled down into quiet domesticity. The city's sudden and tremendous growth had sent old residents scurrying to the outskirts, and noble suburbs were rising up where I could remember miles of grassy meadow and growing grain. Close to the club were fifty fine old mansions where I had danced and dined and flirted my early years away—all deserted. One of them was a paint shop, another a printing office, a third a patent-medicine house, a fourth a flashy hotel where painted actresses and cheap, stage-door Johnnies drank and rioted in rooms that had once been the Mecca of the city's gayest society. The last few years had served to change even the club. It was now little more than a bourse where business men lunched incidentally while negotiating their deals.

In the evenings there were private parties in the private cardrooms, private parties in the private dining rooms, cliques in the billiard room and bowling alley, but the old pleasant camaraderie was gone forever. One evening, as I passed out of the wide doorway after a lonely dinner, I was greeted by a passing street gamin.

"Oh," he said, grinning, "good evening, grandpa!"

I passed without reply, but the salutation startled me. That night I looked in the glass and saw that my hair was gray. The eyes that looked out at me had no fire. There were deep furrows about the mouth. The cheeks sagged. I realized with a shock of pain that I actually was old.

In these, my cheerless autumn days, I had turned to Jim Bidwell. He was my only friend, as I was his, and that friendship helped to lighten a period of wretchedness that without him would have overwhelmed me. But now came my last and most crushing blow, and when I heard the clods rattle upon my old friend's coffin I felt that my heart and life were being buried with him.

That night, grief-stricken, revolving the bitter memories of my wasted life, my thoughts went back to that other friend, the friend of my heedless youth. A year before I had heard Dick Burton's name coupled with a vast success that was the gossip of a day, and now my heart went out to him with a keen longing. I called him up in his Chicago home. Why had I never done so before? The voice that

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It Was No Mere Pretense When I Told Dorothy That I Loved Her

ADVENTURES IN BUSINESS

The Manufacturer Who Was a Robinson Crusoe

By Edward Mott Woolley

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

FOR twenty years I carried the key to success in my pocket without knowing it; but when I finally discovered it I opened the door very quickly. No one can doubt this statement who knows the great manufacturing house of Goodspeed, Hibbard & Todd.

"During those twenty years, however, I went through adventures in business disastrous enough to drive a man of less mental stamina to the madhouse. I was shipwrecked more than once and driven on numerous occasions through the most terrifying gales, with rudder gone and my rigging all in a tangle. I spent many years on desert islands. If I really set about it I could tell a veritable Robinson Crusoe story of business—but I shall try to give you the essentials in a way that will appeal most directly to other men who may be tossing at the present time on the rough waters of business.

"My name is Pennington Goodspeed—the Goodspeeds of Puritan fame. I came of a family of wealth and culture, and had every advantage that training and pedigree can give a man. I was educated at a university and after that at one of the best polytechnic schools in America. I withhold the name lest indirectly the school be blamed for some of my failures.

"In a way I do blame the institution.

"However, I came forth as a duly accredited mechanical engineer. From boyhood my inclinations had run toward mechanics; so my father gave me my bent. I was ambitious and wanted to do things in the world, notwithstanding the fact that I expected to inherit half a million dollars as my share of the Goodspeed estate—an estate built out of a natural growth in real estate during several generations. This I did inherit almost as soon as I had finished my education.

"So, being a mechanical engineer with plenty of money, I had numerous opportunities to go into manufacturing enterprises, for the business management of which I was as poorly fitted as Archimedes himself would have been. Now this was an odd situation, wasn't it? Something must have been wrong with my fine education; yet I know I was a good mechanical engineer, and I carefully examined and tested, from an engineering standpoint, all the various products I was asked to take up and manufacture. From these products I selected the one that seemed to offer the best opportunity—a new line of conveying machinery. Into this I put two hundred thousand dollars in cash and became president of the company.

"We had not been running many months when I decided that we should have to produce and sell a bigger volume of output if we were to make a living profit; competition, you see, cut down our selling price. If a newsboy can sell only ten papers in a day and net only half a cent on each paper, it will not be worth while spending his time in that business; but if he can sell two hundred in a day he can earn a dollar, even at a half-cent profit. That is the way it was with us.

"Now this question of increasing production in a business of any sort, manufacturing or mercantile, is peculiarly an engineering proposition; but please bear in mind the distinction I draw between pure technical engineering and the broader application of engineering principles. I do not care how big a factory may be or how small a store, the same broader engineering problem stares the owner in the face; yet the owner commonly fails to see any such problem, even after the sheriff hangs up his sign. He tries every way of increasing production except the obvious engineering way. Even the technically expert engineer frequently fails to see this obvious course, because all his training has been away from business administration instead of toward it. Few civil engineers could manage the executive end of a railroad; few mechanical engineers, however expert in designing machines or products, could administer the larger affairs of the concerns in which they operate. And yet I hold that the engineering profession furnishes the foundation on which every business house should be established and maintained. Business, in fact, is engineering itself. The technically trained engineer, if he can get away from his textbooks, has in his grasp that thing we call success.

"Yet I have seen many business men in my time who were technical engineering experts and could talk you black in the face about materials, tests and finished products, but who always tried to pry their establishments up the hill by putting the fulcrum in the wrong place and bearing down on the short end of the lever.

"I did this myself—I, a trained engineer in the technical sense. Instead of increasing production from within my plant, I added to that plant. I sold some of my real estate and put a hundred thousand dollars more into the business. We put up two new buildings, got additional equipment, hired more mechanics and heavily increased our burden all round. We did increase our output very largely, but our profits immediately ran down and turned into losses that made my hair stand straight up—I had lots of hair in those days, though I have hardly any left now. I often marvel that I have any brains left."

"More Than Four Hundred Thousand Dollars Had Been Swept Away in Three Years!"

A Business Without Airbrakes

"I REPEAT that I was a good mechanical engineer. I knew that statics was that division of mechanics which treats of bodies at rest, and that dynamics treats of bodies in motion; but my corporation was plunging down a winding grade and all my fine statics and dynamics could not set the airbrakes upon it. As I look back, this seems a most extraordinary thing. I swear that I could have made as neat a set of airbrakes as the Westinghouse people at Pittsburgh, but the polytechnic school never had taught me how to use them on my own establishment.

"In every business there are dynamic forces that may be used as the lever to pry up production; but when you try to do it simply with a larger factory or by adding a second floor to your store you are getting the wrong leverage. In a few minutes I'm going to tell you how I discovered the use of my engineer's lever.

"Meanwhile my factory kept on down the grade and finally jumped the track and tumbled into the gulch. When the wreck was cleared away and the business terminated I had less than a hundred thousand dollars left of my half-million. More than four hundred thousand dollars had been swept away in three years!

"I Found it Very Difficult to Cram Peanuts Down the Throats of Those Germans"

"Yet a hundred thousand dollars is a tidy sum. I had an income that enabled me to go to Ems for the purpose of recuperating my shattered health. One day, between baths, I ran up to Coblenz and there chanced to meet the young lady whom I married a few months later in America. She was a New York girl, traveling abroad with her mother—the latter a widow of considerable means; but I wanted the girl, not the money. And I want to say incidentally that she stood by me through all the disasters that came subsequently, like the true woman she was. Ah, these women! How a good woman inspires a man with courage to fight! A pity it is that so many men fight blindly and lose—when they might win if they fought with the skill of those army engineers who plan strategic campaigns down at the War College in Washington.

"Before we were married, however, I had a little commercial adventure in Berlin that cost me ten thousand dollars. It is a mere incident in my career, and I mention it only because it illustrates the vagaries of a mind not trained in the fixed principles of business.

"Just outside Der Tiergarten that summer was a large fair, and I conceived the idea of feeding it peanuts. I bought a concession, made arrangements for the goods and started on a rather extensive plan. I found it very difficult, however, to cram peanuts down the throats of those Germans. They were not educated up to that point. This American leguminous necessity did not appeal to them. Then I got into a lawsuit with the authorities over the shucks—and quit in a cloud of disgrace.

"An analysis of prospective markets would save many a man from failure. If you hope to build up an appetite for peanuts among people who have not learned to like them you must lay your plans with artifice and cunning; you must work by insidious methods. Moreover, time is the essence of many a business undertaking, and while you are building up a peanut appetite you must make your living.

"When I was home again, and married, my income was far from sufficient to allow me to live in idleness. The remaining fragment of my fortune paid me about four thousand dollars a year, but I began married life at the rate of ten thousand. This was very much less than I had been accustomed to spend, and it did not seem possible to get below it. Therefore I looked about for work; and after wasting a year in the search for a job at eight or ten thousand a year I took one just outside of New York at twenty-five hundred, as assistant to the engineer in charge of the designing in a machine shop. For two years I held this place, running behind all the time in living expenses.

"Now here was an extraordinarily simple problem in the business brand of engineering; yet I, a trained engineer, was unable to solve it. It was this: Given an income

of sixty-five hundred dollars, make the outgo less than that sum. No wonder I had failed in the more difficult engineering problem of increasing the production of my factory to a profitable point.

"I believe that the chief cause of poverty and failure, in the homes as well as in the business establishments of the land, is lack of business engineering knowledge; but what can we say of men who have skilled technical knowledge, as I had, yet fail utterly to apply it! This technical engineering ought to develop naturally into administrative engineering.

"I did realize, however, that something must be done, for my expenses were climbing alarmingly and my income was shrinking. Therefore I went into business again—as a blind adventure. Most men go into business after the fashion in which they conduct a courtship and marry. They happen to get an introduction to some ethereal idea that smiles at them; then they fall in love with it and half smother it with roses and chocolates.

"Well, some business ideas—like some girls—are angels; but a lot of them have sharp voices after the honeymoon. Still, the majority of men could get along nicely with their business ideas if they managed those ideas on engineering principles.

"Near the factory where I was employed was a little plant that was manufacturing a certain line of steel equipment used on railroad cars. This equipment was just coming into use then; today it has been universally adopted and, with its developments, has earned vast fortunes for its backers. It was this plant that I acquired when I entered business once more on my own account. I regret to say, however, that I have no interest in this product now. My interest was short-lived.

"Into the business I put seventy-five thousand dollars of my own, while my mother-in-law invested an equal amount. The business had been established only a few years, but apparently had outgrown its facilities. It had paid as high as twenty per cent in dividends and the future seemed roseate. I deemed myself fortunate in being able to purchase this concern from an estate that had to be closed. And yet I repeat that my undertaking was a mere blind adventure. There was nothing wrong with the idea, but my way of increasing production was a gamble.

"Here, again, I failed to look within the business; I failed to measure its production with the implements my engineering education had given me. As a matter of fact, the existing facilities were ample. A business should never expand until every other resource has been exhausted. Last fall I stood on my lawn at home and watched my gardener fill his wheelbarrow with the dead leaves he had raked from the grass. When it seemed loaded to its full capacity he got aboard himself and stamped the leaves down—in reality, the wheelbarrow had been only half full!"

A New Crisis Ahead

"WHEN I bought that little manufacturing business I neglected to stamp it down. Instead, I got another wheelbarrow to help carry it. In a word—for it would take too much time now were I to go into details—I rented larger buildings and added extensively to the overhead burden. If everything had gone as I expected I should have made good and probably grown immensely wealthy from this car device. Many a badly managed business prospers while conditions are favorable, but the test that really counts is ability to weather a storm.

"A financial storm broke over the country a year later and our production for several months was almost nil, while a large part of our overhead expense went along—then gradually production picked up. About that time I felt compelled to cut our piece-rates, and the immediate result was a strike of mechanics. It was long and bitter. I argued that the very existence of the business depended on this cut; I implored the men to be reasonable and help me out of the hole. Finally I announced that, unless the men went back to work on my terms, I should have to suspend. I threw myself on their mercy.

"It is a pity men have this blind trait which causes them to cling so tenaciously to traditions! Tradition told me that a mechanic in my shop could not legitimately earn more than three dollars a day, and now that many of my workers had been making from three-fifty to four dollars—and in exceptional cases very much more—there was no alternative in my opinion but this radical revision of my piece-rates. I, the learned engineer, Pennington Goodspeed, was a mere tyro in the art of production! If men like Rankine, Moseley and Weisbach had not been more original in their reasoning than I, the laws of mechanics would have remained undeveloped.

"I must keep away from the temptation to talk mechanical engineering, because I want to make my experience applicable to every man in business, whether he runs machine tools, owns a warehouse or stands back of a counter. I've seen the principles of engineering applied to traveling salesmen, with a jump of forty per cent in production. The mistake a lot of business men make is to imagine that production concerns only the factory. In the economic sense the grocer and drygoods man are producers; and because their production is abnormally low they never can pay for their homes. To apply engineering ideas to production does not require that a man should be an educated engineer. I know men who are doing it every day who would not know what I meant were I to speak of the resultant of two concurrent forces. You see, business engineering is not the technical sort, though sometimes the technical man may be needed in carrying out the work.

"Well, some of my workmen finally came back—the poor ones—and we struggled along for a while, turning out an imperfect product and running far behind the necessary volume called for by our fixed charges. My wife's mother put in fifty thousand dollars additional in an effort to save us, which it failed to do. We went under and quit. Now my own fortune was gone and my mother-in-law's also. Other unskillful investments had cost her a great deal before she met me.

"Thus I was stranded in New York, with two women and two children to support, and creditors hounding me from every direction. My two failures branded me and for a long time I was unable to get work at my profession. I cursed that profession; for, with all its exact science and mathematical certainties, it had led me to abject poverty and deep humiliation. I had yet to discover the magic wand that lay concealed within that very profession!

"We tried to keep up respectability for a while, and the five of us lived in a little flat near Herald Square while I sought employment. I substituted at several offices as a draftsman for short periods; then, by a twist of fortune and the help of a friend, I became assistant manager in a restaurant at twenty-five dollars a week. I was really little more than a bookkeeper, but in six months I learned enough of the business to give me an impulse. With the financial backing of this same friend I opened a little lunch counter on Third Avenue—the street to which the five of us had migrated. We were living in a fifth-story 'walk-up.' My backer said I had a good personality and ought to make friends fast for my restaurant.

"Let me say here that personality is perhaps the most abused term in business. It is because of personality that things are done wrong. The man with a square jaw and a loud bluff has a personality; he is able to intimidate workers and therefore he is made general manager. The man with an affable smile and a 'jolly' also has a personality, and he is appointed manager of some other business. Both these houses fail, however, when the periodic American slump comes along.

"Don't mistake my meaning. The right kind of personality is one of the dynamos of business—but the right kind is not the sort that does things unskillfully under the guise of a kick or a smile. And the bane of business is the rule of personal opinion. Under a régime of this sort the most wanton blunders and the most inexcusable ignorance hide beneath this lauded term, 'personality.'

"So I had a good personality, but I wrecked my restaurant business in six months. Here again the trouble lay in abnormally low production—exactly the fault that had ruined both my factories. At the time it never occurred to me that production had anything to do with a restaurant. I, the engineer, never saw that engineering might have saved that business. We had a good patronage—we were surrounded by millions of people—we gave very good service; but somehow we could not make any money. Expenses and waste devoured us; but I saw only the obvious waste. I did not see, for instance, that a waiter consumed six times the necessary energy in serving a patron, or that our product traveled four times the necessary distance."

Straight Lines Better Than Curves

"I PASS over the years that followed—the Robinson Crusoe years during which I worked at various places at small wages and was counted a failure. I omit a number of unsuccessful ventures. My family, now even larger, was buffeted about with me. In the hope of bettering my fortunes I took positions in Chicago, St. Paul and San Francisco in turn, working sometimes as a draftsman, sometimes as an engineer, sometimes at other callings. Ill fortune pursued the concerns that employed me and bankruptcy threw me out of my best jobs. Ultimately I returned to New York and found employment in the engineering department of a large manufacturing company. A year later began the extraordinary things that revealed to me a new country—a wonderland of business!

"It was another panic year and our great plant—an hour's ride from Manhattan—stood confronted with the alternative of increased unit production or failure. By this I mean that the production for every man, machine and square foot of floor-space had to be increased heavily and the unit cost of the product correspondingly decreased. A monopoly would have raised the selling price and passed the burden along to the consumer. Our plant could not.

"This was before any one had heard the term 'scientific management'; and I want to say now that I am not referring to any given adaptation of management. I am talking of business engineering, which is older than any one man's idea or system.

"The head of the company was a man of originality and resource. He had long been studying production from the broader engineering standpoint, but necessity never before had called for the action he now took. The engineering department was ordered to eliminate from our factory every form of unnecessary waste. More than that, we were ordered to establish standards and to see that they were maintained. By this word 'standards' I mean simply the best and most economical way of doing any given thing. I think it was Euclid who said that a straight line was the shortest distance between two points. The factory or store that can find its straight lines, and has a reasonable opportunity of selling its product, is the one most likely to succeed; but the majority of men who go into business draw nothing but curves.

"In order to keep away from engineering technicalities let me cite an example of a grocer I knew who worked in curves—and failed. He had four delivery wagons, one of which delivered goods at my house. A block below my place was a field where the boys of the neighborhood played ball. The driver of this particular wagon was fond of the game, and often he would leave his vehicle in front of my house for an hour while he joined in the sport. He kept this up all summer—and still held his job! The reason he held it was this: the boss did not know!

"Now why did not this grocer know? Because he was not running his business on engineering principles. He had no standards. He did not know how long the deliveries

"He Laughed at Our Gospel at First—Then Grew Curious—Then Eager"

on this young chap's route should have taken. Had he reduced the thing to engineering terms he could have cut out this wagon absolutely. The three other wagons could have done the work easily.

"And so it was all through his store. He had curves in handling his goods, curves in the arrangement, curves in his fixtures, curves in taking in the cash. His equipment was inadequate and his establishment was full of false economies. In grinding coffee, for instance, he used a machine half the size engineering would have specified; and when he transferred the ground kernels to the paper bags he consumed a thousand per cent more selling-time than was necessary. A modicum of the mechanical faculty would have solved the problem for him.

"I can point to a hundred drygoods stores today that are making a bare sustenance because their operating energies are expressed in the most amazing parabolic lines. I know one large department store that narrowly escaped the receiver last year because it was literally tied up in a maze of interlaced energy curves. I venture to say that if those circles and arcs were measured and translated into straight lines the operating costs of that store would come down forty per cent. If run on an engineering basis the movement of customers through the store could be accelerated in a most astonishing way. I have stood in that store during rush periods and watched the snail-like pace of the selling. As an engineer who has been through the problem, I know that this dirge-step means overwhelming cost—both direct and overhead. It took seventeen minutes of a clerk's selling-time to discover that a grade of paper I wanted was not in stock. At another counter the rehandling of rugs consumed, I am sure, ninety per cent of that valuable commodity in a busy store—the selling-time of the clerks.

"I'll not attempt here to go into the engineering problems of selling, though I know that marvelous possibilities lie there, wholly undiscovered by the majority of merchants. I have merely emphasized my statement that all kinds of business should have straight lines—standards. This is quite as possible in a meat market as in a machine shop.

"So in this factory where I was an engineer we found that the pace was that of a funeral. Sixty per cent of our machines had to be rearranged so as to eliminate rehandling and backward movement. And then, when we studied the detailed operations of the machines themselves, we found that in eighty per cent of them the feed, speed and cut were radically wrong. In other words the equipment was not working anywhere near its normal capacity. Then the physical operations of the workmen, when analyzed, revealed more than forty per cent waste.

"You see, these had been matters of individual opinion. One foreman had certain ideas—another foreman disagreed entirely. The plant had been run on personality.

"Once I knew a man who was editor of a story magazine. He told me that whenever he received a manuscript in which a character appeared with the name Jack he immediately threw it away. He would not even return it to the author. 'I'm sick and tired of Jacks as heroes!' he said.

"Now that is an apt instance of personality. Many a business is run by men of that sort. They are governed by prejudices, ignorance and whims. Just below them in executive authority are other men who run their departments on the same plan, each subject to some peculiar brand of individual opinion. Then, farther down, there are superintendents, floorwalkers, foremen, mechanics, salesmen, clerks, each one of whom has his own traditions and mistaken ideas—and his own tremendous ignorance! A business of this sort makes no effort to measure these vagaries and this false knowledge; and the curves consume most if not all of the profits.

"Therefore we established, as nearly as we could, the right way to do things—not in the aggregate, but in infinite detail. No routine movement, either of a machine or of a man, was too trivial to be studied. Once we found the right way we established it as a standard; and we remodeled our operating organization so as to maintain the standards. No man could step in—not even the president of the company—and tell us offhand how things ought to be done. We found out by careful scientific experiment—and we knew!

"At the end of three years we had completed our reorganization and standardization. We had reduced our final unit costs in some of our departments forty per cent. The average reduction was about twenty-five per cent. We had reduced our selling price voluntarily—to the dismay of our competitors. Our plant was earning large dividends.

"I wish I could give you greater detail, but for a minute study of the thing this is not the time. I might start out with you tomorrow and pilot you to many factories within easy reach of New York where men have done just what we did. You will need a guide to find them, for outwardly they appear like other plants. When you go into their workshops you see, as you glance about, only the ordinary activity of a factory; but get down under the surface and look sharp. Everywhere in the grime and grease you will find the fingermarks of the broad engineering; and if you choose to follow these marks you will find a trail blazed in a straight line to success!

"This trail, I say, has been blazed for you. A multitude of manufacturers have followed it out of the forest of failure. I followed it myself. The present-day firm of Goodspeed, Hibbard & Todd bears evidence of this.

"I was over fifty when Mr. Hibbard and I launched our little bark. I am sixty-five now. In fifteen years —— But let me begin where we started. I had invented a small machine tool and owned the patents. Mr. Hibbard had been an executive of the plant where I myself had worked. He had less than one thousand dollars; I had practically nothing. We rented a loft, with power, on West Twenty-fifth Street, near the North River. Across the hall from our loft was another where we leased, on part time, the machine-tool equipment that we lacked ourselves. Mr. Hibbard managed the outside affairs and I worked at the

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BIRSKY & ZAPP

By MONTAGUE GLASS

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

They Do Good by Stealth and Blush to Find it Pays

A CHARITABLE sucker like Jonas Eschenbach, of Cordova, Ohio, is always a close buyer, Barney," said Louis Birsky to his partner, Barnett Zapp, as they sat in their showroom one morning in April. "For every dollar he gives to an orphan asylum *oder* a hospital, understand me, he beats Adelstern down two on his prices; and supposing Adelstern does sell him every season, for example, eight thousand dollars, Barney—what is it?"

"Sure, I know, Louis," Barnett Zapp retorted satirically: "The dawg says the grapes ain't ripe because he couldn't reach 'em already."

Birsky shrugged his shoulders.

"For that matter, Barney," he said, "if the dawg could reach 'em *oder* not, y'understand, it wouldn't make no difference, Barney, because a dawg don't eat grapes anyhow. He eats meat, Barney; and furthermore, Barney, if you think it's *bekoved* one partner calls the other partner a dawg, y'understand, go ahead and do so, Barney."

"I ain't calling you a dawg, Louis," Zapp protested.

"Ain't you?" Louis rejoined. "All right, Barney, then I must be getting deaf all of a sudden; but whether you are calling me a dawg *oder* not, Barney, I ain't looking to sell no goods to Jonas Eschenbach. On account even if he would buy at our price, y'understand, then he wants us we should *schnoder* for this orphan asylum a hundred dollars and for that orphan asylum another hundred, understand me—till we don't get no profit left at all."

"That's all right, Louis," Barney said. "It don't do no harm that a feller should give to charity oncet in a while, even if it would be to please a customer."

"I wouldn't argue with you, Barney," Louis agreed; "but another thing, Barney: the feller is crazy about baseball, understand me, which every time he is coming down here in August to buy his fall and winter line, Adelstern must got to waste a couple weeks going on baseball games *mit* him."

"Well, anyhow, Louis, Adelstern don't seem so anxious to get rid of him," Zapp said. "Only yesterday I seen him lunching with Eschenbach over in Hammersmith's, y'understand; and the way Adelstern is spreading himself *mit* broiled squabs and 'sparagus and hafterward a pint of tchampanyer to finish, understand me, it don't look like he is losing out on Eschenbach."

"That's all right, Barney," Birsky declared as he rose to his feet; "some people wastes money and some people wastes time, and if you ain't got no objections, Barney, I would take a look into the cutting room and see how Golnik is getting on with them 1855's. We must positively got to ship them goods to Feigenbaum before the end of next week; because you know as well as I do, Barney, with a crank like Feigenbaum we couldn't take no chances. He is coming in here this morning yet, and the first thing he wants to know is how about them 1855's."

As he started for the door, however, he was interrupted by Jacob Golnik, who comported himself in a manner so apologetic as to be well-nigh cringing.

"Mr. Birsky," he said, "could I speak a few words something to you?"

"What's the matter, Golnik?" exclaimed Birsky. "Did you spoil them 1855's on us?"

Ordinarily the condescension that marks the relations between a designer and his employer is exerted wholly by the designer; and the alarm with which Birsky viewed his designer's servility was immediately communicated to Zapp.

"I told you that silk was too good for them garments, Birsky," Zapp cried.

"What d'ye mean you told me the silk was too good?" Birsky shouted. "I says right along giving silk like that in a garment which sells for eight dollars is a crime, Zapp; and ——"

"*Aber* I ain't touched the silk yet," Golnik interrupted; "so what is the use you are disturbing yourself, Mr. Birsky? I am coming to see you about something else again, entirely different already."

Birsky grew suddenly calm.

"So, Golnik," he said, "you are coming here to see us about something else again! Well, before you begin, Golnik, let me tell you you stand a swell chance to gouge us for more money. We would positively stand on our contract with you, Golnik; and even if it would be our busiest season, Golnik, we ——"

"What are you talking nonsense, Mr. Birsky?" Golnik broke in. "I ain't coming here to ask money for myself, Mr. Birsky; and furthermore, Mr. Birsky, you must got to understand that nowadays is a difference matter already from conditions in the cloak and suit trade ten years ago. Nowadays an employer must got to take some little benevolence in the interests of his employees, understand me, which when me and Joseph Bogin and I. Kanef gets together with the operators and formed the

Mutual Aid Society Employees of Birsky & Zapp, understand me, we done it as much out of consideration by you, Mr. Birsky, as by us."

Birsky exchanged disquieting glances with his partner.

"Sit down, Golnik," he said, "and tell me what is all this *Verrücktheit*."

"*Verrücktheit!*" Golnik cried indignantly. "What d'ye mean *Verrücktheit*, Mr. Birsky? This here is something which a big concern like H. Dexter Adelstern is taking up, and you would see that other people gets in it too. These here mutual aid societies is something which it not only benefits the employees, but also the employers, Mr. Birsky."

"You already said that before, Golnik," Birsky interrupted; "and if you think we are paying you you should make speeches round here, Golnik, let me tell you, Golnik, that Feigenbaum would be in our place any minute now; and if we couldn't show him we are going ahead on them 1855's, understand me, the first thing you know he would go to work and cancel the order on us."

Poised to Knock a Heaven-Kissing Fly

"That may be, Mr. Birsky," Golnik went on; "*aber* this here proposition which I am putting up to you is a whole lot more important to you as Feigenbaum's order."

Birsky opened his mouth to enunciate a vigorous protest, but Golnik forestalled him by pounding a sample table with his fist in a gesture he had observed only the night before at a lodge meeting of the I. O. M. A.

"Yes, Mr. Birsky," he shouted, "if you would want to do away with strikes and loafing in your shop, understand me, now is your chance, Mr. Birsky; because if an operator is got on deposit with his employers ten dollars even, he ain't going to be in such a hurry that he should strike *oder* get fired"

"Got on deposit ten dollars?" Zapp inquired. "How does our operators come to got with us a deposit of ten dollars, Golnik?"

"It's a very simple thing, Mr. Zapp," Golnik explained: "From the first five weeks' wages of every one of your hundred operators you deduct one dollar a week and keep it in the bank. That makes five hundred dollars."

Zapp nodded.

"Then after that you deduct only twenty-five cents a week," Golnik went on; "*aber*, at the end of five weeks only, the operator's got ten dollars to his credit—and right there you got 'em where they wouldn't risk getting fired by loafing or striking."

"*Aber*, if we deduct one dollar a week from a hundred operators for five weeks, Golnik," Zapp commented, "that makes only five hundred dollars, or five dollars to each operator—ain't it?"

"Sure, I know," Golnik replied; "*aber* you and Mr. Birsky donate yourselves to the mutual aid society five hundred dollars, and ——"

"What!" Birsky shrieked. "Zapp and me donate five hundred dollars to your rotten society!"

"Huh-huh," Golnik asserted weakly, and Zapp grew purple with rage.

"What do you think we are, Golnik," he demanded—"millionaires *oder* crazy in the head? We got enough to do with our money without we should make a present to a lot of lowlife bums five hundred dollars."

"Well, then, for a start," Golnik said, "make it three hundred and fifty dollars."

"We wouldn't give three hundred and fifty buttons, Golnik!" Birsky declared savagely. "If you want to be a mutual aid society, Golnik, nobody stops you, *aber* we wouldn't deduct nothing and we wouldn't donate nothing; so if it's all the same to you, Golnik, you should go ahead on them 1855's and make an end here."

Having thus closed the interview, Louis Birsky turned his back on the disgruntled Golnik, who stood hesitatingly for a brief interval.

"You don't want a little time to think it over maybe?" he suggested.

"Think it over!" Louis bellowed. "What d'ye mean think it over? If you stop some one which he is trying to pick your pocket, Golnik, would you think it over and let him pick it, Golnik? What for an idee!"

He snorted so indignantly that he brought on a fit of coughing, in the midst of which Golnik escaped, while the bulky figure of One-eye Feigenbaum approached from the elevator.

"What's the matter, boys?" he said as with his remaining eye he surveyed the retreating figure of Jacob Golnik. "Do you got trouble with your designer again?"

Birsky shrugged his shoulders.

"Who ain't got trouble *mit* a designer, Mr. Feigenbaum?" he asked. "And the better the designer, y'understand, the more you got trouble *mit* him. Actually, Mr. Feigenbaum, you wouldn't believe the nerve that feller Golnik is got it. If we wouldn't sit on him all the time, understand me, he tries to run our business for us. Nothing is too much that he asks us we should do for him."

Feigenbaum pawed the air with his right hand and sat down ponderously.

"You ain't got nothing on me, Birsky," he said. "Honestly, if you would be running a drygoods store—and especially a chain of drygoods stores like I got it, understand me—every saleswoman acts like a designer, only worser yet. Do you know what is the latest craze with them girls?"

He emitted a tremulous sigh before answering his own rhetorical question.

"Welfare work!" he continued. "Restrooms and lunchrooms, *mit* a trained nurse and *Gott weiss was noch!* Did you ever hear the like, Birsky?—I should go to work and give them girls a restroom! I says to Miss McGivney, my store superintendent in Cordova, I says: 'If the girls wants to rest,' I says, 'they should go home,' I says. 'Here we pay 'em to work, not to rest,' I says."

He paused for breath and wiped away an indignant moisture from his forehead.

"In my Bridgetown store they ain't kicking at all," he went on; "*aber* in my Cordova store—that's different again. There I got that *meshugganeh* Eschenbach to deal with; which, considering the monkey business which goes on in that feller's place, y'understand, it's a wonder to me that they got any time to attend to business at all. Two people he's got working for him there—a man and a woman—which does nothing but look after this here welfare *Närrischkeit*."

"Go away!" Birsky exclaimed. "You don't say so!"

"The man used to was a *Spieler* from baseball," Feigenbaum continued; "and him and Eschenbach fixes up a ball team from the clerks and delivery-wagon drivers, which they could lick even a lot of loafers which makes a business of baseball already."

Birsky waggled his head from side to side and made incoherent sounds through his nose by way of expressing his sympathy.

"And yet," Feigenbaum continued, "with all Eschenbach's craziness about baseball and charities, Birsky, he does a big business there in Cordova, which I wish I could say the same. Honestly, Birsky, such a mean lot of salespeople which I got it in Cordova, y'understand, you wouldn't believe at all. They are all the time at doggerheads with me."

"It's the same thing with us here, Mr. Feigenbaum," Birsky said. "Why, would you believe it, Mr. Feigenbaum, just before you come in, understand me, Golnik is trying to hold us up we should donate five hundred dollars for an employees' mutual benefit society!"

Henry Feigenbaum pursed his lips as he listened to Birsky.

"I hope," he said in harsh tones, "you turned 'em down, Birsky."

Birsky nodded.

"I bet yer I did," he replied fervently—"like a shot already."

"Because," Feigenbaum continued, "if any concern which I am dealing with starts any such foolishness as that, Birsky, I wouldn't buy from them a dollar's worth more goods so long as I live—and that's all there is to it."

"We ain't got no such idee in our head at all," Zapp assured him almost tearfully. "Why, if you would hear the way we jumped on Golnik for suggesting it even, you wouldn't think the feller would work for us any more."

"I'm glad to know it," Feigenbaum said. "Us business men has got to stick together, Zapp, and keep charity where it belongs, understand me; otherwise we wouldn't know whether we are running businesses *oder* hospitals *mit* lodgeroom annexes, the way them employees' aid societies is springing up."

He rose to his feet and took off his hat and coat, preparatory to going over Birsky & Zapp's sample line.

"What we want in towns like Bridgetown and Cordova is less charities and more asphalt pavements," he declared. "Every time a feller comes in the store, Birsky, I couldn't tell whether he is a collector for a hospital *oder* a wagon shop. My delivery system costs me a fortune for repairs already, the pavements is so rotten."

Zapp clucked his tongue sympathetically.

"If it ain't one thing it's another," he said; "so, if you're ready to look over the rest of our line, Mr. Feigenbaum, I could assure you the first operator which he is going into a mutual aid society here gets fired on the spot, Mr. Feigenbaum. We would start showing you these here washable poplins, which is genuine bargains at one-seventy-five apiece."

II

WHEN Louis Birsky seated himself in Hammersmith's restaurant at one o'clock that afternoon his appetite had been sharpened by a two-thousand-dollar order from Henry Feigenbaum, who that noon had departed for his home in Western Pennsylvania. Hence Louis attacked a dish of *gefullte Rinderbrust* with so much ardor that he failed to notice the presence at an adjoining table of Jonas Eschenbach, the philanthropic drygoods merchant; and it was not until Louis had sopped up the last drop of gravy and leaned back in voluptuous contemplation of ordering his dessert that the strident tones of Charles Finkman, senior member of Finkman & Maisener, attracted his attention.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Eschenbach?" Finkman cried. "What brings you to New York?"

"I got to do some additional spring buying the same like every other drygoods merchant," Eschenbach replied. "You've no idee what elegant weather we got it out on the Lakes this spring. Spring styles was selling like hotcakes in March already; and our store employees' association held a picnic the first Sunday in April which we beat the tar out of a nine from a furniture factory—five to four in a ten-inning game."

"Is that a fact?" Finkman said. "*Aber* how does it come that you are lunching alone, Mr. Eschenbach?"

"Adelstern was coming with me," Eschenbach replied, "but at the last minute he had to attend the weekly luncheon of his cutting staff. It's wonderful the way that feller has got his workpeople organized, Mr. Finkman! He's a very enlightened merchant, with a lot of very fine idees for the welfare of his employees. And you can well believe it, Mr. Finkman, goods made under such ideel conditions are very attractive to me. I've been a customer of Adelstern's for many years now; and sometimes, if he ain't got exactly what I am looking for, I take the next best thing from him. I believe in encouraging idees like

"And So Long as the Society Lasts, Golnik, We Ourselves Would Pay You Two Dollars a Week to Boot"

Adelstern's—especially when he is got a very nifty little ball team in his society too."

If there was one quality above all others upon which Charles Finkman prided himself it was his philanthropy; and as a philanthropist he yielded precedence to nobody. Indeed, his name graced the title pages of as many institutional reports as there were orphan asylums, hospitals and homes appurtenant to his religious community within the boundaries of Greater New York; for both he and his partner had long since discovered that as an advertising medium the annual report of a hospital is superior to an entire year's issue of a trade journal, and the cost is distinctly lower. The idea that philanthropy among one's own employees could promote sales had never occurred to him, however, and it came as a distinct shock that he had so long neglected this phase of salesmanship.

"Why, I never thought that any concern in the cloak and suit business was doing such things," Finkman continued; and his tones voiced his chagrin at the discovery of Adelstern's philanthropic innovation. "I knew that drygoods stores like yours, Mr. Eschenbach, they got a lot of enlightened idees, but I never knew nobody which is doing such things in the cloak and suit trade."

At this juncture Louis Birsky abandoned his plans for a Saint Honoré tart, with Vienna coffee and cream. Instead he conceived a bold stroke of salesmanship, and he turned immediately to Finkman.

"What are you talking nonsense, Mr. Finkman?" he said. "We ourselves got in our place already an employees' mutual aid society, which our designer, Jacob Golnik, is president of it—and all the operators belong yet."

It cannot truthfully be said that Finkman received this information with any degree of enthusiasm; and perhaps, to a person of less rugged sensibilities than Louis Birsky, Finkman's manner might have seemed a trifle chilly as he searched his mind for a sufficiently discouraging rejoinder.

"'Why, Mr. Finkman,' I Says, 'We Ourselves Got Such a Mutual Aid Society,' I Says"

"Of course, Birsky," he growled at last, "when I says I didn't know any concerns in the cloak and suit business which is got a mutual aid society, understand me, I ain't counting small concerns."

"Sure, I know," Birsky replied cheerfully; "but I am telling you, Finkman, that we got such a mutual aid society, which, if you are calling a hundred operators a small concern, Finkman, you got awful big idees, Finkman, and that's all I got to say."

Eschenbach smiled amiably by way of smoothing things over.

"Have your hundred operators formed a mutual aid society, Mr. ——"

"My name is Mr. Birsky," Louis said, rising from his chair; and, without further encouragement, he seated himself at Eschenbach's table—"of Birsky & Zapp; and we not only got a hundred operators, Mr. Eschenbach, but our cutting-room staff and our office staff also joins the society."

"You don't tell me," Eschenbach commented. "And how do you find it works?"

"We-e-ll, I tell yer," Birsky commenced: "of course we ourselves got to donate already five hundred dollars to start the thing, Mr. Eschenbach."

While he made this startling declaration he gazed steadily at Finkman, who was moving his head in a slow and skeptic nodding, as one who says: "*Yow! Ich glaub's.*"

"Five hundred dollars it costs us only today yet, Mr. Eschenbach," Birsky went on, clearing his throat pompously; "but certainly, Mr. Eschenbach, in the end it pays us."

"How do you make that out?" Finkman demanded gruffly.

"Why, the money remains on deposit with a bank," Birsky explained, "and every week for five weeks we deduct from the operators' wages also one dollar a week, which we put with the five hundred we are giving."

Finkman continued to nod more briskly in a manner that proclaimed: "I see the whole thing now."

"So that at the end of five weeks," Birsky went on, "every operator is got coming to him ten dollars."

Finkman snorted cynically.

"Coming to him!" he said with satirical emphasis.

"Coming to him," Birsky retorted—"that's what I said, Finkman; and the whole idee is very fine for us as well as for them."

"I should say so," Finkman commented; "because at the end of five weeks you got in bank a thousand dollars which you ain't paying no interest on to nobody."

"With us, a thousand dollars don't figure so much as like with some people, Finkman," Birsky retorted; "and our idee is that if we should keep the money on deposit it's like a security that our operators wouldn't strike on us so easy. Furthermore, Finkman, if you are doubting our good faith, understand me, let me say that Mr. Eschenbach is welcome he should come round to my place tomorrow morning yet and I would show him everything is open and aboveboard, like a lodge already."

"Why, I should be delighted to see how this thing works with you, Mr. Birsky," Eschenbach said. "I suppose you know what an interest I am taking in welfare work of this description."

"I think he had a sort of an idee of it," Finkman interrupted, "when he butts in here."

Again Eschenbach smiled beneficently on the rival manufacturers in an effort to preserve the peace.

"I should like to have some other details from your plan, Mr. Birsky," he said. "How do you propose to spend this money?"

Birsky drew back his chair from the table.

"It's a long story, Mr. Eschenbach," he replied; "and if it's all the same to you I would tell you the whole thing round at my place tomorrow morning."

He rose to his feet and, searching in his waistcoat pocket, produced a card that he laid on the table in front of Eschenbach.

"Here is our card, Mr. Eschenbach," he said, "and I hope we could look for you at eleven o'clock, say."

"Make it half past ten, Mr. Birsky," Eschenbach replied as he extended his hand in farewell. "Will you join me there, Mr. Finkman?"

Finkman nodded sulkily.

"I will if I got the time, Mr. Eschenbach," he said; "*aber* don't rely on me too much."

A malicious smile spread itself over Birsky's face as he started to leave.

"Me and my partner is going to feel terrible disappointed if you don't show up, Finkman," he declared; and with this parting shot he hurried back to his place of business.

"Say, Barney," he said after he had removed his hat, "ain't it surprising what a back number a feller like Charles Finkman is?"

"We should be such back numbers as Finkman & Maisener, Louis," Barney commented dryly, "with a rating two hundred thousand to three hundred thousand, first credit."

"Even so," Louis commented, "the feller surprises me—he is such an iggeramus. Actually, Barney, he says he never knew that a single garment manufacturer in the city of New York is got in his shop one of them there mutual aid affairs. 'Why, Mr. Finkman,' I says, 'we ourselves got such a mutual aid society,' I says; and right away Eschenbach says he would come round here tomorrow morning and see how the thing works. So you should tell Kanef he should fix over them racks to show up well them changeable taffetas. Also, Barney, you should tell Kanef to put them serges and the other stickers back of the piece goods; and ——"

At this point Barney raised a protesting hand.

"One moment, Louis," he cried. "What d'ye mean Eschenbach comes tomorrow?"

"Why, Eschenbach is interested in our mutual aid society; and ——"

"Our mutual aid society!" Barney cried. "What are you talking about, our mutual aid society?"

"Well, then, Golnik's mutual aid society," Louis continued.

"Golnik's mutual aid society!" exclaimed Zapp. "Golnik ain't got no mutual aid society no more, Birsky. I told him after you are gone to lunch, Birsky, that if him *oder* anybody else round here even so much as mentions such a thing to us again we would fire 'em right out of here, contracts *oder* no contracts."

Birsky sat down in a chair and gazed mournfully at his partner.

"You told him that, Zapp?" he said.

"I certainly did," Zapp replied. "What do you think I would tell him after the way Feigenbaum takes on so?"

Birsky nodded his head slowly.

"That's the way it goes, Zapp," he said. "I am sitting there in Hammersmith's half an hour already, scheming how we should get Eschenbach round here so he should look over our line—which I didn't hardly eat nothing at all, understand me—and you go to work and knock away the ground from under my toes already!"

"What d'ye mean I am knocking away the ground from under your toes?" Zapp cried indignantly. "What has Golnik's mutual aid society got to do *mit* your toes, Birsky—*oder* Eschenbach neither?"

"It's got a whole lot to do with it," Birsky declared. "It's got everything to do with it; in fact, Barney, if it wouldn't be that I am telling Eschenbach we got a mutual aid society here he wouldn't come round here at all."

"That's all right," Zapp said. "He ain't in the mutual aid society business—he's in the drygoods business, Louis; and so soon as we showed him them changeable taffetas at eight dollars he would quick forget all about mutual aid societies."

Birsky shook his head emphatically.

"That's where you make a big mistake, Barney," he replied; and forthwith he unfolded to Zapp a circumstantial narrative of his encounter with Eschenbach and Finkman at Hammersmith's café.

"So you see, Barney," he continued, "if we are ever going to do business *mit* Eschenbach, understand me, for a start the mutual aid society is everything and the changeable taffetas don't figure at all."

"But I thought you are saying this morning you wouldn't want to do business *mit* Eschenbach," Zapp protested.

"This morning was something else again," Birsky said. "This morning I was busy getting through *mit* Feigenbaum, which if I got a bird in one hand, Barney, I ain't trying to hold two in the other."

"That's all right, Louis," Zapp replied, "if you think when you booked Feigenbaum's order that you got a bird in one hand, Louis, you better wait till the goods is shipped and paid for. Otherwise, Louis, if Feigenbaum hears you are monkeying round *mit* mutual aid societies he would go to work and cancel the order on us, and you could kiss yourself goodby with his business."

"*Schmooes*, Barney!" Birsky protested. "How is Feigenbaum, which he is safe in Bridgetown, going to find out what is going on in our shop? We could be running here a dozen mutual aid societies, understand me, for all that one-eyed *Rosher* hears of it."

Zapp shrugged his shoulders.

"All right, Louis," he said; "if you want to fix up mutual aid societies round here go ahead and do so—only one thing I got to tell you, Louis: you should fix it up that some one else as Golnik should be president, understand me, because a designer like Golnik is enough stuck on himself without he should be president of a mutual aid society. Treasurer is good enough for him."

Birsky received the suggestion with a satirical smile.

"You got a real head for business, Zapp, I must say," he said, "when you are going to make a feller like Golnik treasurer."

"Well, then, we could make Golnik secretary, and Kanef, the shipping clerk, treasurer," Zapp suggested. "The feller's got rich relations in the herring business."

"I don't care a snap if the feller's relations own all the herring business in the world, Zapp," Birsky continued. "This afternoon yet we would go to work and get up this here mutual aid society, *mit* Jacob Golnik president and I. Kanef vice-president."

"And who would be treasurer then?" Zapp asked meekly; whereat Louis Birsky slapped his chest.

"I would be treasurer," he announced; "and for a twenty-dollar bill we would get Henry D. Feldman he

should fix up the by-laws, which you could take it from me, Zapp, if there's any honor coming to Golnik after me and Feldman gets through, understand me, the feller is easy flattered, Zapp—and that's all I got to say."

III

IT WAS not until after five o'clock that Birsky returned from Feldman's office with the typewritten constitution and by-laws of a voluntary association entitled The Mutual Aid Society Employees of Birsky & Zapp. Moreover, under the advice of counsel he had transferred from the firm's balance in the Kosciusko Bank the sum of five hundred dollars to a new account denominated L. Birsky, Treasurer; and the omission of the conjunction "as" before the word "Treasurer" was all that prevented the funds so deposited from becoming the property of the mutual aid society. In short, everything was in readiness for the reception of Jonas Eschenbach the following morning except the trifling detail of notifying Jacob Golnik and the hundred operators that their mutual aid society had come into being; and as soon as Birsky had removed his hat and coat he hastened into the cutting room and beckoned to Golnik.

"Golnik," he said, "*kommen Sie mal h'rein* for a minute." Golnik looked up from a pile of cloth and waved his hand reassuringly.

"It's all right, Mr. Birsky," he said. "I thought the matter over already; and you and your partner is right, Mr. Birsky. This here mutual aid society is nix, Mr. Birsky. Why should I take from my salary a dollar a week for five weeks, understand me, while a lot of old *Schnorrers* like them pressers in there is liable to die on us any minute, y'understand, and right away we got to pay out a death benefit for forty or fifty dollars?"

"What are you talking about a death benefit?" Birsky exclaimed. "Why should you got death benefits in a mutual aid society? A mutual aid society, which if you got any idee about the English language at all, Golnik, means a society which the members helps each other, Golnik; and if a member goes to work and dies, Golnik, he couldn't help nobody no more. In a mutual aid society, Golnik, if a member dies he is dead, understand me, and all he gets out is what he puts in, less his share of what it costs to run the society."

Golnik laid down his shears and gazed earnestly at his employer.

"I never thought that way about it before," he said; "but anyhow, Mr. Birsky, *Gott soll hüten* such a feller shouldn't die sudden, understand me, then we got to pay him for a sick benefit yet five dollars a week; and the least such a *Schlemiel* lingers on us is ten weeks, which you could see for yourself, Mr. Birsky, where do I get off?"

"Well, you would be anyhow president, Golnik—ain't it?" Birsky said.

"Sure, I know, Mr. Birsky," Golnik continued; "but what is the *Kunst* a feller should be president, understand me, if I got to pay every week my good money for a lot of operators which they *fress* from pickles and fish, understand me, till they are black in the face *mit* the indigestion, y'understand, while me I never got so much as a headache even? So I guess you are right, after all, Mr. Birsky. A feller which he is such a big fool that he joins one of them there mutual aid societies deserves he should get fired right out of here."

"*Aber*, Golnik," Birsky protested, "me and Zapp has changed our minds already and we are agreeable we should have such a society, which you would be president and Kanef vice-president."

There was a note of anxiety in Birsky's voice that caused Golnik to hesitate before replying, and he immediately conjectured that Birsky's reconsideration of the mutual aid society plan had been made on grounds not entirely altruistic.

"Well," he said at length, "of course if you and Mr. Zapp is changed your minds, Mr. Birsky, I couldn't kick; *aber*, if it's all the same to you, you should please leave me out of it."

"What d'ye mean leave you out of it?" Birsky cried. "When we would got here an employees' mutual aid society, Golnik, who would be president from it if the designer wouldn't, Golnik?"

Golnik gave an excellent imitation of a disinterested onlooker as he shrugged his shoulders in reply.

"What's the matter with Kanef, Mr. Birsky?" he asked.

"Kanef is a shipping clerk only, Golnik," Birsky replied; "and you know as well as I do, Golnik, a shipping clerk is got so much influence with the operators like nothing at all. Besides, Golnik, we already got your name in as president, which, if we would change it now, right away we are out twenty dollars we paid Henry D. Feldman this afternoon he should draw up the papers for us."

"So!" Golnik exclaimed. "Feldman draws up the papers!"

"Sure he did," Birsky said; "which if we started this thing, Golnik, we want to do it right."

Golnik nodded.

"And he would do it right, too, Mr. Birsky," he commented; "which, judging from the contract he is drawing up between you and me last December, an elegant chance them operators is got in such a society."

Birsky patted his designer confidentially on the shoulder.

"What do you care, Golnik?" he said. "You ain't an operator—and besides, Golnik, I couldn't stand here and argue with you all night; so I tell you what I would do, Golnik: come in this here society as president and we wouldn't deduct nothing from your wages at all, and you would be a member in good standing anyhow."

Golnik shook his head slowly, whereat Birsky continued his confidential patting.

"And so long as the society lasts, Golnik," he said, "we ourselves would pay you two dollars a week to boot."

"And I am also to get sick benefits?" Golnik asked.

"You would get just so much sick benefits as anybody else in the society," Birsky replied, "because you could leave that point to me, Golnik, which I forgot to told you, Golnik, that I am the treasurer; so you should please be so good and break it to Bogin and Kanef and the operators. We want to get through with this thing."

For the remainder of the afternoon, therefore, the business premises of Birsky & Zapp were given over to speech-making on the part of Birsky and Golnik; and when at the conclusion of his fervid oration Golnik exhibited to the hundred operators the passbook of L. Birsky, Treasurer, the enthusiasm it evoked lost nothing by the omission of the conjunctive adverb "as." Indeed, resolutions were passed and spread upon the minutes of such a laudatory character that, until the arrival of Jonas Eschenbach the following morning, there persisted in both Birsky and Zapp a genuine glow of virtue.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Eschenbach?" Louis cried, as Eschenbach cuddled his hand in a warm, fat grasp. "This is my partner, Mr. Zapp."

"Ain't it a fine weather?" Barney remarked after he had undergone the handclasp of philanthropy.

"I bet yer it's a fine weather," Eschenbach said. "Such a fine weather is important for people which is running sick-benefit societies."

"*Warum* sick-benefit societies, Mr. Eschenbach?"

"Well," Eschenbach replied, "I take it that in a sick-benefit society the health of the members is paramount."

"Sure it is," Barney agreed. "You couldn't expect otherwise, Mr. Eschenbach, from the *Machshovos* them fellers eats for their lunch—herring and pickles *mit* beer."

"I am not speaking from the food they eat," Eschenbach continued; "*aber*, in bad weather, Mr. Zapp, you must got to expect that a certain proportion of your members would be laid up with colds already."

Zapp waved his hand carelessly.

"For that matter," he said, "we told them fellers the sick benefit society wouldn't fall for no colds *oder* indigestion, which both of 'em comes from the stummick."

"Maybe that's a wise plan, Mr. Zapp," Eschenbach continued; "but the best way a feller should keep himself he shouldn't take no colds *oder* indigestion is from athaletics."

"That's where you make a big mistake, Mr. Eschenbach," said Zapp, who had served an apprenticeship in the underwear business. "Even in the hottest weather I am wearing a long-sleeve undershirt and regular-length pants, and I never got at all so much as a little *Magenadure*."

"I don't doubt your word for a minute, Mr. Zapp," Eschenbach went on; "but it ain't what you wear which is counting so much, y'understand—it's what you do. Now you take them operators of yours, Mr. Zapp, and if they would play once in a while a game of baseball, *verstehst du mich*—especially this time of the year, Mr. Zapp—their health improves something wonderful."

"Baseball!" Birsky exclaimed. "And when do you suppose our operators gets time to *spiel* baseball, Mr. Eschenbach?"

"They got plenty time, Mr. Birsky," Eschenbach replied. "For instance, in Adelstern's shop, Mr. Birsky, every lunch-hour they got the operators practicing on the roof; while on Sundays yet they play in some vacant lots which Adelstern gets left on his hands from boom times already, up in the Bronix somewheres."

"*Aber* we got stuck *mit* only improved property," Birsky protested, "on Ammerman Avenue, a five-story, twelve-room house *mit* stores, which we bought from Finkman at the end of the boom times already, and which we couldn't give it away free for nothing even; and what for a baseball game could you play it on the roof of a new-law house on a lot thirty-three by ninety-nine?"

"Such objection is nothing, Mr. Birsky," Eschenbach rejoined, "because for five dollars a month the landlord here lets you use the roof lunch-hours; and for a start I would get Adelstern he should lend you his lots. Later you could get others, Mr. Birsky, because Mr. Adelstern ain't the only one which gets stuck from boom times *mit* Bronix lots already. I bet yer there is hundreds of real-estate speculators which stands willing to hire vacant lots for baseball Sundays, and they wouldn't charge you more as a couple dollars neither."

"Well," Birsky said, handing his visitor a cigar, "maybe you are right, Mr. Eschenbach; but, anyhow, Mr. Eschenbach, we got here an elegant line of popular-price goods which I should like for you to give a look at."

"I got plenty time to look at your line, Mr. Birsky," Eschenbach assured him. "I would be in town several days yet already; and before I go, Mr. Birsky, I would like to see it if Adelstern's idees would work out here."

"*Aber* we are running our society on our own idees, Mr. Eschenbach," Zapp said.

"Quite right too," Eschenbach agreed; "but I don't mind telling you, Mr. Birsky, that Adelstern's baseball team is originally my idee, Mr. Birsky—and if you don't mind, Mr. Birsky, I would like to look over your employees and see if I couldn't pick out nine good men."

"For my part," Birsky said, rising to his feet, "you could pick out twenty, Mr. Eschenbach."

Forthwith they proceeded to the rear of the loft, where the hundred-odd members of the mutual aid society were engaged in the manifold employments of a cloak and suit factory, and the smiles and nods with which they greeted their treasurer rekindled in Birsky and Zapp the glow of virtue that to some degree had abated at Eschenbach's refusal to examine their sample line.

"You see, Mr. Eschenbach," Birsky said proudly, "what a good feeling the operators has for us. And you wouldn't believe how it shows in the work, too, Mr. Eschenbach. Our goods is elegant made up."

"I don't doubt it," Eschenbach said. "Which of your operators do you consider is the strongest, Mr. Zapp?"

"Well," Zapp replied, pointing to a broad-shouldered giant whose long black beard swept his torso to the waist, "that feller over there, by the name Tzvee Margoninsky, is strong like a bull, Mr. Eschenbach. Last week he moves for us the

(Continued on Page 26)

"Knock, Golnik! You Might Think You Was Injured for Life the Way You are Carrying On"

CATCHING UP WITH CHINA

By MADGE C. JENISON

ILLUSTRATED BY Z. P. NIKOLAKI

"But to Live in a Land Where There are No Women!"

BEHIND the speaker the beautiful, compact masses of the Astor swim in the vapor of Broadway light. A breeze from the sea, raw and young, puffs out the flags on the façade so that they look like the cheeks of a monster buffoon. Carriage doors open and slam, and women skim across the pavements, their wraps whipped swirling about their heels. The moon is discharging those silver cannonades of hers so noiselessly into the armies of cloud, making herself a deep blue valley in which to wander. The crowd gathers with a light and vacuous expression, men holding on their hats with their canes, boys with packages of laundry, the Broadway rounder strolling over from the groups against the wall. That procession of nondescript hall-bedroom youth, which peoples Broadway by night, pauses with a laugh. Chairing for a suffrage speaker is one of those rôles priceless to the dreamer. You mount a chair loaned by an obliging shopkeeper or stand up in the front of an automobile and make a few remarks at large, until you have assembled an audience that a self-respecting orator can address, and then you introduce her and sit down to look at the faces, the night, and gather the wool of dreams.

The speaker stands bent a little forward at the hips—very chic with her cocked hat, blunt tilted nose, and curling lips. There is something about her like a graceful lad—an almost heavenly boyishness in that relaxed, swaying pose. Since she talks well, the bouquet of heads grows larger. Little centers of argument form in it.

Throb, baffled and curious brain!
Throw out questions and answers.

The yellow and red splash of a match picks out a few lifted faces. Three scholarly German gentlemen who have dined together stop with the air of having come upon one of the sights of the metropolis. They adjust their pince-nez. You can see them telling themselves whether such a scene is, or is not, conceivable to the German mind. They fall into talk after a while with the girl who is distributing rainbow literature through the crowd. Two stout little English girls, with straight, long hair and large, pink hats just alike, stand with their father in the front row, rooting for the cause. Their mother leans over the side of the car from time to time and talks in a low tone. They do not like automobile meetings so well as soap-box ones. At the latter they carry and place the soap-box.

The Old Dispute of Woman's Sphere

ONE always wonders why a street audience stays on. Everything that is being said seems so old, so well established. They must have heard it a thousand times—these people—and read it a thousand times more in the magazines, that women's work has gone out of the home to the factory and the school; that women are in every occupation mentioned in the last census except nine; that woman suffrage will lower the immigrant vote; that in fifteen states of the Union a married woman has no legal right to her child; that the petition of two thousand women meant no more to a certain congressman "than the petition of two thousand mice." And yet the crowd will stay as long as you will put up new speakers to tell them these things. An Englishman with lavish guardsman mustaches is waiting obviously to answer back. He swells up and ruffles down again at each of the speaker's periods. When she has finished he strikes in, lighting a match with a large gesture.

"There can be no doubt"—he begins in massive "And-what-oh-Catiline-do-you-intend-to-do?" style—"There can be no doubt that women could vote intelligently on local questions; but on questions of the empire—questions of national import"—he puts on his organ tone—"I must say, No!" He pauses to listen to the echo and strike his match again.

"What do you call a question of national import?" inquires the cocked hat crisply.

He looks at her, frowning. Poor knight of the measured phrase! It puts a man all out to be interrupted. Where are the tariff—conservation of national resources—ship subsidy? His brain is a desert. He stands miserably striking that match which will not strike, clearing his throat, pulling himself up out of his collar, undercut by a glib tongue, as so many a judicious mind has been before him.

The heckler never has, indeed, any chance in this "tilt with lips." Long before she ever saw him the speaker has compiled the answer from the census, the Encyclopedia Britannica, the reports of the Department of Labor, Buckle's History of Civilization, Plato's Republic, Blackstone, and many another impressive source.

What is an incident to him is her vocation. She can talk in per cents—and you know it is impossible to argue with a person who can talk in per cents! She is ready for the chivalry and woman's-influence argument; that woman's place is in the home, she could answer under ether. If he believes she should be darning her husband's socks she inquires what kind of socks she is given to darn and goes into the wool schedules; or if it comes off well and excellent from the side lines that she should be washing the baby——

"Well, I cannot wash my own baby because I have no baby to wash," she says; "but I have washed a good many of other people's in the tenements!"—with a broadside of trained-nurse experience, on the minute—infectious diseases and infant mortality.

Pictures file themselves away in the mind from these street meetings. Uptown, in the neighborhood of one of the piano factories, the audience is all highly skilled workmen—white, sagacious faces against a street covered with fresh snow; the perspective white and spaceless as a Japanese print; a winter sky overhead full of water; a sedate little goat grazing in the offing. They will stay only ten or fifteen minutes of the noon hour.

"You know that women are underpaid—that they are undercutting you everywhere," the speaker says to them. "You can protect yourselves only by giving them that collective weapon, the ballot."

On a very cold November day you first face a Wall Street audience. A pang of fear for America grips you as you see those faces for the first time en masse—so alike in expression that you wonder almost that the noses are of different lengths; without imagination; only different by the lines of humor about the mouths of some, absent about the mouths of others. They are not getting any life—these people. The usual patter goes on in one's ears.

"Highest in the world!" says a man at our elbow, waving an out-of-town guest's attention to the Woolworth Building.

At the East Side or Harlem meeting, tenements rise on both sides of the street; every window is filled with listeners in kimonos, with elbows on the sill; small boys make a front row about the soap-box; housemothers behind, with shawls over their heads and black enamel bags full of green stuff. Some of them know that lady, and they have a great respect "on her." They nod and agree—they do not know with what; but it is something about women and they agree with it. Girls of fourteen or sixteen join their mothers and translate a little.

"When we men give youse women the vote, what're you going to do about municipal ownership?" demands a citizen of eight balanced on the edge of the sidewalk, with a brown nut of a baby pinned between his knees.

Arguments on the East Side

ONCE at a Rivington Street meeting an old woman of the town pushed her way up to the soap-box and asked if she might speak. She was so gray, so waterlogged, so blasted, that we were afraid of her—not of what she would do or say, but of what she was—that most sobering fear the human race has. The rusted hat; the sickly green-black clothes; dreadful, clammy hair; the face that seems no longer to have features, but to have become only a streak of face—we have all seen it so many times on the park benches or before the lists of cheap eating-houses on winter nights, and felt the tremor within us of some wide terror and confusion. She looked from one to the other of us with her heavy, red-socketed eyes; and in them there was that which you do not let pass wherever you may meet it—understanding! They were things she had been thinking for forty years that she wanted to say now, she said. I do not know what she said—it was all Yiddish—but tears fell on faces in front of me; that of the little Jewess who sat beside me quivered with something passing all through the flesh. They said she spoke with a burning tongue of love, of children, of the thoughts and dreams of women.

"Now I care for nothing except enough to eat," she said—"and I cannot get even that! It is only the women that will ever help us!"

From the audience of another East Side meeting comes the slogan of "smoky war." "The vote can do nothing for the working woman. Only the organization of her trade can help her!" it says. It wishes to speak to the question. The chairman of the meeting informs it politely but firmly that speakers have been arranged for and proceeds with her program; but a sallow-cheeked little Jewess is pushed up on the steps of the synagogue. The audience faces about like a liner on a towrope, to that brown-black head and the square little gunpowder gestures. The polite but firm chairman may go her ways or wait her turn to argue the power of the ballot. She has met an East Side question on its own ground.

Fashionable clubs and church societies regard the suffrage speaker through fixed lorgnettes and offer comments of their own kind. A mid-Victorian lady with white eyelids, whose shades are always drawn halfway from the top, one is sure; her Yorkshire pudding unrivaled; would as quickly mend stockings with dental floss as with silk that did not match—she sits through the speech with glasses leveled. The speaker is a laundry worker, with eloquent, worn, rather smiling Celtic face. She talks about working girls—how they wince at a tear in a chemise; men can, at least, sit down when they come home—their supper is put on for them—but a girl must help with the evening meal; wash and mend her own clothes. When the fifty-four-hour bill was up at Albany they were met everywhere by the rebuff: "You are not our constituents. You bring us no votes! It would be suicide to back you."

"Why don't they go into domestic service?" inquires the mid-Victorian lady, rustling forward at the close of the

meeting. "I have always felt that a good deal of sympathy is wasted on working girls, when so many good homes are open to them."

"You know there are nine million of us, madam," says the small laundry worker freezingly. "I suppose she had one vacant place and knew of seven more," she says on the way home. "When our girls do not read, what can you expect?—they come home so tired; but when women who have all the leisure are so ignorant ——"

A trade-union league organizer in tweeds and soft hat, such as are achieved only by staying late into the fall in London, speaks on the laundry strike.

"Such a charming speech—so cultivated!" offers a Watteau little person who has furtively mopped her eyes throughout it. "Tell me, are you a real working girl or only a lady dressed up as one? Everybody here thinks your clothes so strange," she adds as her listener's eyes begin to glaze; "but you know—I like them!"

Suffrage is becoming part of the pattern of New York life. It goes about the streets like love and the making of money, coloring them, making them humorous, filling them with episodes. You buy The Woman Voter from it on Saturday afternoon on Fifth Avenue, in the person of an elegant girl with a yellow bag slung upon her hip, who might be ladling you punch or showing a Pomeranian at the Mineola show. Five hundred thousand people watch it on parade on a heady day of May, and ten thousand more march. It has teas, monologues, picture shows. The opera presents you with a feminist libretto—a great smashing of windows and Farrar uttering anti-husband sentiments, with a beautiful regal gesture of folding her arms. The press serves it up to you in double-page interviews, serials of editorials, columns of letters from subscribers, which take the best part of Sunday morning to read.

A girl of the efficient, unmarried type, with a factory-inspector badge on her coat, who looks as you remember your first Sunday-school teacher to have looked, makes a speech when a gentleman gives her a seat on the subway.

"Thank you very much!" she says in her efficient, well-bred voice. "If I could vote I should not think of taking your seat, sir; but, since I have no part in determining these conditions, it seems only fair that I should not share in the inconvenience of suffering from them." The kindly gentleman, engaged in an absent-minded act of courtesy, regards his interlocutor with falling jaw, lifts his hat and moves down the car. A slight tremor conveys itself to the adjacent seats. Everybody eyes the orator and meditates on the matter of women suffrage.

Snap Shots of Suffrage

YOU never know until you have braved the eye-to-eye encounter of selling Voters how some people really fear and hate the feminist movement. Sometimes in a man's eyes, as he comes toward you, there appears for an instant a look so venomous that it is incredible! You go back to talk to him and make sure that you have seen aright, and to give him a chance to get some of this rancor off his chest. And women's eyes turn sometimes to brass. It seems to them, I suppose, an attack on all that is essential, beautiful and dignified in women.

"Will it go to the cause?" inquires one of those ladies who bites on her back teeth as she talks.

"Why—er—yes, certainly!" stutters the vender, confronted by a question so unexpected that one must reconnoiter it before answering.

"Well, then I certainly shall not buy one!" she says, and returns it between the thumb and finger.

Broadway persiflage sometimes gets the neat-handed retort. Two young Frenchmen come out of the theater between acts and stand with canes held wrong end up, quizzing the sellers. They may be of the noblesse or perhaps of one of the Huguenot banker families—here looking over paternal investments. They have that excessively finished aspect of the class man of France—skins of white lacquer; hands like pale chiseled glass; a way of touching a match to a cigarette that is a paragon of what touching a match to a cigarette may be. The victims are to know themselves the targets of the game without being able to watch the score, since all is in the mother-tongue.

"*Ne voulez-vous pas acheter cette littérature féministe? C'est une question à propos de laquelle je vois que vous avez tout à apprendre,*" comments the nearest seller, in French smooth as "old Seine's perpetual murmur." Young France doffs its hat, with a laugh.

"Extraordinary—these American women!" one hears them commenting. "Act like young lads—stand like young lads—eyes like young lads—charming! But to live in a land where there are no women!"

Canvassing your district is your true tour of New York, behind street walls, into the spirits of men. Down Hudson Street the breeze brings the odor of coffee from the warehouses farther uptown. We go into one after another of those little century-old houses that make Hudson Street smile at the artist—small-beer prosperity, the family living over the shop. Siegfried Liliebeck's harness shop is hatched-in light and shadow like an etching, two men at one side of the composition bent close to a table. The master is the younger. He comes forward, wiping his face—son of Vikings, with sea-blue eyes, yellow hair and skin white as foam, a smutch of oil down his cheek.

"Will they help women to get the right to vote?" Siegfried Liliebeck will help. He has always wanted to help women. The helper looks up. He will sign too—Ogmar Nansen, a small, leather-colored man, with gnarled hand and bleak, wind-bitten eye. We almost smell salt spray as we come out! How is one ever to absolve oneself for having given them the wrong date for the next Carnegie meeting!

The list of the last canvasser has a teacher in Public School Number ——. The hall is full of the silence and chant of human beings learning in rows. One experiences a momentary impulse to fly, but bids it begone. Life may still get us on the hip, but at least it can never again deliver us to the ennui of schools! The suffrage teacher is gone—transferred, the janitor tells us. He stands in the door of the basement, tallowy in the sunlight, rapping his pipe against the wall with an echoing sound. Yes, he believes in woman suffrage. Men vote. What do we think of the English way? More intellectual passion in Europe! He talks about the labor unrest on the Continent, offers what he thinks of Sorel and the syndicalists.

In one of the fine old houses of lower Fifth Avenue a woman is playing on a grand piano in a chintz-hung room back of the drawing room. She plays Debussy's Afternoon of a Faun, with a light, rushing touch, like a sudden rain. Her throat and profile show in clean line against the light from the high French window. There is in that line the peculiar fluency of the young matron, so different from the ductility of youth. Behind her one sees through the window a very little girl on the balcony—her bright head moving, never still—and the swinging branch of a tree above glittering and beckoning. It is all charming. The maid appears beside the piano and the music hangs fire.

"No; Madame is not interested," the maid tells us.

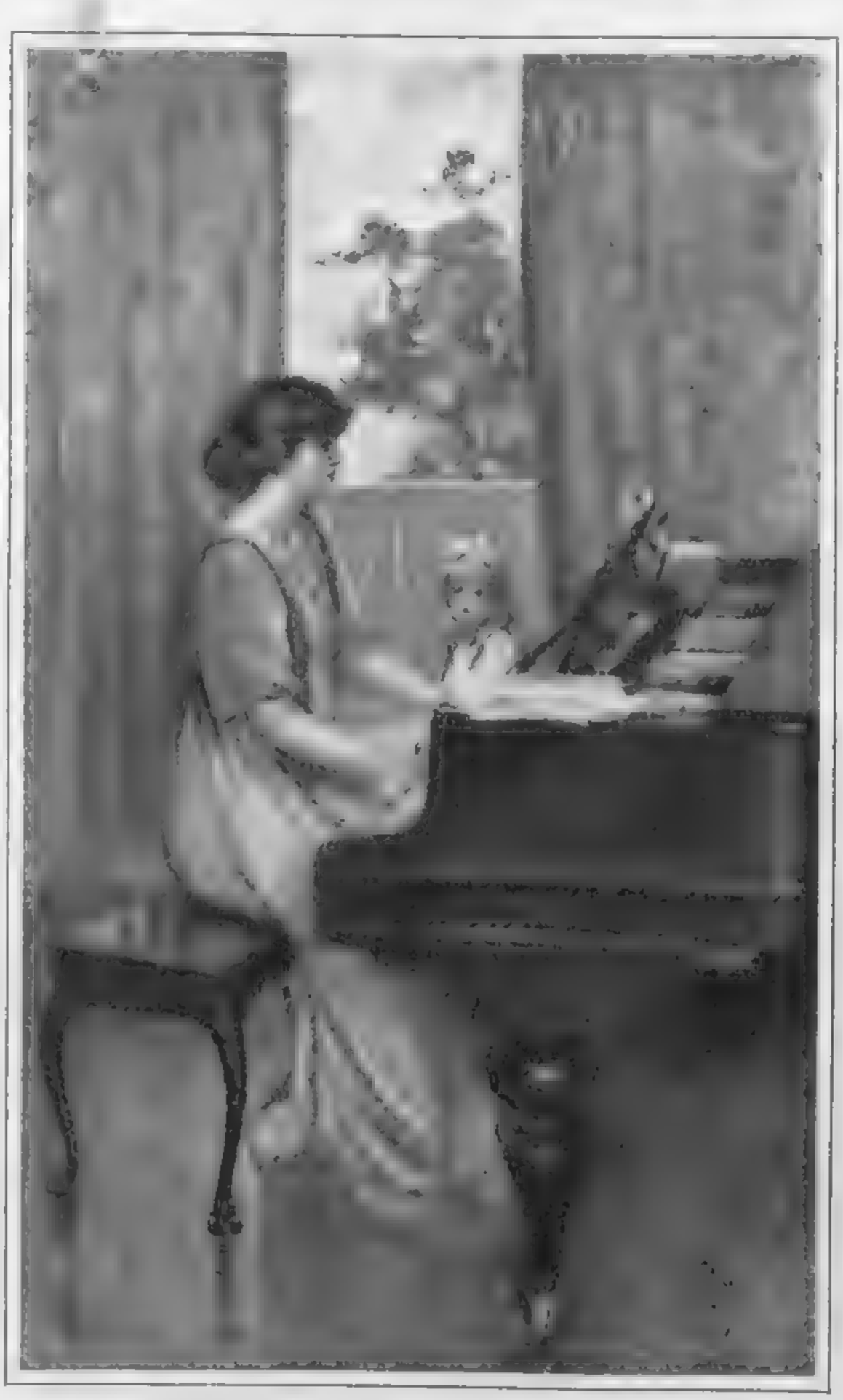
"Of course such a woman may have a real contact with life," comments your companion argumentatively as you go on down the street.

"But the presumption is against it," I suggest.

"And most of the evidence," she adds.

How strange a contrast of intangible values she presents to our tallowy janitor! He would find the space her spirit flies a prison!

Farther up toward Eleventh Street a quavering old butler opens the great door. No—his ladies are always for things as they are. He knows what they think—he's lived with them for fifty years. For himself, he has his opinions about a good many things that aren't just identical with the gentry's, it seems. Yes, he will come to a meeting. His mother was about as smart as his father, he figures it; and maybe she was a little more so! He talks on. One wonders how the household gets on during such intermissions for a butler! At a Metropolitan Temple meeting some weeks later you see him in his decent old-gentleman clothes, his hat hung on the cane between his knees, listening carefully to all the speakers with alternate grins and dejection passing across his pleasant servant's face.



She Plays With a Light, Rushing Touch, Like a Sudden Rain

Uncle Chan's Advice

BOTH of the New York state conventions were attended this year by delegations of women. A thick-set, impassive gentleman finds himself seized by the hand. Wreathed smiles from a young person with a yellow ribbon across the front of her coat!

"Well, howdy-do, Trudie—what you doing here?" he inquires, his eyes upon that yellow ribbon. His face expresses something as unlike impassivity as it can compass.

"You see, Uncle Chan, we want our plank put in the party platform at the national convention. If the New York delegation would recommend it they would carry a great deal of influence."

"Well, rather!" returns Uncle Chan, considering his niece dryly. "Had your luncheon?"

During luncheon he informs Niece that he is insurgent delegate for Rockland County, and Niece informs him that she is suffrage delegate from the Twenty-fifth Assembly District. Uncle Chan expresses his views on preferential primaries, the personnel of several delegations here present, and the superiority of Lake George or Siasconset for a summer house. It seems that "your aunt" does not agree with him. He refers to her as "your aunt" remotely; Niece meditates on matrimony. And all the time in the back of Uncle's mind runs a flowing monologue:

"Now, see here, Trudie, you want to cut all this and get married—this is no game for a girl like you! What? Well, it limits your chances immensely. The sort of man who will support you properly does not go in for this sort of thing. Well, my dear, the time will come when

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The Meddling of Mister Bim

Old Reliable Strikes the Keynote and Starts a Catfish Stand

By HARRIS DICKSON

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. CHAMBERS

ARISING Nile at Wady Okar, low banks, brown waters, tangled grasses and clumps of dome-palms. Old Reliable had preempted a shady seat at the very edge of the river, where he could attend to his job of considering the sudd-grass as it drifted down Khartum way. The job suited him; he had toiled at it for a solid month. Now he was squinting at a small launch that put into shore abruptly. Mr. Bim—the British bimbashi—sprang out. As he strode toward the quarters Colonel Spottiswoode called from the porch:

"What luck, MacDonald?"

"Shot two hippos; both sank—they'll rise and float in a couple of days." Then he opened the screen door and disappeared within the house to dress for dinner.

"Huh!" remarked Old Reliable. "Mr. Bim didn't want to go huntin'; but he jes' bound to keep busier'n a switch engine." This observation recalled Zack to the subject about which he had never quit mouthing "Warn't dat jes' like Mr. Bim? Put de 'sponsibility on me an' den come meddlin' hisself! Ef Mr. Bim had jes' lemme 'lone I'd a kep' dem niggers plowin' till yit."

Old Reliable mumbled and grumbled, and glanced over his shoulder to the squatty brick quarters which an early explorer had begun, now patched up for the white men who were directing cotton-planting experiments.

Colonel Spottiswoode had gone leisurely into the house when Mr. Bim bolted out again and slammed the wire screen. Zack knew that he would be dressed in his dinner jacket. Zack also knew that the impatient young Scotchman would stride up and down the porch or take a restless turn to the river and back. For the last month MacDonald had taken many a restless turn and done much striding.

Family consultation had christened that wee braw laddie "Charles Malcolm Dermid Arthur"—his sire being MacDonald, Laird of Lenoir. British officers knew him as *The* Captain MacDonald, a name shouted by London crowds wild with rejoicing over the relief of Mafeking. On the Anglo-Egyptian rolls he figured as El Bimbashi MacDonald, or El Bimb, as the native soldiers put it. Old Reliable called him "Mister Bim."

Zack eyed Mr. Bim striding back and forth like a powerful locomotive without a track to run upon. "Huh! Mr. Bim ain't feelin' good; he shore is pestered."

Bimbashi MacDonald was more than pestered—was almost ready to own himself beaten in the fight to plant cotton upon Wady Okar. White mechanics built the seedhouses with military promptitude; commissary and administration quarters went up as swiftly as the tents of a well-disciplined army; they set the gins to running like clockwork—but there would be no cotton to feed these gins unless some miracle could set the negroes to running. These negroes baffled MacDonald; he couldn't understand

"Gardenin' Time er Cotton-Pickin' Time, Ev'y Day Was Sunday Wid Jube"

them. His half-plowed fields were utterly deserted; droves of naked blacks lounged in the shade or squatted before his commissary—no limit to their dormant brawn and muscle. Wages had no charm. MacDonald wrathfully considered a resort to certain other methods which the settled policy of his government forbade.

At first MacDonald had been almost hilarious—for a Scotchman. At the free distribution of seed he had a bargain-counter rush, with prices reduced to nothing. Each black carried away his half-bushel with explicit instructions how to plant. Not a seed was planted wrong—or right. On the first plowing day they swarmed about, watching Zack Foster open up those long, straight rows; Shilluks wrangled with Dinkas for turns at holding the plowhandles. MacDonald's face beamed. He slapped Colonel Spottiswoode on the back.

"That furrow, sir, marks a new era in the history of empire. The plowpoint of civilization is overturning the sloth of ages. See the light upon their happy faces! It is the hope of better things—an awakening ——"

The Colonel did not interrupt while MacDonald finished a long peroration in the same selected words with which he had just closed a report to the Board of Directors. Spottiswoode had been quietly observing these people upon whom they must depend for labor, and he more than half agreed with Zack. "Cunnel, d'ain't nary dime's wuth o' diff'unce twixt dese niggers an' dem we got at home—'cept dese ain't got to hustle fer pervisions an' Christmas money."

MacDonald predicted an awakening and got it—for himself and Lyttleton. Zack never waked, for he had never been asleep. He wasn't disappointed; he could sit all day digging his heels into the soft earth, sending little clods tumbling into the Nile and shouting for Said when he wanted a drink of water.

"Get Up! It's Time to Go After the Fish"

Mr. Bim raged on the porch; Zack grinned. "Now ef dat wuz de Cunnel trompin' up an' down dat gallery, I wouldn't go nigh him fer nothin'; but Mr. Bim—I reckin he'd be glad fer most anybody to throw him a rope!" Which correctly diagnosed MacDonald's spiritual condition.

When Zack saw Mr. Bim drop limply into a chair he rose and rambled thitherward.

"Good evenin', Mr. Bim."

"Good afternoon, Zack."

"Mr. Bim, I'm gwine to open a hot-cat stan'. Dat shore will start niggers to work."

MacDonald considered this seriously, as if Zack had advanced the theory that red pepper would start negroes to sneezing. "What is a hot-cat stand?"

Zack smiled tolerantly as he settled himself on the top step. "You see, Mr. Bim, it's jes' dis way: Dese niggers won't work 'cause dey don't need nothin'. Ef dey wanted sumpin reel bad dey'd hustle fer it. I kin set 'em to hoppin' in dat field thicker'n fleas on a fat pup. You ax de Cunnel."

MacDonald sprang up. "Yes, yes—you've hit it—they have no needs. That's exactly what Von Gaben says. I'll get the book."

Twice the screen door slammed. MacDonald reappeared with his fingers between the leaves of a book. "I had that place marked. Listen ——"

Zack assimilated the wisdom of that German scientist and looked mighty solemn. MacDonald closed the book and asked:

"By what process of reasoning did you reach the same conclusion? That's what you've been pondering about?"

"Naw, suh, Mr. Bim; I ain't been ponderin' none. I been thinkin' so hard I ain't had no time to ponder."

The American looked out of the door and MacDonald called: "Oh, Colonel! Come here! Zack has a jolly good idea—exactly in line with what I was reading you last night from Von Gaben."

"Let's have it, Zack." The Colonel sat down. MacDonald remained standing. Zack laced his fingers and clasped them round his knee. "Cunnel, I wants to start a catfish stan'. Jes' as soon as dese niggers gits a taste o' hot-cat dey shore will work fer money to buy mo'."

Colonel Spottiswoode glanced at MacDonald and would have laughed if the Scotchman had not looked so desperately in earnest. "What makes you think so, Zack?"

"I don't think it, Cunnel—I knows dat! You 'member dat greasy-faced yaller nigger named Jube? Shoes laced up wid white strings? He shore was one mos' triflin' nigger. Never done nothin' 'cept set down an' wait till time to quit work. Gardenin' time er cotton-pickin' time, ev'y day was Sunday wid Jube. Jube say 'twarn't no sense fer him to be strainin' his back like dem rouster niggers—he didn't need nothin'. Dat 'oman what cooked at Jedge Freeman's house she fed him; but, lordy, Cunnel, Jube was so lazy his vittles didn't taste good.

"One day in de wintertime he come loafin' past de Hot-Cat Eatin' House where we-all was settin' roun' de stove talkin' lodge bizness. De do' sot kind o' cracked open; Aunt Fanny was floppin' catfish in de skillet an' de smoke was risin'. Dat's how come Jube poked his nose in de do' an' sniffed. 'What's dat I smell so good?' Bud Lowe flung a chunk o' coal—'Git out o' here! You knows I don't 'low you to hang roun' my eatin' house.' Dat shore was de troof, Cunnel. I'd been settin' in dat same cheer nigh on to five years, an' I knowed reel good dat Bud never had no use fer loafin' niggers. Shucks, Cunnel, a chunk o' coal couldn't hurt Jube's feelin's. Bud had de onlies' stove whar he could git warm an' Jube kep' acomin'.

"Atter while Aunt Fanny got riled an say: 'Whyn't you buy some catfish?' Jube he 'ply back: 'I ain't got no change today.' He jes' sot an' sot, wid his mouf hankerin' fer catfish. I knowed he was gwine to keep asettin' till he got it—ef de seat o' his breeches helt out ——"

"His what?" queried MacDonald.

"Ef he sot dar long ernuff."

"Ah! I see—a tenacious person."

"Yas, suh—dat's Jube. One day a strange nigger come in an' say he's jes' lousy wid money—wouldn't some gen'leman step up an' have a snack? Jube tumbled offen his cheer an' wropped his legs under de table right side an' side wid dat strange nigger—'Aunt Fanny, gimme a piece o' catfish.' Well, suh, Cunnel, dat was jes' de startin' of it.

"When I gits back agin dat same evenin' dar was Jube settin' by de stove, asmellin' an' asniffin'. Bud Lowe runs a spot cash eatin' house an' no credick. 'It's putty nigh traintime,' says ole man Eli Mundy. De hacks commenced gwine downhill to de deepo'. Jes den de train blowed. Jube bunched hisself, den up an' runs out de

front do' widout sayin' nothin' to nobody. I looked to de back do', 'cause I thought de constable must be comin'. Ole man Eli ketch his breath—'Huh! You see dat? Sumpin shore did itch Jube right sudden!'

"Me an' Eli an' Unc Sandy Spriggs walked to de cornder an' seed Jube down at de deepo'. D'reckly he come puffin' up dat steepes' hill totin' a white man's gripsack.

"We hadn't hardly got back to de stove an' sot down reel good befo' Jube stomps in. 'Aunt Fanny,' he speaks up noisy, 'gimme two slices o' catfish. Here's yo' dime!' Den he commenced settin' roun' reg'lar same ez me an all dem Gran' Army Republicans. Jube didn't b'long to no s'ciety. Us had to run him out ev'y time us wanted to talk lodge bizness. Dat's how come Jube ter jine de lodge; an' he had to hustle a mighty heap o' gripsacks to keep hisself financial. Some days he didn't ketch no grips an' dat fust put him in de notion of a steady job. Cunnel, you's boun' to 'member Jube—he's porter in de fines' near-beer saloon in Vicksburg dis very day."

MacDonald's glance shifted back and forth from the Southern planter to the expert negro psychologist; he drew his chair closer and said: "Now, Zack, explain your proposition fully."

"Easy 'nuff, Mr. Bim. I ain't promisin' nothin' what I can't do. Jes' fry up a lot o' catfish an' start dese niggers to eatin' it. D'ain't no way fer 'em to git money 'cept by workin' in de fiel'. D'ain't no way to git catfish widout money. Here's yo' hongry nigger; dar's your catfish; an' yonder's de plowhandles—ain't dat reasonable, Mr. Bim?"

"Suppose they don't like cooked fish?" suggested the Colonel.

"Cunnel, ev'y nigger's *boun'* to love catfish jes' soon's he gits a taste. At de fus' offstartin' I'll give ev'y one of 'em a little piece." Old Reliable chuckled to himself. "One time I went on a scursion to Memphis. De butcher-boy what peddles apples an' awnges he come 'long wid peanuts, an' didn't sell nary sack. Dat boy knowed niggers f'um de groun' up. Atter while he walks throo whistlin' wid a pocketful o' peanuts an' draps two on ev'y seat. Den he follow dat up wid de basket, an' ev'y nigger what tasted one peanut he bought a sackful."

"By the same token, MacDonald—might be something in this."

"Wouldn't hurt to try—got to keep the tail up. We've brought plenty of nets and seines. Zack can use them."

"Yas, suh, Mr. Bim; but I likes a trot-line—it's bes' fer catfish."

"You can wade in with a long seine," suggested the Scotchman, "and ——"

"MacDonald, you let Zack attend to the fishing. He'll go in that river and get more fish ——"

"Side he's gwine to ketch dem fish," Zack corrected; he had looked down the throat of one hippopotamus—which was enough for Zack.

The Colonel's eyes twinkled. "But, Zack, you'd be certain to get fish if you went after them yourself."

"Naw, suh, Cunnel; I bin studyin' an' studyin' 'bout dis here catfish stan'. Me an' Side kin tend to dat bizness a heap mo' better ef Side ketches de fish."

"Yes. These Gippies are wonderfully clever at casting the net," MacDonald volunteered.

"All right; let Said cast the net while Zack takes one of these canoes and runs the trot-line. Not a fisherman on the Mississippi can hold a candle to Zack when it comes to running a trot-line."

"Yas, suh, Cunnel; dat shore is de troof. But, you see, I'm de main boss o' dat catfish stan', an' I got to be right dar ev'y minute. 'Twon't take Side no time to learn."

MacDonald took out his pencil. "Let's get on. What buildings do you require?"

"Shucks, Mr. Bim; a catfish stan' ain't no buildin'—it's jes' a shack."

"Where do you want it built?"

"Ef 'twuz in Vicksburg I'd set it down side de river."

"At the landing place?"

"Yas, suh—wid a bench in de shade ef you kin git it."

"How about that clump of palms?"

"Dat's de ve'y place!"

"Very good. Your building will be finished by noon tomorrow." MacDonald clapped his hands—"Wahud!"—and sent Fudl running with orders for the chief carpenter to report immediately.

The celerity of MacDonald's action took Zack's breath. "Dat's right, Mr. Bim. Lord knows how dese niggers gits 'long doin' nothin' all day."

Colonel Spottiswoode leaned back in his chair and laughed. "Zack, you're going to spoil your loafing place, where you do nothing all day."

"Yas, suh, Cunnel; dat's all right fer me, 'cause I got a job—but dese niggers ain't."

. . . . . .

"Bismillah!" muttered Said as he cast his net. The Dongolawi waded thigh-deep into the muddy Nile, muttering and casting and bringing up nothing. Old Reliable superintended operations from a safe position on the top of the bank.

"Side, what dat you keeps on mumblin' ev'y time you throws?"

"In the—name of—God!" Said translated unsteadily as he hauled in the empty net.

Old Reliable rose and pointed. "Den, in de name o' Gawd, throw dat net in dis eddy—close up 'side dat grass. Ef you wants to ketch perches you got to go whar perches stays!"

Said was of the spiritless fellaheen; he cast as he was bid, with the habitual "Bismillah," then tugged hard on the line, for his net came up heavy.

"Haul 'em out! Haul 'em out!" Zack yelled.

Said struggled up the slippery slope and turned out a dozen or more flapping perch, each of three to five pounds' weight.

Zack bent over them in triumph. "Dat's de way to make a nigger ketch fish! Mr. Bim say fer me to wade in! He oughter quit meddlin' wid my bizness. Side, fetch dem fish to de shack an' git 'em cleaned. I'm gwine to begin sellin' right off."

Odok Nibbled the Edge and Chewed an Experimental Bite

With some forty pounds of fish Said followed his black master to the brand-new eating house under the palms. Shed, table and bench, kitchen cookstove and dinner bell—everything was complete and erected before Zack could bat an eye. Already it was surrounded by Dinkas squatting on the ground and Shilluks—after the peculiar fashion of their tribe—standing storklike on one foot, waiting to see what was going to happen.

Zack smiled at his own foresight. "Dis shore is a fine stan' fer a eatin' house—plenty niggers hangin' roun' po' ez Job's turkey!" Zack nodded his satisfaction—the magical nickel would transform each savage into a customer. Their eyes followed him as he passed among them; they watched him intently as he bent over the cookstove and began to kindle a fire. Some of the negroes sidled nearer to the stove and some edged toward Said, who set about cleaning the fish.

Zack played to his gallery, glad enough to have them show so much interest. The Effendi of the eating house took a white cap and long white apron from a nail, stepped outside where the multitude could admire, and arrayed himself. After that not an eye would have strayed toward Said if it hadn't been for the tantalization of those fish. Said paid no attention to the men, but kept his fish close about him and watched the dogs—starved, incredibly thin and creeping as near as they dared. Zack put on a skillet and had the grease sizzling. When he glanced up for applause his prospective customers were drifting away—every one of them except the dogs.

"What make 'em run off? Sumpin skeered dem niggers!" Then he saw and straightened up. Lyttleton, MacDonald and Colonel Spottiswoode were strolling toward him from the quarters. None of them had a thing to do and the Colonel carried a long flat something under his arm. "Huh! Dat's it! White folks comin'. Mr. Bim's pestered dem niggers so reg'lar 'bout goin' to work dat dey gits up an' gits. How he spec' me to run a catfish stan'?" MacDonald hurried on with his head down. "He's like a goat what's fixin' to butt somebody!"—which illustrated MacDonald's attitude of mind and body.

"Well, old man—get any fish?"

"Yas, suh; plenty to last fer two days. I tole you Side could ketch 'em."

"How much are you going to charge for a lunch?"

Zack lifted the sputtering skillet and considered. "I dunno, suh. I wuz jes' studyin' 'bout dat. I reckin I'll make it jes' zackly what dese niggers gits a day. Dey can't spen' money nowhars else an' dey shore ain't got no pockets to tote none."

"That's right, MacDonald; Zack's caught the idea. Lyttleton, that hammer and nails, please." The Colonel unwrapped his paper and tacked up the official signboard:

HOT-CAT EATING HOUSE

MEALS AT ALL HOURS

When Zack restrained his smiles into a becoming wreath he led Colonel Spottiswoode mysteriously behind a palm trunk. "Cunnel, please, suh, don't let Mr. Bim think no harm; but he ain't got understandin' 'bout niggers same as me an' you. It'd be a heap better ef you-all white gen'lemen stays away f'um dis catfish stan'. You knows how niggers is: dey don't love to hang roun' whar de white folks kin watch 'em—specially dese niggers. Mr. Bim is been huntin' 'em an' huntin' 'em till dey jes' nacherly scatters like pa't'idges ev'y time he shows up." A hundred naked backs proved the statement.

"Sure, Zack, sure; I'll get them both away."

Zack clung to his arm. "You-all ain't gwine to think hard o' me?"

"No. That's mighty good sense."

The Colonel removed his British friends; Zack smiled. "Ev'y one o' dem niggers is comin' straight back. I'll fix 'em ef Mr. Bim quits meddlin'."

There had been small need to proclaim the new enterprise. Fifty Shilluks stood round and saw the shack being built; fifty more had arrived before Said finished cleaning the fish; they came drifting back with reinforcements when the worrisome white men left. The place swarmed with sniffing Dinkas, liplicking Shilluks and slinking dogs, when a greasy smoke uprose from the first crisp and smelly pan. Zack spread his table and rang the bell. "Hot fish! Hot fish! Git 'em while dey're hot!"

Nobody got. Zack, in cap and apron, leaned over the rail and rang the bell again. "Hot cat! Hot cat! Five cents today; charge mo' tomorrer. Tell 'em dat, Side!" Zack laboriously explained to Said; Said passed the glorified tidings in garbled Arabic to another interpreter, who turned and spoke a few words in the Shilluk tongue.

Mr. Bim from quarters watched the maneuver through his field glass, a moment as tense as if he awaited a Dervish charge. The hot-cat proposition got a frost. Not a Shilluk put down his other leg; not a Dinka rose from his haunches. Mr. Bim laid aside his field glass and hurried toward the river. "Come back here, MacDonald! Let Zack run that show."

"I'm not going there; thought I'd look out and see if my hippos were floating down."

"You come back!" MacDonald squirmed into his chair again.

Zack set down his bell and glared at a crowd incapable of being thrilled by hot cat! With unerring intuition he picked out their leader, the bellwether of the bunch. "Jes' look at you! Ain't you a beaut? Standin' on one foot wid a rag hangin' to yo' neck—don't even know what hot cat means! I'm gwine to open yo' mouf an' poke a chunk o' sense into yo' head." Zack slapped a chunk of fish on a

(Continued on Page 45)

The Quest of the Golden Goat

Being the Exploits of Jason, Fitted to the Present Campaign

Book III

By WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT JOHNSON

I—THE DEMOCRATIC GOAT-CHASERS PROCEED TO BALTIMO'

AS T. R. JASON, steam-rolled but unbroke,
Rested his sinews on a mountaintop,
Biding another opening when he
Again could snatch the Goat from Wm. T.—
While thus he rested, o'er the shifting sea
Of modern politics he cast his eye,
And dimly in the offing he beheld
A distant boat that wabbled as it came.
Straight to his eye a field-glass did he glue,
And lo! he saw the Democratic galley
Jammed to the rail with Jasons, each intent
To boss the ship and get the William Goat.
Indeed, it was a passing dotty crew;
For every man was captain in that craft
And every man was slugging some one else.
Full twenty-six prospective candidates
Shouted: "Let's save the party!" and with that
Swung at each other's heads with bloody oars.
And in the ocean there was one who swam
Rearing the brow of William Jennings B.
While shouting: "Hear me, or I'll sink the ship!"

"What is the cry they shout?" asked Theodore.
Echo replied: "Their cry is 'Harmony!'"
The hero smiled, then quickly running home,
Ordered a dictagraph from William Burns,
Connected it with Baltimo' and heard
The following Democratic harmonies:

II—DICTAGRAPH RECORD OF A UNITED DEMOCRACY GOING TO IT

"Har-mo-nee!" "Tam-ma-nee!"
"Slug that guy from Tennessee!"
"Champ Clark!" "Oscar!" "Murder!" "Gee!"
"Har-mo-nee!" "Tam-ma-nee!"
"Throw out Ryan!"
"Kill Bill Bryan!"
"Har-mo-nee!"

Voice of Mr. Norman Mack,
"Meeting come to ord ——"
Kersmack!

"Help, help, quick!"
"Who t'rowed dat brick?"
—Voice of Alton Parker droning
Through the hisses, yowls and groaning—
"As we envoys of the Nation
Sit in calm deliberation,
All delighted,
All united,
Temperate our demonstration.
Men like Harmon, Foss and Gaynor
Make our party safer, saner.
Common brawls we will not handle
Like Chicago's noisy scandal.
Moderate as old Polonius,
We'll avoid all acrimonious

"Thou Art Safe Thou Hast Penrose and Me!"

Charges touching deeds felonious—
Heaven be praised, we're all harmonious!"

Biff! Pow!!
"Who's killed now?"
"Liar!" "Traitor!"
"Prevaricator!"
"Clark, Clark!"
"Darned old shark!"
"We want Oscar-Harmon-Foss!"
"Wow! There's Charley Murphy's Boss!"
"Ryan!"
"Bryan!"
"Quit yer guyin'!"
"Say, who's lyin'?"
"Shame! Shame!
The thief has came!"
Rap-rap! "Please come to order!"
"There goes Belmont's parlor boarder!"
"Git out, youse guys—we come first!"
"This here section b'longs to Hearst!"
Chug—bump!
"Mugwump!"
"Fight, fight!"
"Blatherskite!"
"We Kentuckians act polite.
We're from the South, seh!"
"Shut yo' mouth, seh!"
"That's it—hit 'im on the run!'
"We want men like Jefferson."
"Who t'ell's Jeff? Aw, he's de guy,
Johnson pasted in de eye!"
"Mr. Chairman, I arise to ——"
"Nix on all youse Wilson guys too!"
"Coward!" "Sneak!"
"Let me speak ——"
Voice of Parker saponaceous
Droning through the Bedlam spacious:
"But the Party's grand traditions
Scorn these modern superstitions.
We shall ever stand in pat form
On our non-progressive platform."

III—VOCAL SELECTIONS SUNG DURING THE CONCERT

The Marseillaise the French will praise,
Parisians fairly cry for it;
Die Wacht am Rhein is so divine
That Germans love to die for it;
But the song that starts the New York hearts
To thumping night and day
Is the little Wall Street ticker
When it ticks "O. K."

Solo by Prominent Tammany Hall Progressive

You can boost for Thomas Jeff till you're blue around de gills,
You can pass a line o' talk on Henry Clay;
But us Sout'ern delegates ain't a-goin' to swallow pills
Rolled by Rubes dat pushed de dope of yesterday.
We're de Peepul—see?—dat's plain. We're as safe and twice as sane
As de gheeks wot steered de ferry in de past.
And I tell yu me and Mike are as Sout'ern as y' like;
And our pedigrees we'll give yu, since yu ast.

CHORUS:

We're Sout'ern chents, sure we're Sout'ern chents,
Wit' a Noo York line o' Dixie dat yu sure can't beat.
Though our fam'ly trees are skinny on annsisters from Verjinny,
Yet we boss de whole keeboodle sout' o' Fourteenth Street.

IV—THE PRINCETON PROF CLINCHETH WITH THE OLD CHAMP FOR LEADERSHIP OF THE DEMOCRATIC GOAT-HUNTERS

They came in droves, they came in haste,
They came in hacks with words to waste,
Each vowing that he'd constant be
Until he named his nominee.
If they had carried out this threat
The bulk of 'em would be there yet.

(Concluded on Page 31)

"Har-mo-nee!" "Tam-ma-nee!" "Slug That Guy From Tennessee!" "Champ Clark!" "Oscar!" "Murder!" "Gee!" "Har-mo-nee!" "Tam-ma-nee!"
"Throw Out Ryan!" "Kill Bill Bryan!" "Har-mo-nee!"

SILVERSIDE

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

VI

WHEN I awoke the sun was streaming down through the open hatch and the yawl was lunging heavily over the long surges. Very stiff and sore, I raised myself on one elbow and saw the Chinese captain sitting at the table busy with a big bowl of what looked to be fish and rice. He glanced up as I moved.

"You sleep long time," said he. "You hungly?"

"I could eat," I answered.

He pointed at the bowl. "Velly good," said he. "S'pose you alle same chow."

I swung out of the bunk and stood for a moment swaying with the heave of the vessel. My white clothes were in rags, but aside from a few scratches and bruised knuckles I was not hurt. The coolies' aim had been not to maul but merely to overpower me.

"Other man wake up?" I asked.

"He wake up, now go sleep again. He no good. You chow?"

"Pretty soon," I answered indifferently. "Likee wash."

He nodded and pointed to a draw bucket. I picked it up and went on deck. The sea was fairly smooth, with a long even swell and a fresh breeze coming in abeam. At the wheel was a lean coolie whose face showed marks of my work, one eye being quite closed. He scarcely looked at me as I walked to the lee side and drew a bucket of water. Up forward a group of Chinamen were squatting around a big bowl, dipping into it with their fingers. They looked aft, nudging and chattering as I stripped to the waist and proceeded to bathe. I noticed with some satisfaction that most of them showed traces of the scuffle of the night before, one chap having his head wrapped up in a wet, dirty cloth. At first I saw no sign of Silverside; but presently, happening to glance into the sampan, I saw him stretched out on the bottom apparently asleep.

The captain came on deck as I was finishing my bath. Seen in the daylight he was a tall, powerful man, with Tartar features and a nose more beaklike than is usually seen on a Chinese face. His features were cruel, savage and unregenerate, but held a very marked intelligence.

"You find plenty chow down below," said he agreeably enough. I nodded, and as I went down the ladder I heard a peculiar moaning cry. The captain, I decided, must be waking Silverside.

Rather to my surprise I found the food very palatable. It appeared to consist of boiled rice, mixed with salt fish and some sort of spice that suggested curry. There was a great quantity, and I was making a good breakfast when the hatch was darkened and Silverside came down. His face was colorless and there were dark circles under his eyes, the pupils of which were contracted to needle points.

At sight of me calmly breakfasting his jaw dropped and he lurched back, gripping at the edge of a bunk.

"Doctor Ames!" he cried, in his hollow voice.

"Good morning, Silverside," I answered. "How do you feel?" He did not notice either the name or my question. Passing his hand across his forehead in a dazed way he continued to stare at me.

"How did you get here, sir?" he asked.

"We missed you aboard and went in to look for you," I answered. "While the captain was off searching the Apia boat I ran on to this crowd lugging you off and tried to stop it—with the result that you see. Sit down and have some food. It's not bad."

"Thank you, sir," said he in a stupefied way, and began to dip into the rice. For a moment he ate hungrily.

Then I said: "You'd have done better to have stopped aboard the Favorite, my friend."

On the Instant I Saw the Terrible Design of Silverside. He Meant to Lay the Yawl Across the Roof

He looked up at me vacantly. "I didn't dare," he mumbled. "Von Bulow sent for me and I had to go."

"You are Silverside, aren't you?" I asked.

"Yes, sir."

"And it was you who killed Captain Fairfax?"

A sudden glow seemed to spread over his pale, Slavic face. His fingers stopped halfway to his lips and he stared at me with his odd, sightless-looking eyes.

"Yes, sir," he repeated. "It was I who killed Daniel Fairfax!"

He fell to eating again, almost ravenously. Presently, said he as if in answer to my unspoken question:

"Von Bulow found my thumbmark on the store list. He sent me a clipping from the Honolulu paper, with a message to report to him at once as he had the duplicate of that mark on the list. I knew what he meant. But you and the captain prevented my going in the boat he sent for me, so I waited until you had turned in, then swam ashore with my clothes in a bundle on my head."

"And your system full of opium."

He gave a thin smile. "I am used to the drug, sir. And laudanum is only a mild form—the tincture, I believe, sir."

"Well," said I impatiently, for although I felt a certain pity for the man after a little while he got on my nerves, "what's the meaning of all this rigmarole?"

"It's a long story, sir."

"Well, then," said I, "finish with your food and let's have it."

He nodded, continuing to eat in the same wolfish manner. I was surprised at his hunger, especially as he was far from being over the effects of his drug, but I drew out my pipe and tobacco pouch, lighted up and waited. Presently Silverside stopped eating and stared at me for a moment with his mottled, chocolate-colored eyes, then began to speak in the toneless voice of a man in a hypnotic trance.

"Therese Berdou and I came out to the Pacific nineteen years ago on the auxiliary yacht of the Marquis de Moulincourt," said he. "She was a poor relation of Madame la Marquise. She was only sixteen and very beautiful, but madame treated her more as a maid than as a relative. I was the chef. Monsieur was kinder to the girl than was madame, and when we got to Tahiti madame decided that he was far too kind, and sent Therese ashore with money to take her back to France. I left the yacht at Tahiti and got a position as chef in the Hôtel de France."

"Why?" I asked.

"To be near Therese. She had told me that she would not go back to France to be badly treated by her family. She remained at Tahiti and became a teacher in the Jesuit mission."

"You were in love with her?" I asked.

A pale flame lighted Silverside's haggard face. "I have loved her always," he said with, I must confess, a certain dignity.

"Go on," said I.

The glow faded from the vague, mottled eyes.

"She taught there for six months, and then one day, when his trading schooner was lying in the port, Fairfax saw her—Tiapolo Fairfax, Big Devil Fairfax. He was different then from the blue-lipped, blotchy, shuddering wreck you met on the Australia. He was straight and strong and cleanly made—such a body as Michelangelo could not have molded; with the face of a demigod and blazing blue eyes that had wrecked many a woman's reason. His face at that time had the quality of that of an archangel, with its strong, sweet mouth and hair like yellow gold that clustered about his ears. To look at him no person could believe that the tales told of him were true. It was only when drunk that the devil that lived inside of him took charge, and then no Tartar could have been more savage. I knew nothing of this: nothing of the stories of

his savageries, and it seemed to me that here was the perfect mate for Therese. I arranged their meetings and I helped him to carry her off."

"But you say you loved her!" I cried.

"That was the reason. I wished that she should have only of the best, and in Tahiti her beauty was on everybody's lips and the men that saw her went mad about her. There was even the governor who wished to marry her, and the Colonel le Comte de la Tour d'Auvergne, both noble and both rich, but not good enough for Therese. So Fairfax took her and I shipped aboard his schooner as cook. It was understood that they were to fly to the Paumotas to be married, but when we got there Fairfax swore that he would see himself hanged before he would bind himself to such a hell-cat. They had quarreled already, and he made her drink with him and afterward she would lock herself in her stateroom and wait with a loaded rifle for him to try to enter. He made me try to force the door one day, and she sent a bullet through my shoulder thinking that it was Fairfax on the other side. We put into Manihi after fruit and fowls, and I met your father there and told him the story. He talked with Fairfax, who laughed at him and called him a psalm-singing hypocrite, finally offering to marry Therese if your father could thrash him in a fair fight. No doubt you have heard how it turned out."

"Tell me again," I said eagerly.

"Fairfax was drunk and your father would not fight him in that condition. The next day Fairfax went ashore and your father beat him into a jelly. The strange part was that I had to hold Therese—she wanted to shoot your father. But Fairfax kept his word and they were married. He had a plantation in the Friendly group and we went there. After they were married Therese seemed to change and grow soft and gentle as spring on the steppes. But Fairfax grew worse. I have seen him beat her as one would not beat a dog."

"And you did not try to interfere?"

"I was afraid of him," said Silverside simply.

"And afterward?"

"Afterward Delphine was born, and Fairfax stole a native girl from a trader named Maginnis and was gone for six months. When he returned Therese would have none of him. She had grown to hate him after the birth of her daughter. Then some one carried a lying tale to Fairfax. He had left me to look after the plantation, and one day he returned and in a fit of drunken rage he burned the whole place to the ground, drove me aboard the schooner and sailed off. He knew of my dread of physical pain, for I could never endure being hurt, and to revenge himself for his fancied wrong he lashed me down on deck and poured vitriol on an old burn scar on my side. Then, to make his work complete, he landed me on a leper island."

"Is that the truth?" I cried.

"As Heaven is my judge, Doctor Ames."

"And how did you escape?"

"I swam to a passing vessel. I was twenty hours in the water, and when I was taken aboard the captain would not believe my story; but thinking that I was an escaped leper he carried me in irons to Molokai, for he was bound for Honolulu. I was two years on Molokai before I could convince them that I was clean. Finally they let me go. When I got back to the island I found that Therese and the child had been cared for by the chief, so I went away and got a billet as head cook on one of the Pacific Mail ships. I sent all that I could save to Therese through an honest trader whom I knew—Captain Müller, who was aboard yesterday."

"And what then, Silverside?" I asked gently, for the man's face was bloodless and there was a rime of sweat on his broad, low forehead. I noticed that his hair was white where it had grown out since he had dyed it.

"I left the line to take a better job as cook in the Royal Hotel at Sydney. There I met a man who told me a tale of how he had been shipwrecked on an uninhabited island and while there had discovered that the lagoon was rich with pearl oysters. There were three of them, and after a while they patched up a broken whaleboat that had washed ashore and put to sea. The other two died of thirst and hunger, but this man was picked up alive. He did not know where the island was, but the instant that he described it, especially the entrance, I recalled it as a place where we had once put in for water when I was sailing with Daniel Fairfax. I was convinced that this man told the truth and I knew where the island lay, but I had no money to fit out an expedition. Nobody would listen to the tale, so in the end I went to Suva and talked to Von Bulow. He wanted to send one of his pearlers, but I refused. In the end he gave me five thousand dollars, on condition that if I found the island I was to report it to him, when we were to work it in partnership, he to have two-thirds and I one-third. Then I played him false."

"How?" I asked.

Silverside's expression grew veiled. "Gaston Berdou, Therese's brother, came out," said he. "I met him in Auckland. He was in the merchant marine—first mate. We bought a schooner with Von Bulow's money and were about to go to the island with a native crew and native divers when I learned indirectly that Fairfax was in Seattle and was coming back. So I told Berdou to take his sister and her child to some other island, and I went back to the United States."

"What for?" I asked.

"To kill Fairfax," said Silverside in a flat voice.

"Did you know that he had struck it rich?" I asked.

"Yes. That was the reason I wished to kill him, doctor. If he had been coming back poor and broken I might have spared him. But after what had passed—when I had been working and slaving for years to support Therese and educate her daughter, Delphine—to have Fairfax return, fat and prosperous, to claim them was too much. I could have found it in my heart to pass the wrong that he did to me; but they were mine, not his. I had worked for them,

The Musket Wove Small Circles in Front of My Chest

and although ten years passed without my seeing Therese, I could not endure that Tiapolo Fairfax should return to claim her. Besides, I hated him."

Silverside's head sunk between his shoulders and he was silent for a while. I did not speak. He seemed to drowse, but presently roused himself.

"Berdou took the schooner and what money was left and set out, first to hide them, then to work the pearl island, should there be anything there. I worked my way to San Francisco and there I found my enemy. Once, in the hotel at San Francisco where he was stopping, I went up and looked into his room."

"Over the transom of the door?"

"Yes. He told you? I found him awake in his bed. He snatched a revolver from under his pillow. I had got a job as waiter in the hotel. Then I learned that he was going out on the Australia, and I shipped as stoker to be near him. The rest you know."

"But how about what happened afterward?" I asked.

"Von Bulow?"

"Yes, and all this."

"Von Bulow saw my thumbmark on the store list and sent for me. I did not dare refuse so I went to see him. He offered me the choice between taking this yawl of his to the pearl island or being given up to the authorities. I said that he might give me up. I had given Berdou the bearings of the island, and I learned that he had been working the beds. He had been selling the pearls to Von Bulow."

"Did Berdou know of your obligation to Von Bulow?"

"No, but Von Bulow suspected that he was working for me. When I refused he drugged me and had me taken aboard this yawl. Now I have got to take them there."

"And if you don't?" I asked.

Silverside's face turned gray.

"Torture!" he whispered. "Sam Lung has his orders. There is no help for it, Doctor Ames; I cannot stand torture. Oh, no—no."

There was another long silence. Then, I asked:

"And Fairfax's wife and child, where are they? Why didn't you tell me? You knew that we were looking for them, did you not?"

"Yes," answered Silverside. "I knew that."

"Then why ——"

Silverside roused himself. The face that he turned to me was almost terrifying in its ghastly intensity.

"Because, loving Therese as I always have and always shall in this world and the next," he answered, with a passion that was all the more terrible for its quiet, smothered tension, "I would rather see her and the child devoured by sharks than that they should ever furnish the sop to Fairfax's tormented soul that might come of their profiting by one penny of his gold," said he. "What is Von Bulow to me? What are you? What is anything, after what I have wrought and suffered? Fairfax is dead, and he has gone to hell, his gold hung round his neck to sink him to the uttermost depths. Therese does not need his money; Berdou can provide for her when I am gone."

He fell forward across the table, burying his forehead in his arms.

I waited in silence. Presently Silverside roused himself.

"It was not my intention to defraud Von Bulow," said he; "I intended that he should profit richly later on. But I wished first to make Therese independent, should anything happen to me, and I did not trust Von Bulow—or at least I was unwilling to trust him to turn over my share to Berdou. That is where I made a mistake."

"Does Von Bulow know that Berdou is the brother of Therese?" I asked.

A faint smile played over Silverside's thin, delicate lips.

"Yes. He once saw Therese when she was aboard Fairfax's schooner. Seeing Berdou, he recognized the family resemblance. I told him last night how it had come about and swore that he should lose nothing, but he refused to trust me again."

"See here, Silverside," said I, "what made you ship as cook on the Favorite? Why didn't you communicate with Berdou?"

"For one thing, I was afraid to hang about Apia. Besides, all my money was gone. More than that, I do not know where Berdou is to be found, nor do I know where he has taken Therese and the child. In my last letter I told him to write me *poste restante* to Honolulu, but there was no letter. Hush! Here comes Sam Lung. He understands English."

VII

SILVERSIDE'S story, though it aroused my sympathy for the man, did not tend to make his personality any more attractive to me. It was the story of a big, self-sacrificing love and long years of unwavering devotion, and perhaps I should have felt more appreciation for his loyalty and condoned his baser acts. If Silverside had killed Fairfax when the latter was in full vigor I could have found it in my heart not to have censured the act. Fairfax had tortured Silverside and afterward tried to subject him to a living death—and all this unjustly, if the cook's tale were true. One could scarcely blame Silverside for taking his revenge, but for him to slip in and strangle a weakened invalid seemed unutterably cruel and cowardly.

There was also his dishonest treatment of Von Bulow, who was, perhaps, the only man who had ever trusted Silverside and advanced him money on his unsupported word. Of course the Chinaman had not done this through any liking or esteem for Silverside, but as a mere gamble in which he stood to lose a trifling amount as compared to the enormous benefit he might expect to receive should Silverside play fair. No doubt Von Bulow weighed the chances and decided that the man would not dare trick him, for the comprador's arm was far-reaching, what with his wealth and the many ramifications of his trade. But Silverside had done worse than merely trick Von Bulow, for he had deliberately taken another man into partnership, Gaston Berdou, who had apparently gone ahead and worked the oyster beds on the capital advanced by the comprador.

Silverside may have told the truth in saying that Berdou was ignorant of the obligation to Von Bulow, but I fancied that the Chinaman himself had his suspicions of the true state of affairs, and I wondered that he had been able to control the outward evidence of his exultation when his eyes had fallen on the greasy thumbmark and he realized that his enemy was within his power. There was little doubt in my mind but that Von Bulow had seen the mark on taking the list, and that his astute oriental mind had immediately leaped to the true solution of the case.

As for Silverside, the best thing to be said for him was that he had undoubtedly acted with no thought to his own profit, but solely in the interests of Therese Fairfax. The man's devotion to the woman had become a fixed idea—an obsession. I did not believe that he was quite sane.

At any rate Von Bulow had him in the toils, and I wondered what would become of Silverside after he had piloted the yawl to the pearl island. It seemed probable that Sam Lung would return him to the comprador, who being content to have found the pearls might very likely let him go about his business. There would still be Berdou to settle with, and the Chinaman might offer Silverside's liberty in exchange for the sole proprietorship of the pearl fisheries.

The question as to what might happen to myself presented another interesting problem. Sam Lung had carried me along because he had no authority to make away with me, and was afraid to leave me behind for fear that I might raise an alarm and block the whole business. What would be done with me later I could not imagine. Silverside, however, threw some light on the question a little later in the day, for Sam Lung came below just after Silverside had finished his story, and told him that he might clean the diving gear out of the spare bunk and berth there if he chose. Silverside was given no work aboard the yawl beyond that of navigating our course, whereas I might not have been aboard at all for all the notice that was paid me.

Late that afternoon Silverside came up to where I was sitting on the main hatch idly watching the sea. The man looked much better, having quite slept off the lingering effects of his drug.

"It is a pity that you got mixed up in the business, Doctor Ames," said he. "I never dreamed of such a thing. To tell the truth, I thought that you and the captain were—were ——" he hesitated.

"Drunk?" I snapped. "Far from it, my friend. Now that they have got me, what do you think they propose to do with me?"

"I do not think that you are in any danger until Sam Lung has satisfied himself that the lagoon is really rich in pearls," said Silverside.

"And after that?"

"After that you will be in very great danger. Sam Lung may decide that the easiest way would be to cut both our throats and give us to the sharks."

"That's a pleasant outlook," said I, and glanced forward uneasily. "How many hands are there in the crew?"

"Ten all told—and every man-jack of them carries a long knife in his belt. It is useless to think of resistance."

"I'd a lot rather think of that than of being shark bait."

"Fairfax's Money Ransom Me? I'd Rather Go a Dozen Times to the Gallows!"

"It may not come to that. Perhaps the place is not so rich as I was told. If Sam Lung decides that it is not worth while you will probably be carried back to Suva," Silverside remarked.

"And you?"

"That is hard to say. Von Bulow has me in his power. He may give me up to justice or he may give me a chance to work out my indebtedness to him. Berdou would ransom me if I could get word to him. Perhaps we may find him in the lagoon."

"Would Berdou sit tight and watch this crowd scoop his pearls?" I asked.

"Yes, to save my life. Von Bulow counted on that. Berdou would not see me given up to justice, knowing that I have sacrificed myself for the sake of—of Therese and Delphine."

"Then it seems to me that you are pretty safe," said I. "You are a hostage, as it were. It also seems to me that you are a bit of a fool, man. Why didn't you tell Von Bulow that Fairfax had left a big fortune and that his wife would ransom you?"

He turned on me with a snarl that was almost animal-like and his chocolate-colored eyes were lurid.

"Fairfax's money ransom me? I'd rather go a dozen times to the gallows! Do you think that I killed him for that?"

"Well," said I wearily, "it's your own affair, I suppose. But I'll bet that the widow Fairfax won't have any such ideas about inheriting a couple of millions for herself and daughter. Between us we're in a nice fix. If we find the pearls I get scragged and you get off; if we don't I get off and you go to the gallows. And if we find Berdou there Heaven knows what may happen!" Feeling a sudden distaste for the man's society I got up and walked away aft.

For a week we wallowed sluggishly on our course under the direction of Silverside. No attempt was made to prevent conversation between us, but a steadily growing aversion to the man kept me from saying more than a few occasional words to him, nor did he try to talk with me. Sam Lung rarely gave voice to more than a few guttural monosyllabics to his crew and had nothing whatever to say either to Silverside or to me.

So far as physical comfort went I had nothing of which to complain. A spare sail made me a comfortable bed and the food was sufficient and quite eatable, consisting principally of rice, stockfish, onions and potatoes, with occasionally a piece of pork or salt-horse. As the days wore on and the yawl made very slow going of it I noticed that Silverside was getting more and more nervous, and on the seventh day from Suva I asked him the cause.

"When I first told Von Bulow about the island," said he, "I stated that it was about a week's voyage from Suva. He remembered this and told Sam Lung that we ought to make it in about that time unless the wind held ahead. Now we've had a reaching breeze the whole way, sometimes getting it even on our quarter, and yet we haven't come more than three-quarters the distance. The yawl is slow, to begin with, and she's been badly steered." He wiped his clammy forehead with the back of his hand. "What I'm afraid of now is that Sam Lung may get suspicious and—and"—his face whitened visibly and his pupils dilated—"try some of his tricks."

"No!" I cried. "You mean that he might do you some ——"

"Torture," muttered Silverside. "I couldn't stand it, doctor. I'm not afraid of death, but the thought of physical pain makes me light-headed. I was tortured once, and I've been a broken man since."

His voice died away weakly and I saw him swallow once or twice. He had begun to tremble and his soft brown eyes had a hunted, panic-stricken expression. They were fixed on something down the deck, and I turned to see Sam Lung coming toward us. As he drew near I noticed that his fierce Mongolian face wore a peculiar, gloating look, and there was a savage gleam in his slanting eyes.

"Island pletty close?" he asked gutturally.

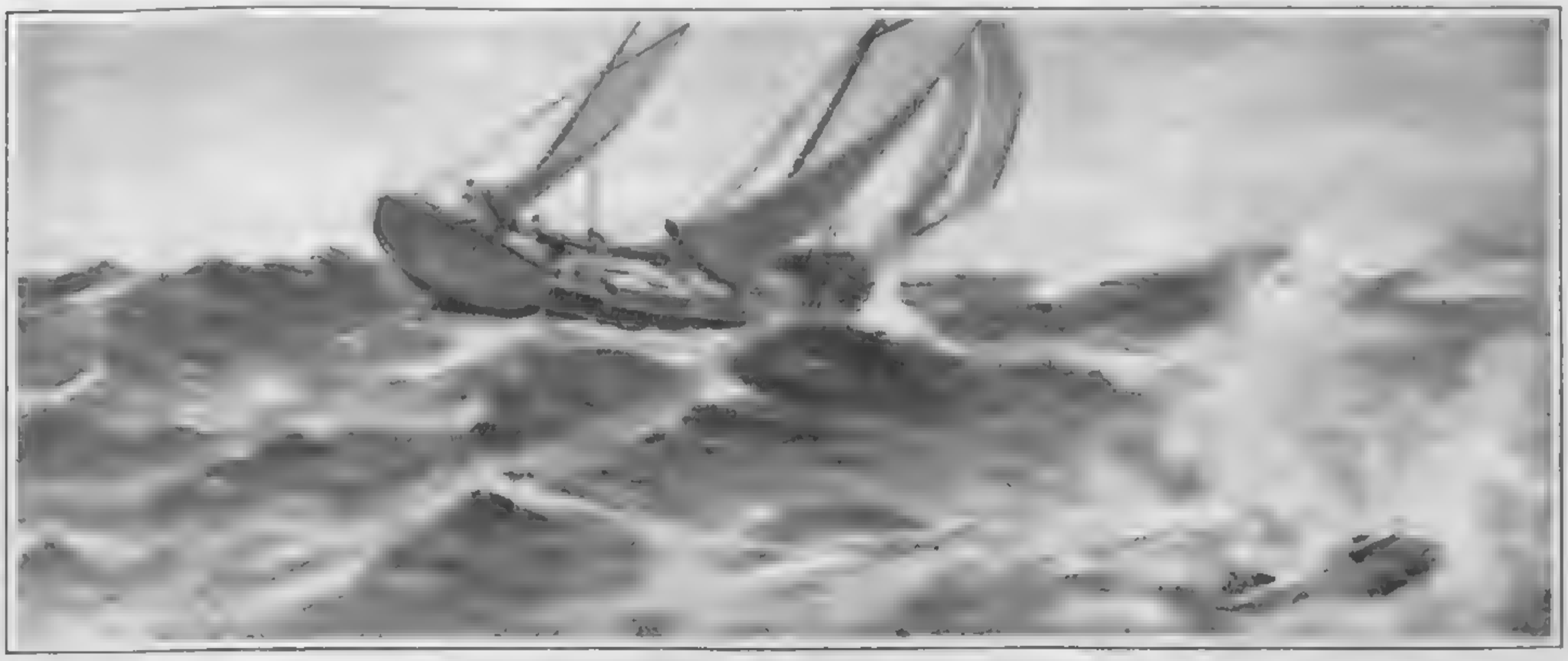
Silverside seemed for the instant unable to speak. His lips moved and his breath came stranglingly, but no sound issued. Though sorry for him, I was at the same time angry that a white man should give such an exhibition of abject fear before this fierce-faced Tartar, especially as I did not really believe that Von Bulow's threat of torture would ever be carried out. The comprador had impressed me as being far too civilized a person for that.

But just as a hare by its shrieking excites a dog, Silverside's panic seemed to rouse some unregenerate passion in the Oriental. His face darkened, his eyes began to glitter and his thin lips set in a cruel line.

"Von Bulow say one piecy islan' seben day sail," he croaked. "We got fai' wind allee time."

Silverside found his voice with an effort.

(Continued on Page 38)



The Yawl Was an Able Boat and Forged Staunchly Through the Turmoil

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 24, 1912

A Tariff Revisionist

NEWSPAPERS say Mr. Taft proposes to make the tariff a leading issue of his campaign. It is one of his favorite subjects. In September, 1909, he began the famous Winona speech with these words: "As long ago as August, 1906, I announced that I was a tariff revisionist."

The revisionist has occupied the White House for some forty-one months. During that time there have been five sessions of Congress, extending altogether over more than twenty-seven months, and all largely occupied with tariff legislation. Mr. Taft has signed one Tariff Bill and vetoed half a dozen or more; but if there has been any substantial revision of the tariff no consumer has yet discovered it.

When Mr. Taft styled himself the progressive heir and executor of "Roosevelt policies" he sat calmly by while that other revisionist, Senator Aldrich, arranged the tariff schedules to suit himself. Progressive senators who were fighting for lower duties got no comfort from the "titular head" of their party. And after the Aldrich Bill was passed Mr. Taft took an early opportunity, at Winona, to commend it to the country.

Now that Mr. Taft has violently broken with all the Progressives and openly gone over to the Bourbon wing, captained by Penrose, Barnes, Crane, Lodge, and other extreme protectionists, tariff revision at his hands would probably make a plain consumer yell murder!

Official Aid for Foreign Trade

IF THERE is to be a Department of Labor, as the bill passed by the House of Representatives contemplates, there should also be a real Department of Commerce. Secretary Nagel once observed that the Government branch over which he presides should be called the Department of Manufactures and Labor. It comprises bureaus of corporations, manufactures, labor, lighthouses, census, coast and geodetic surveys, statistics, steamboat inspection, fisheries, navigation and immigration; but the selling of goods is what the word commerce usually connotes, and with that the department has precious little to do.

As a detail of executive organization it may be advisable to create a separate Department of Labor, and every extension of the Federal Government's activities—as a Children's Bureau, a Commission on Industrial Relations—that promises to shed light and reason upon the labor problem, should be welcomed. At the same time it should not be forgotten that our Government is behind many others in broadly serving commerce. Our tardy consular reports are a poor substitute for such aid as the German government gives that country's foreign trade. Possibly a Department of Labor will yield more political capital than a real Department of Commerce would, but hardly more solid national wealth.

Are Both of Them Wrong?

IN VOTING for a Department of Labor the House drew back at one significant point. An amendment was proposed providing, in effect, that whenever the secretary appointed a commission of conciliation in any labor dispute the findings of the commission should be made public. The chairman of the committee having the bill in charge pointed out, however, that this amendment, like a former proposal, would "give to the Secretary of Labor a power he should not have—the power to organize, direct and concentrate public opinion so as to compel an employer to give conditions he does not want to give, or an employee to accept conditions he does not want to accept. Both of them are wrong and should never be incorporated in the laws of the United States."

According to this view, as we understand it, the public has no right to exercise any coercive power whatever for the purpose of settling a labor dispute. This view does not obtain in countries that have had somewhat more trying experience of labor disputes than we have, and we doubt that it will long obtain here. No one denies that labor disputes may be very harmful to the general public, and it would seem that any injured person should have at least the right to express an opinion upon the injury. The chairman's objection illustrates the tenacity with which we still cling to the individualistic, freedom-of-contract concepts of the hoary common law.

A New By-Product

THIS is the age of conservation, as a learned high-school graduate informs us. The packers notoriously got rich by utilizing materials formerly thrown away. By converting its ash-heap into cement the Steel Trust makes millions yearly. Waste cloth is turned into paper and from waste paper carwheels are made. In this scientific day scarcely anything should be considered worthless until it has been through at least three reduction processes.

Yet in one of the highest fields of human endeavor waste not only abounds, but comprises an astonishingly large part of the total output. We refer, of course, to literature. If two thousand novels were published last year about nineteen hundred and ninety will be dead as so many doornails by next year; and if two thousand were published probably ten thousand were written—eighty per cent dropping straight into oblivion without a splash. On a comprehensive view—averaging the rejected manuscripts, the daily and periodical press and cloth covers—literature may be likened to a mighty river fed by the wellsprings of a continent and running a course of about eighty rods from its source to the Gulf of Chaos. In almost everything written there is something or other quite good; hardly a novel, published or unpublished, is without half a dozen pages really worth while.

Obviously what we need is reduction works to boil the gems of thought out of waste literature. From the unsuccessful novel a short-story masterpiece may be extracted; from the short story a brilliant paragraph. We earnestly recommend that every author attach such works to his plant.

The Dominant System

IN THE remote forests where Peru joins Colombia, rubber-traders reduce the Indians to abject slavery. Flogging, torture and murder have been everyday incidents of their régime. The Indian, bringing in the tale of rubber his master has demanded, drops it on the scales. "As soon as he sees that the needle does not reach the ten-kilogram mark he throws himself on the ground to receive the punishment," which usually consists, first, of being kicked in the face for a while, then being scourged until the blood runs. As a picture of unbridled greed, cruelty and lust, the report Sir Roger Casement recently made to the British Government carries one back to the early days of Spanish conquest in America.

The Peruvian constitution declares: "There are not and cannot be slaves in the republic." But the slave-owners set up a transparent fiction that the Indians are indebted to them, and this suffices. "More than one instance of magistrates actively intervening to compel runaway Indians to return to the bondage they had fled from were brought to my notice," says Sir Roger, "in regions much more effectively administered than the Putumayo," where the worst horrors prevailed.

Nine times out of ten anywhere the magistrate, whether judicial or executive, is merely a part of the dominant system surrounding him. If slave-owners happen to have the upper hand he serves them. In this respect the judge is not different from the governor or sheriff. He inclines, as a matter of course, to whatever power seems likeliest to give him support when he needs it.

A Few More Steel Reports

THE Stanley committee has nine members, and after long investigation of the Steel Trust it submits five differing views; but, except the views of Messrs. Gardner and Danforth that there should be a Federal commission to deal with trusts, there is little light in any of them. With that exception, we have the threadbare facts that the trust's capitalization contained a vast quantity of water; that the promoters made a huge profit; that the trust controls about half the total business in its line; that labor conditions in its mills are not good—and we have a threadbare set of bogus remedies, all more or less predicated upon the foolish notion that mill-owners who are determined not to compete can somehow be forced into competition. There is the old fear of mere size, as in the suggestion that any concern controlling more than thirty per cent of the business in its line is to be deemed an unreasonable restrainer of trade. We must have competition, it seems, and yet forbid the logical result of competition—absorption of weaker concerns by stronger—up to the point where the stronger reaches its maximum efficiency.

There can be no effectual dissolution of the trusts except by practical confiscation. It is barely possible the Government could seize the plants and sell them one by one under conditions that would exclude the present owners, apportioning the proceeds of the sale among the latter—though where the capital to buy them and the managerial ability to operate them would come from if the present owners were excluded is a large problem.

Any dissolving scheme that leaves ownership unchanged, as in the Oil and Tobacco "dissolutions," will leave the trust unchanged for all practical purposes. As between confiscation and Government regulation, extending if necessary even to control of prices, we think considerably less damage would be done to the palladium of our liberties by the latter.

The Guarantors of Peace

MANY of the brightest and soberest European minds are convinced that an appalling crime is in preparation. In a recent issue the London Statist subscribes to a "universal belief at home and abroad that war between this country and Germany is inevitable." The steady, long-continued decline in German and British bonds, the late speech by the First Lord of the Admiralty on the Supplementary Naval Appropriation Bill, and many other circumstances, are pointed to by some people as indicating a drift toward war.

Germany's national destiny demands territorial expansion, it is said, and Britain blocks the way; hence there must be war. Young Germans by the tens of thousands must be sent to slaughter in order that young Germans may have more land to settle on under the flag of the Fatherland, though they can now settle on the same land under another flag if they wish; and no agriculturalist claims that soil is made more fertile by hoisting bunting of another color over it. Germany must be half ruined by colossal war expenditures to promote German trade.

There is only one genuine motive for war between England and Germany—namely, an itch to fight. Behind all the modern statesmanly phrases about national destiny stands the medieval spirit that delighted in killing—the identical spirit that devastated Holland, depopulated the Palatinate, decreed Sicilian Vespers and Saint Bartholomews.

With a government of a Frederick in one country and of a George the Third in the other there would have been war before this; but we think there will be no war, because the people who must do the fighting are now strongly represented in both governments. The Socialists in the Reichstag and their equivalent in Parliament are the best guarantors of peace.

What the Traffic Will Bear

HONEST farmers used to put their best apples at the top of the barrel. Now comes a railroad organ complaining that among honest merchants the practice of putting their worst goods at the top of the package prevails to an appalling extent. The reason is that the whole package then takes the classification of the cheap stuff on top and gets a lower freight rate. For example, it appears that hardware—generally speaking—takes a third-class rate; but many of the more delicate articles of hardware take a first-class rate. Nefarious shippers describe their delicate articles under the coarse generic term and put enough stove-legs or other rude ironmongery on top to fool the inspector. Shippers of the finest conscience, our contemporary declares, are forced into this villainous practice because their customers object to paying first-class rates when they can get the same goods under a third-class designation from less scrupulous persons. By this vicious action and reaction the moral integrity of the nation is undermined; moreover, the patient railroads lose a lot of revenue.

Smuggling, we know, flourished under unreasonable customs laws. If there is any such well-nigh universal conspiracy to defraud the railroads as our contemporary suggests, probably the roads themselves can remedy it by more reasonable freight classifications. Generally speaking, first-class in freight is a kind of sucker list, comprising shipments not backed by sufficient influence to secure a lower rate. It would be difficult to convince the ordinary mercantile mind that one kind of hardware, which an inspector cannot tell from another kind except upon careful examination, should pay a decidedly higher rate.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

How the Bosses Do Hate Him!

Van the Editor

WE READ, under the head of Useful Information, in the southeast corner of the editorial pages of the newspapers, from time to time, such paragraphs as these: "Cardinal Richelieu had a great antipathy for cats"; "Lucretia Borgia positively could not abide her relatives"; and "John D. Rockefeller shudders at the sight of a dollar in another man's possession."

I presume the common run of folks have their antipathies also. Almost everybody hates something violently; it seems to be born in them. Now take the case of Van Valkenburg, the Philadelphia editor. E. A. Van Valkenburg, than whom, it is meet to say, there is no completer specimen of a crusader in our seething midst—Van has his own antipathy. He abhors bosses—political bosses; hates 'em like the very dickens. I reckon if you should desire to stir Van into the monumental action that would produce, in half an hour or so, one of those concise little two-column leaded brevier editorial slugs in his paper, the Philadelphia North American, liberally sprinkled with small and large caps, and every paragraph beginning: "Fellow countrymen, extirpate, eliminate, eradicate and otherwise dispense with these loathsome creatures," all you would have to do would be to stick your head through his sanctum door and whisper: "Van, old scout, what is your opinion of the political boss?"

That would be sufficient. You would get an opinion two columns wide—Van never has an opinion less than two columns wide—and you would get it hot off the griddle. Normally he's a mild-mannered citizen, is Van Valkenburg. He is pleasant and genial and good-natured and companionable; but if you stir him by that boss exciter he explodes, blows up like a warm bottle of ginger pop, fizzes all over the editorial page, and discovers Treason to our institutions, our constitutions and our aspirations stalking about, all round the lot, garbed in sable robes. Mercy, how this man doth disregard a boss! He despises them. Not a day goes by wherein Van does not remove the hide from some unfortunate boss and drape it gracefully across the editorial page of his paper, so the people—and especially the common people—can see it in all its quivering and loathly obnoxiousness.

But you must understand one thing—there is a vast difference between an ingrown antipathy to a boss—the bossing by a boss—and the bossing of a boss. It is one thing to be bossed by a boss and distinctly another to boss a boss. If a boss bosses you it is a servile yielding to a corrupt political system, in contravention to the rights of the populace as guaranteed under the Constitution and Mr. Van's editorial articles; but if you set your heel firmly on the neck of a boss and compel him to perform at your behest it is a transcendent triumph of the principles on which this Republic rests and an expression of the demand that the people shall rule.

A Primary Course in the Quay School

NOT that Van Valkenburg is a boss. Never shall it be said he is a boss. Van is a leader. However, there are times when the functions of a leader impinge, so to speak, on the functions of a boss; but there again comes that nice shade of discrimination that goes with all uprisings of the proletariat. A boss bosses for himself. A leader leads for others. No man interested in the welfare of the country and its politics, on which the welfare of the country largely depends, but finds boss rule abhorrent—especially when he is not doing the bossing. Naturally we must have leaders, and the only way to get leaders is to cut down bosses. If, as a consequence, there appears to be a replacement of one set for another, that is a mistake. You must not believe your eyes, you must believe your new leaders.

Still there is this about it: If a man goes into politics, no matter to what end, he ought to be a politician. Many persons have gone into politics thinking the mere announcement of their entry was sufficient to cause consternation to the opposition, and many persons have been much astonished to find politics is conducted along certain set lines and that a knowledge of the rudiments is essential to any success whatsoever. Wherefore, as the fighting of fire with fire has long had a good recommendation as an effectual method for extinguishing a blaze, the correct persons to reform politics and deform politicians are men who know the game.

Van Valkenburg knows the game. He comes from a little town upstate in Pennsylvania and in his early years he ran with the machine, as the saying goes. He served for a time under the leadership of Quay, who was a better politician when he was asleep than most of the present-day politicians are when they are awake. There is where Van got the rudiments of his political training. It wasn't long, however, until he broke away from Quay, and since that time he has been fighting the bosses in Pennsylvania, at first without a newspaper and later with one; and what he has done to the aggregation, both in Philadelphia and in the state at large, makes melancholy reading for that disconsolate bunch of patriots.

Pennsylvania is a large and imposing commonwealth, and it has for years had a large and imposing Republican majority. Quite naturally there have always been men in Pennsylvania who have observed this great Republican majority with solicitude for the ultimate rights of the people who make it up.

It can be seen with half an eye that so great a majority as Pennsylvania has had—a lopsided affair—must be unwieldy because of its enormous bulk, and must be ineffective unless properly directed by men with nothing but the good of the people and the state at heart. The people must be governed, especially when there are enough of them in one party to make success at the polls—and the consequent emoluments—certain almost every year.

Wherefore Pennsylvania has always had divers patriots who were willing to give their entire time to the steering of this great majority, to the direction of the affairs of the party, and they made it so easy and so comfortable for the party and its individuals to march up and vote as directed that the people gave the matter scarcely a thought. They were entirely too busy to think about politics, the more so when a band of expert thinkers generously offered to do the thinking for them, did the thinking on their own time, and charged nothing for the service—save the offices, and the graft, and access to the treasury, and a few other little things.

Now Van Valkenburg is possessed in his own right of a smooth, easily running, high-geared thinking machine, and he wasn't long in the non-thinking outfit before he concluded it was a sheer waste of fine material to let that thinking apparatus of his remain inactive while Mr. Quay and a few others did the thinking and garnered the results of the thoughts. So he began thinking for himself. He could think all right, but he found the people were so accustomed to the machine-made brand of political thought that they hesitated to take an independent offering. Old Thinker Quay had always thought sufficiently well for them—and himself—and what was the use to change?

There didn't seem to be much use, for a fact. Van Valkenburg and some others put out a fine non-corporation line of political thought goods, based on new and up-to-date styles and models, but there wasn't much doing. Every time their thoughts clashed with the old reliable merchandise of M. S. Quay and his aggregation, the new outfit discovered that election-day results showed the party wedded to the old-fashioned brands. They fought several fights, notably with John Wanamaker as a candidate for the United States Senate, and Mr. Wanamaker never did get to the Senate. But that didn't matter so much, for after a time here and there throughout the state men appeared who had thrown out the Quay line and had put in the Van Valkenburg line.

Then the late Thomas B. Wanamaker, who had been active with Van Valkenburg, bought the North American newspaper and put Van Valkenburg in charge of it. That gave Van Valkenburg his chance. He had a medium for expression and he had the expressions for the medium. Conditions hadn't changed any politically, and the Old Guard was still in power, but the Van Valkenburg propaganda was growing. Also Van Valkenburg had grown a lot. He knew what he wanted to do and he started out to do it.

It took ten years or more of unceasing warfare. Van Valkenburg went after the old gang both in Philadelphia and in the state at large, and eventually he cleaned them out. Then he turned in nationally and espoused the same principles for which he had been fighting in Philadelphia and in Pennsylvania. He based his whole crusade on the idea that the people are fit to rule and should rule. Furthermore, it was his intention to make them rule, whether they wanted to or not. He fought doggedly, persistently, resourcefully, ably, and the ultimate result in his state was the overthrow of the machine in Philadelphia—one of the most notable political achievements of the decade—and the wrecking of the state Republican machine. All this took courage, and Van Valkenburg has that. When he wants to call a man a thief the word he uses is "thief," not "peculator" or any other soft-pedaled language. Also he has high political ideals, a keen sense of civic righteousness, a determination that is unswerving, a hatred of political oppression and an advanced conception of the rights of the people.

He is honest, hard-headed, vigorous, virile and extremely able; and when you get a man who has all these qualities, and in addition knows as much politics as the politicians he is after, the politicians invariably get the worst of it, which is what the Pennsylvania politicians got in ample measure. Goodness gracious, how that man Van Valkenburg does hate a boss; and, gracious goodness, how the bosses do hate him!

Going Up or Coming Down

A FACETIOUS toastmaster who was introducing former Governor Black, of New York, did so in these words:

"And now we are to hear Governor Black—Governor Black, one of our most popular little after-dinner speakers. He dines out every night. He always makes a speech. Indeed, it has become an axiom in New York that all you have to do with Black is to drop a dinner in the slot and up comes a speech."

Black rose.

"There is one way in which I differ from our genial toastmaster," he began. "He says you can drop a dinner in the slot and up will come a speech from me; but with him it is reversed. If he drops a speech in the slot up comes the dinner."

A Repressed Patriot

THE late Patrick Collins, of Boston, was elected president of the Land League and visited Ireland soon afterward.

A barber in Dublin was shaving him.

"You're Mr. Collins, I'm thinkin'," said the barber respectfully.

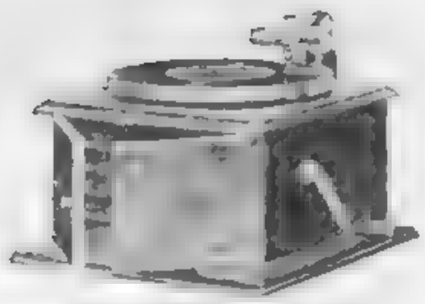
"I am," assented Collins through the soap.

"Well, thin," declaimed the barber, flourishing his razor, "I want to tell ye that we've twinty thousand brave sons of ould Ireland ready to rise at a moment's call and throw off the cursed yoke of England!"

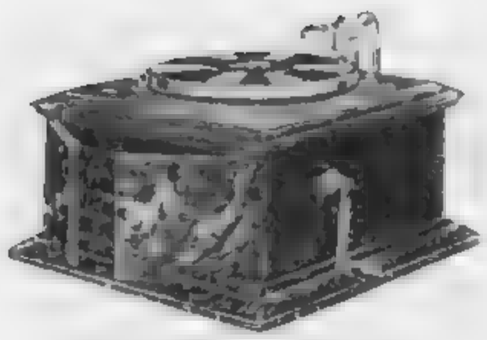
Collins preserved a discreet silence until he was shaved. As he was putting on his collar he asked:

"Why don't you rise?"

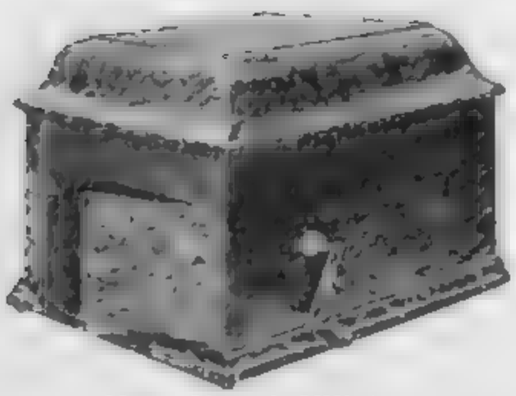
"Ah," replied the barber, "th' cursed consthabulary won't let us!"



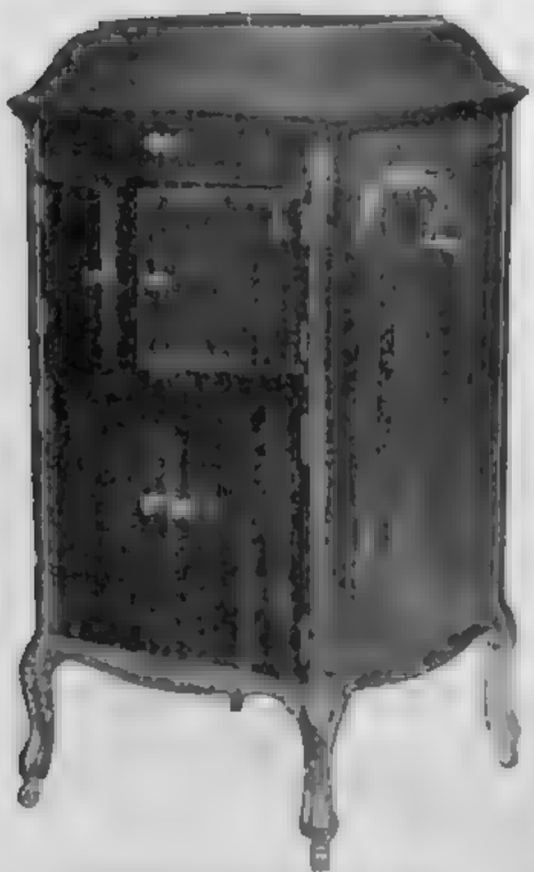
Victor-Victrola IV, $15
Oak



Victor-Victrola VI, $25
Oak



Victor-Victrola VIII, $40
Oak



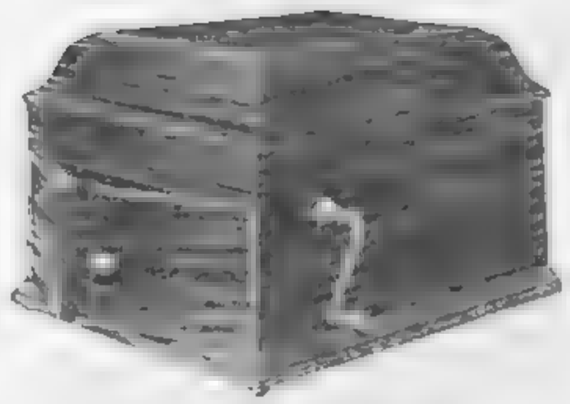
Victor-Victrola XIV, $150
Mahogany or oak

Tone

You might be able to build a cabinet that outwardly would resemble a Victor-Victrola. You might even copy the inside construction and details, if they were not protected by patents. But there is no copying the superior Victor-Victrola tone quality.

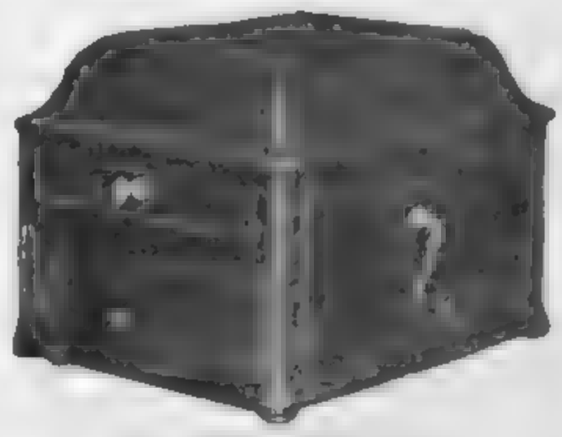
That represents years of patient experiment—with various woods, with different proportions, with numerous vibratory surfaces—and it is simply astonishing how slight a variation in size, in shape, in position, seriously affects the pure tone quality.

That's where the Victor-Victrola is pre-eminent



Victor-Victrola IX, $50
Mahogany or oak

Victor-Victrola X, $75
Mahogany or oak



Victor-Victrola XI, $100
Mahogany or oak

No, the Victor-Victrola tone can't be equaled! Even though the eye could take in every detail of construction, there is still that same indescribable "something" which makes the Stradivarius supreme among violins, which gives to the Victor-Victrola the wonderfully sweet, clear and mellow tone that has established this instrument as pre-eminent in tone quality.

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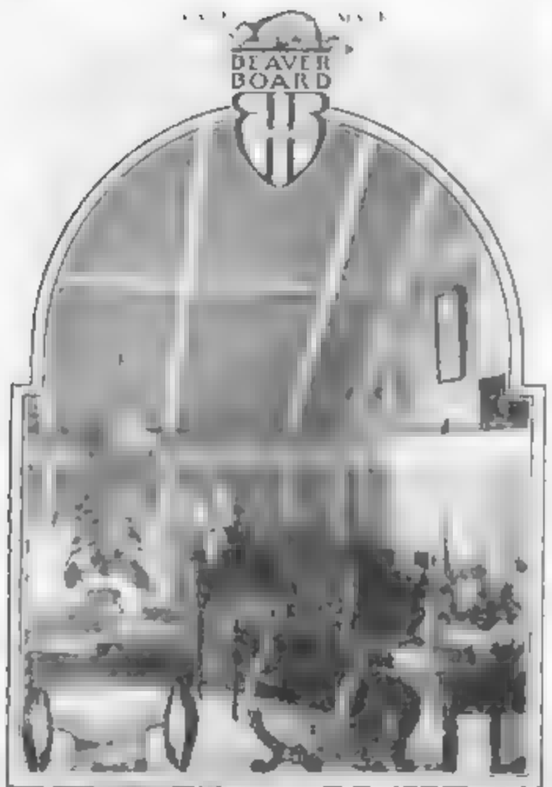
Victor Fibre Needles, 50 cents per 100 (can be repointed and used eight times)
New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month

Victor-Victrola XVI, $200
Mahogany or quartered oak



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PURE-WOOD FIBRE
Walls & Ceilings

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BIRSKY & ZAPP

(Continued from Page 13)

safe from the showroom to the office like it would be an empty packing-case already."

Eschenbach shook his head and smiled.

"*Mit* one arm already," he declared, "a feller could better play baseball as *mit* such a beard. What we must got to do is to pick out only the fellers which looks more up to date."

"Go ahead and use your own judgment, Mr. Eschenbach," said Birsky; and thereat Jonas Eschenbach immediately selected three long-armed operators for outfielders. In less than half an hour he had secured the remainder of the team, including as pitcher I. Kanef, the shipping clerk.

"I seen worser material, Mr. Birsky," Eschenbach said after he had returned to the showroom; "so, if you would get these fellers up at Adelstern's lots on Northeastern Boulevard and Pelham Parkway on Sunday morning at ten o'clock, Mr. Birsky, I'll show 'em a little something about the game, understand me. Then on Monday morning I should be very glad to look over your sample line."

"*Aber*, Mr. Eschenbach," Birsky cried, "why not look at it now?"

Eschenbach smiled enigmatically as he clasped Birsky's hand in farewell.

"Because, in the first place," he said, "I got an appointment downtown, Mr. Birsky; and, in the second place, lots of things could happen before Monday."

"You shouldn't worry yourself, Mr. Eschenbach," Birsky protested—"them fellers would be up there all right."

"*If* we got to pay 'em overtime even," Zapp added as he conducted Eschenbach into the elevator—"union rates."

IV

WHEN Jonas Eschenbach arrived at Adelstern's vacant lots the following Sunday morning he was more than delighted with the size and enthusiasm of the gathering that awaited him. Practically all the members of Birsky & Zapp's working force were assembled, surging and gesticulating, round a little group composed of Birsky, Zapp and Golnik.

"Did you ever hear the like, Mr. Eschenbach?" Birsky exclaimed as the philanthropist elbowed his way through the crowd. "The feller don't know the first thing about the game, understand me, and he kicks yet that he wants to be pitcher!"

Golnik flapped the air with his right hand.

"Never mind I don't know nothing about the game!" he declared. "Not only I am president of the society, but I am the designer in your place—ain't it? And if you think it's *bekoret* you are giving this *Aleer* to Kanef, which he is only a shipping clerk, understand me, I think differencely."

"But what is the honor about being a pitcher?" Eschenbach protested. "There's a whole lot of pitchers which they couldn't sign their names even."

"That's all right too," Golnik declared. "Might I don't know nothing about this here baseball, Mr. Eschenbach, but I could read in the papers, understand me; and an up-to-date, high-grade pitcher is getting his ten thousand a year yet."

"*Schmoos*, ten thousand a year!" exclaimed Eschenbach. "What does a pitcher amount to anyway? Supposing a pitcher gets fresh with the umpire, *verstehst du mich*, and the umpire orders the pitcher he should get off the field, y'understand—he dassent give him no back talk nor nothing. He must got to go, *verstehst du*, because in baseball the pitcher is nothing and the umpire everything."

"Umpire?" Golnik replied. "What is that—an umpire?"

"The umpire is a kind of a foreman," Eschenbach continued, "only bigger yet—which if you would be umpire, that's an honor; *aber* a pitcher is nothing."

Here he winked furtively at Louis Birsky.

"And I says to Mr. Birsky only the other day," he went on—"I says, 'We must make the designer the umpire,' I says; 'because such an *Aleer* really belongs to the designer.' *Aber* if you are so stuck on being pitcher, understand me, we would make you the pitcher and the shipping clerk will be the umpire."

Golnik shrugged his shoulders.

"It don't make no difference to me one way or the other," he said. "So I am content I should be the umpire."

"*Schon gut!*" Eschenbach cried as he laid down a heavy valise he had brought with him. "And now, boys, let's get busy."

He opened the valise and produced a catcher's mask and mitt, a bat and three balls.

"Here, you!" he said, throwing one of the balls to Kanef.

During the discussion with Golnik, Kanef had maintained the bent and submissive attitude becoming in a shipping clerk toward his superior; but when Eschenbach flung the ball at him he straightened up immediately and, to the surprise and delight of the philanthropist, he caught it readily with one hand.

"Well, well!" Eschenbach exclaimed. "I see you played ball already."

"Used to was shortstop with the Scammel Field Club," Kanef murmured. "We was champeens of the Eighth Ward."

"Good!" Eschenbach cried. "Might we would got another ballplayer here?"

"Sure," Kanef replied, pointing to a short, thickset presser who stood grinning among the spectators. "That feller there, by the name Max Croplin, he plays second base already."

"You don't say so!" Eschenbach exclaimed. "Well, supposing Max Croplin catches and you pitch, understand me, and I would go on the bat and give them fellers here a sample play already."

He threw the mask and mitt to Croplin, who proceeded to put them on amid the murmured plaudits of his fellow workmen, while Eschenbach seized the bat and planted himself firmly over the home plate. Meantime Kanef proceeded to the pitcher's box and, wiping his right hand in the dirt, he struck a professional attitude that made Eschenbach fairly beam with delight.

"Play ball!" the philanthropist yelled, and Kanef swung his arm in the regular approved style.

The next moment the ball flew from his hand and, describing an outcurve, grazed the tangent point of Eschenbach's waist-line into the outstretched palm of Max Croplin.

"Strike one!" Eschenbach shouted. "You should please remember this is a sample play only, and 'tain't necessary you should send 'em so fast."

Kanef nodded, while Croplin returned the ball; and this time Eschenbach poised himself to knock a heaven-kissing fly.

"Play ball!" he cried again, and once more Kanef executed a pirouette on the mound preparatory to pitching the ball. Simultaneously Eschenbach stepped back one pace and fanned the air just as the oncoming ball took a sudden drop. A moment later it landed squarely in the pit of his stomach, and with a smothered "Woof!" he sank to the ground.

"Oo-ee!" wailed the hundred operators with one breath, while Birsky and Zapp ran wildly toward the home plate.

"Mr. Eschenbach," Birsky exclaimed, "*um Gottes willen!* What did that loafer done to you?"

"It's all right," Eschenbach gasped, struggling to his feet. "I ain't hurted none and in a regular game I would take my first base already."

"Well, take it here," Birsky said. "Don't mind us, Mr. Eschenbach—or maybe you ain't got none *mit* you."

He put his hand to his hip pocket and drew out a pocket flask, which Eschenbach, however, waved away.

"That's expressly something which a ballplayer must never got to touch during a game," Eschenbach cried as he dusted off his trousers with his handkerchief and once more seized the bat. "Now then, Mr. Pitcher," he cried, "send me a real slow one straight over the plate."

Birsky and Zapp returned to the edge of the lot, scowling savagely at Kanef, who was once more engaged in wiping his hands in the dust. This time, however, he executed no preliminary dance steps, and Eschenbach swung his bat to such good purpose that the ball went sailing between the first and second bases at the height of a short man's shoulder—or, to be exact, at the height of Jacob Golnik's right shoulder, from which it rebounded into the left eye of Joseph Bogin, the shop foreman.

Amid the scene of confusion that ensued only Jonas Eschenbach remained calm.

"As clean a hit as ever I see!" he cried proudly, and strolled off toward the excited mob that surrounded Golnik and Bogin, both of whom were shrieking with fright and pain.

"D'ye think they're hurted bad, Mr. Eschenbach?" Zapp inquired anxiously.

"*Schmoos*—hurt bad!" Eschenbach retorted. "Why should a little thing like that hurt 'em bad?"

He was still intoxicated with the triumph of making what would have been a home run in a regular game, and his face bore a pleased smile as he turned to Birsky.

"I says to myself when I seen the ball coming," he continued, "I would put that right between first and second bases, about where that short and that big feller is standing—and that's exactly what happened."

Birsky stared at his prospective customer in shocked surprise.

"Then you done it on purpose!" he exclaimed.

"Certainly I done it on purpose," declared Eschenbach. "What do you think it was—an accident?"

He swung his bat at a pebble that lay in his path and Birsky and Zapp edged away.

"Well, if I was you, Mr. Eschenbach," Birsky said, "I wouldn't say nothing more about it to nobody. Even if you would meant it as a joke, understand me, sometimes them things turns out serious." With this dictum he elbowed his way through the sympathetic crowd that hemmed in the victims. "*Koosh*, Golnik!" he bellowed. "You might think you was injured for life the way you are carrying on."

"Never mind, Mr. Birsky," Golnik whimpered—"I am hurted bad enough. If I would be able to handle a pair of shears in six weeks already I'm a lucky man." He heaved a tremulous sigh and nodded his head slowly. "Little did I think," he wailed, "when I fixed up this here mutual aid society that I would be the first one to get the sick benefit."

Joseph Bogin ceased his agonizing rocking and turned fiercely to Golnik.

"What d'ye mean the first one?" he demanded. "Ain't I in on the sick benefit also? Not alone I would draw a sick benefit, Golnik, but might I would come in for the losing-one-eye benefit, maybe, the way I am feeling now."

"You would what?" Birsky shouted. "You would come in for nothing, Bogin! All you would come in for is losing your job, Bogin, if you don't be careful what you are saying round here."

At this juncture Jonas Eschenbach bustled toward them and clapped his hands loudly.

"Now then, boys," he called, "the whole team should please get out on the field."

He pointed to a tall, simian-armed operator who stood listening intently to the conversation between Golnik and Birsky.

"You there," Jonas said to him—"you would play right field—and get a move on!"

The operator nodded solemnly and flipped his fingers in a deprecatory gesture.

"It don't go so quick, Mr. Eschenbach," he said, "because, speaking for myself and these other fellers here, Mr. Eschenbach, I would like to ask Mr. Birsky something a question."

He paused impressively, and even Golnik ceased his moaning as the remaining members of the baseball team gathered round their spokesman.

"I would like to ask," the operator continued, "supposing *Gott soll huten* I am getting also *Makkas* in this here baseball, Mr. Birsky, which I would be losing time from the shop, Mr. Birsky, what for a sick benefit do I draw?"

Birsky grew livid with indignation.

"What for a sick benefit do you draw?" he sputtered. "A question! You don't draw nothing for a sick benefit." He appealed to Eschenbach, who stood close by. "An idee, Mr. Eschenbach," he said. "Did y' ever hear the like we should pay a sick benefit because some one gets hurted spieling from baseball already? The first thing you know, Mr. Eschenbach, we would be called upon we should pay a benefit that a feller breaks his fingers leading two aces and the ten of trumps, or melding a round trip and a hundred aces, understand me; because, if a feller behaves like a loafer, y'understand, he could injure himself just so much in pinocle as in baseball."

"*Schon gut*, Mr. Birsky," the operator continued amid the approving murmurs of his fellow players—"that's all I want to know."

As they moved off in the direction of the West Farms subway station Golnik's resentment, which for the time had rendered him speechless, gave way to profanity.

"So," he cried, choking with indignation, "I was acting like a loafer, was I? And that's how I got hurted!"

Here he contorted his face and clapped his hand to his injured shoulder in response to a slight twinge of pain; and for at least two minutes he closed his eyes and gasped heavily in a manner that suggested the agonies of death by the rack and thumbscrews.

"You will hear from me later, gentlemen," he said at last, "and from Bogin also, which we wouldn't take no part of your sick benefit."

He fell back exhausted against the outstretched arm of a bearded operator; and thus supported he seized Bogin's elbow and started to leave the lot, with the halting steps of Nathan the Wise in the last act of that sterling drama, as performed by the principal tragedian of the Canal Street Theater.

"And you would see, Mr. Birsky," he concluded, "that we got plenty witnesses, which if we wouldn't get from you and Mr. Eschenbach at the very least two thousand dollars, understand me, there ain't no lawyers worth the name in this city!"

Three minutes later there remained in Adelstern's lot only two of Birsky & Zapp's employees—namely, the pitcher and the catcher of Eschenbach's team; and they were snapping the ball back and forth in a manner that caused Eschenbach's eyes to gleam with admiration.

"*Nu*, Mr. Eschenbach," Birsky croaked at last, "I guess we are up against it for fair, because not only we would lose our designer and shop foreman, y'understand, but them fellers would sue us sure."

Eschenbach waved his hands airily.

"My worries!" he said. "We would talk all about that tomorrow afternoon in your store."

Again he seized the bat and swung it at a pebble.

"But, anyhow," he concluded, "there's still five of us left, Mr. Birsky; so you and Zapp get out on right and left field and we'll see what we can do."

He crossed over to the home plate and pounded the earth with the end of his bat.

"All right, boys," he called. "Play ball!"

V

LOUIS BIRSKY limped wearily from the cutting room, where he had been busy since seven o'clock exercising the functions of his absent designer.

"Oo-ee!" he exclaimed as he reached the firm's office. "I am stiff like I would got the rheumatism already."

Barney Zapp sat at his desk, with a pile of newly opened mail in front of him, and he scowled darkly at his partner, who sank groaning into the nearest chair.

"I give you my word, Barney," Birsky went on, "if that old *Rosher* would of kept us a minute longer throwing that *verfluchte Bobky* round, understand me—never mind he wouldn't come in here and buy a big order from us this morning—I would of wrung his neck for him. What does he think we are anyway—children?"

Zapp only grunted in reply. He was nursing a badly strained wrist as the result of two hours' fielding for Jonas Eschenbach; and thus handicapped he had been performing the duties of Joseph Bogin, the shop foreman, who only that morning had sent by his wife a formal note addressed to Birsky & Zapp. It had been written under the advice of counsel and it announced Bogin's inability to come to work by reason of injuries received through the agency of Birsky & Zapp, and concluded with the notice that an indemnity was claimed from the funds of the mutual aid society, "without waiving any other proceedings that the said Joseph Bogin might deem necessary to protect his interests in the matter."

"*Nu*, Zapp," Birsky said after Zapp had shown him Bogin's note, "you couldn't prevent a crook like Bogin suing you if he wants to, understand me; and I bet yer when Eschenbach comes in here this afternoon he would buy from us such a bill of goods that Bogin's and Golnik's claims wouldn't be a bucket of water in the ocean."

For answer to this optimistic prophecy Zapp emitted a short and mirthless laugh, while he handed to his partner another letter, which read as follows:

HOTEL PRINCE CLARENCE,
Sunday night.

Friend Birsky: As I told you Saturday, lots of things might happen before Monday, which they did happen; so that I cannot look over your sample line on account I am obliged to leave for Cordova right away. Please excuse me; and, with best wishes for the success of your society, I am

Yours truly, JONAS ESCHENBACH.

P. S. I will be back in New York a free man not later than next week at the latest, and the first thing I will call at your place. We will talk over then the society and what happens with your designer yesterday, which I do not anticipate he will make you any trouble—and the other man neither.

J. E.

"Well," Birsky commented as he returned the letter to Zapp, "what of it?"

"What of it!" Zapp exclaimed. "You are reading such a letter and you ask me what of it?"

"Sure," Birsky replied; "I says what of it and I mean what of it! Is it such a terrible thing if we got to wait till next week before Eschenbach gives us the order, Zapp?"

"If he gives us the order next week!" Zapp retorted—"because, from the way he says nothing about giving us an order *oder* looking over our sample line, Birsky, I got my doubts."

"*Schmooes*, you got your doubts!" Birsky cried. "The feller says as plain as daylight ——" Here he seized the letter to refresh his memory. "He says," Birsky continued: "'P. S. I will be back in New York a free man not later than next week at the latest, and the first thing I will call at your place.' Ain't that enough for you?"

Zapp shrugged his shoulders in a noncommittal fashion.

"I would wait till next week first," he said, "before I would congratulate myself on that order."

Birsky rose painfully to his feet.

"You could do as you like, Zapp," he said, "but for me I ain't worrying about things not happening until they don't, Zapp; so, if any one wants me for anything I would be over in Hammersmith's for the next half-hour."

Ten minutes later he sat at his favorite table in Hammersmith's café; and, pending the arrival of an order which included *Kreplock* soup and some *eingedämpftes Kalbfleisch*, he gazed about him at the lunch-hour crowd. Nor was his appetite diminished by the spectacle of H. Dexter Adelstern and Finkman engaged in earnest conversation at an adjoining table, and he could not forbear a triumphant smile as he attacked his plate of soup. He had barely swallowed the first spoonful, however, when Adelstern and Finkman caught sight of him and they immediately rose from their seats and came over to his table.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Birsky?" Adelstern cried. "I hear you had a great game of baseball yesterday."

Birsky nodded almost proudly.

"You hear correct," he said. "Our mutual aid society must got to thank you, Mr. Adelstern, for the use of your Bronix lots."

"Don't mention it," Adelstern replied; "in fact, you are welcome to use 'em whenever you want to, Mr. Birsky."

He winked furtively at Finkman, who forthwith broke into the conversation.

"Might he would buy 'em from you, maybe, Adelstern," he suggested, "and add 'em to his other holdings on Ammerman Avenue!"

Birsky felt that he could afford to laugh at this sally of Finkman's, and he did so rather mirthlessly.

"Why don't you buy 'em, Finkman?" he suggested. "From the way you are talking here the other day to Mr. Eschenbach, you would need 'em for your mutual aid society which you are making a bluff at getting up."

"I ain't making no bluffs at nothing, Birsky," Finkman replied, "because, *Gott sei Dank*, I don't got to steal other people's idees to get business."

"Do you think I am stealing Adelstern's idee of this here mutual aid society, Finkman?" Birsky demanded, abandoning his soup and glaring at his competitor.

"We don't think nothing, Birsky," Adelstern said, "because, whether you stole it *oder* you didn't stole it, Birsky, you are welcome to it. And if you would send round to my place this afternoon yet I would give you, free for nothing, a lot of bats and balls and other *Bobkies* just so good as new, which I ain't got no use for no more."

"What d'ye mean you ain't got no use for 'em?" Birsky demanded. He began to feel a sense of uneasiness that made nauseating the idea of *eingedämpftes Kalbfleisch*.

"Why, I mean I am giving up my mutual aid society," Adelstern replied. "It's taking up too much of my time—especially now, Mr. Birsky, when Eschenbach could hang round my place all he wants to, understand me; he wouldn't give me no peace at all."

For a brief interval Birsky stared blankly at Adelstern.

"Especially now!" he exclaimed. "What are you talking about, especially now?"

"Why, ain't you heard?" Adelstern asked in feigned surprise.

"I ain't heard nothing," Birsky said hoarsely.

"Do you mean to told me," Finkman interrupted, "that you ain't heard it yet about Eschenbach?"

"I ain't heard nothing about Eschenbach," Birsky rejoined.

"Then read this," Finkman said, thrusting a marked copy of the Daily Cloak and Suit Review under Birsky's nose; and ringed in blue pencil was the following item:

CORDOVA, OHIO. Jonas Eschenbach to Retire. Jonas Eschenbach's department store is soon to pass into new hands and Mr. Eschenbach will take up his future residence in the city of New York. Negotiations for the purchase of his business, which have been pending for some time, were closed Saturday and Mr. Eschenbach has been summoned from New York, where he has been staying for the last few days, to conclude the details of the transaction. The purchaser's name has not yet been disclosed.

As Louis laid down the paper he beckoned to the waiter. "Never mind that *Kalbfleisch*," he croaked. "Bring me only a tongue sandwich and a cup coffee. I got to get right back to my store."

VI

BY A QUARTER to six that afternoon the atmosphere of Birsky & Zapp's office had been sufficiently cleared to permit a relatively calm discussion of Eschenbach's perfidy.

"That's a *Rosher* for you—that Eschenbach!" Birsky exclaimed for the hundredth time. "And mind you, right the way through, that crook knew he wasn't going to give us no orders yet!

"But," he cried, "we got the crook dead to rights!"

"What d'ye mean we got him dead to rights?" Zapp inquired listlessly.

"Don't you remember," Birsky went on, "when he hits the *Schlag* there yesterday, which injured Golnik and Bogin, he says to us he seen it all the time where they was standing and he was meaning to hit 'em with the ball?"

Zapp nodded.

"And don't you remember," Birsky continued, "I says to him did he done it on purpose and he said sure he did?"

Zapp nodded again and his listlessness began to disappear.

"Certainly I remember," he said excitedly, "and he also says to us we shouldn't think it was an accident at all."

Birsky jumped to his feet to summon the stenographer.

"Then what's the use talking?" he cried. "We would right away write a letter to Golnik and Bogin they should come down here tomorrow and we will help 'em out."

"*Aber* don't you think, if we would say we would help 'em out, understand me, they would go to work and get an idee maybe we are going to pay 'em a sick benefit yet?"

"Sick benefit nothing!" Birsky said. "With the sick benefit we are through already; and if it wouldn't be that the bank is closed, understand me, I would right away go over to the Kosciusko Bank and transfer back that five hundred dollars, which I wouldn't take no chances, even if Feldman did say that without the 'as' the 'Treasurer' don't go at all."

"Do it tomorrow morning first thing," Zapp advised; "and write Golnik and Bogin they should come down here at eleven o'clock, y'understand; so that when they get here, understand me, we could show 'em, if they are going to make a claim against the mutual aid society, Birsky, they are up against it for fair."

When the two partners arrived at their place of business the following morning at eight o'clock, however, their plans for the dissolution of the mutual aid society were temporarily forgotten when, upon entering the office they discerned the bulky figure of Henry Feigenbaum seated in Birsky's armchair.

(Concluded on Page 30)

Chalmers

Every Chalmers crank shaft is tested for balance on steel "knife edges."

Balancing a Chalmers Crank Shaft

(One of a series of talks on the care and accuracy with which Chalmers cars are built in the Chalmers shops)

To insure smooth running of the motor, every Chalmers crank shaft is balanced on "knife edges."

Imagine a line drawn right through the very center of the crank shaft from end to end.

To prevent vibration in the motor, it is necessary that every part of the crank shaft on one side of that line should *exactly balance* the corresponding part on the other side.

Balance is perfection. It is the absence of every unessential thing.

An ounce of weight where it oughtn't to be is not much in itself. But when, behind that ounce, is placed the 300-lbs. per square-inch force that drives the piston, it begins to mean something—and something bad for the car.

To test the perfect balance of a Chalmers crank shaft it is laid on steel "knife edges" on which it can roll without friction.

If properly balanced the crank shaft will stay in whatever position it is placed. If it is not properly balanced it will roll along the "knife edges."

Chalmers inspectors test every crank shaft that goes into Chalmers motors. If a crank shaft is too heavy on one side they grind off a little of the metal until it exactly balances.

The same care is taken to balance pistons, connecting rods and the flywheel. Greater care could not be taken in building Chalmers motors. And all through the factory the same careful workmanship marks every operation.

Our new book, "Story of the Chalmers Car," will give you a fascinating arm-chair trip through the great Chalmers shops. Send for it.

And see the 1913 cars at our dealers' salesroom.

"Thirty-six," $1950; "Six," $2400.
Fully equipped

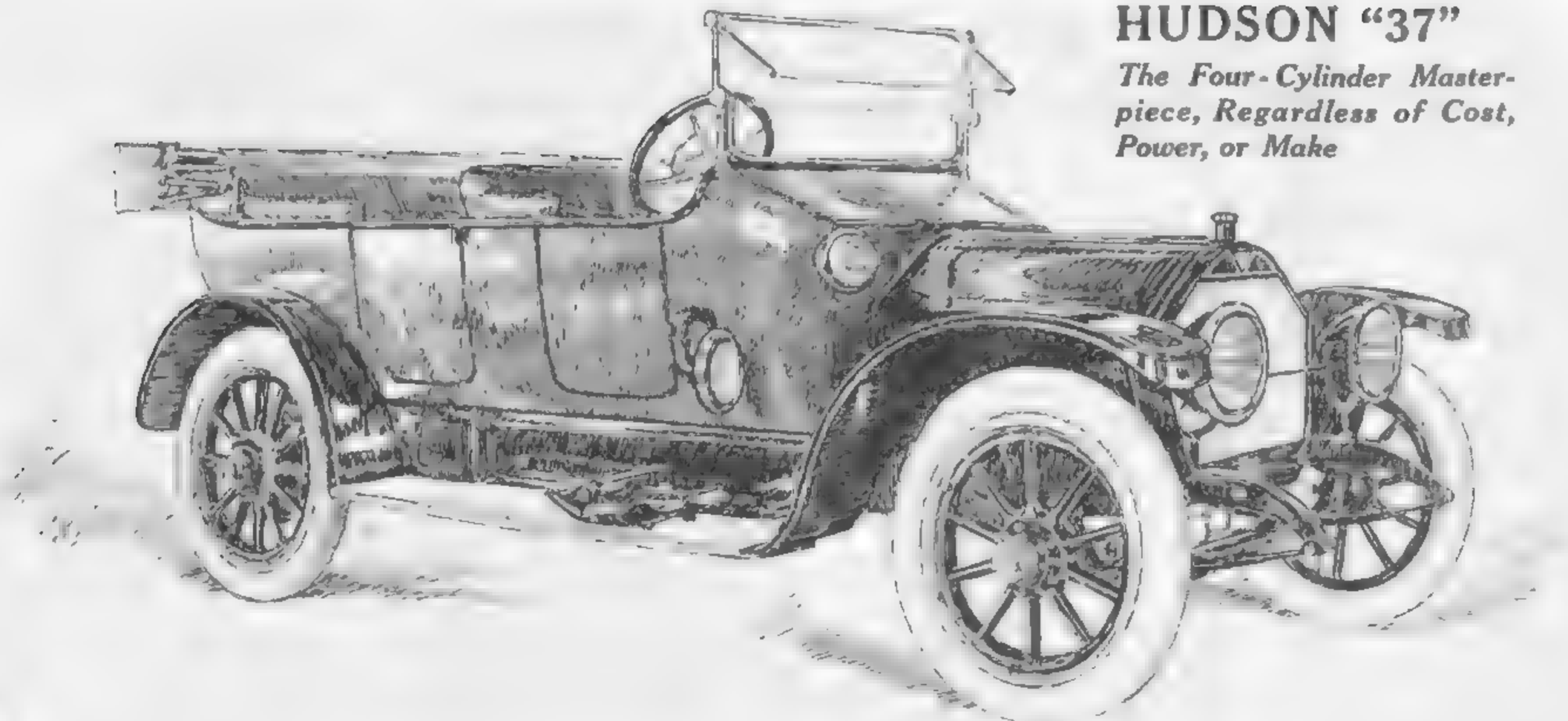
This monogram on the radiator stands for all you can ask in a motor car

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit

Please send "Story of the Chalmers Car" and 1913 Chalmers catalog.

Name

Address



HUDSON "37"

The Four-Cylinder Masterpiece, Regardless of Cost, Power, or Make

Two Great Automobiles By 48 Master Builders

The picked engineers from 97 European and American automobile factories combined in building the New HUDSON cars.

There are 48 experts in the organization, at the head of which is Howard E. Coffin, America's leading automobile engineer and builder of six well-known cars.

Combined, these men had a hand in building more than 200,000 motor cars.

No car can be greater than its engineers planned it to be. We believe mechanical perfection is more quickly and thoroughly accomplished through combining the experience and skill of many men than is ever possible if dependence is placed entirely upon one man.

The development of one man may be certain but it usually is slow. The development of many men when they combine their talents is almost incredible when reckoned by the headway of individual workers.

More Experts than Others Employ

That is why we have the largest engineering force employed by any company in the industry. Ours is an entirely different viewpoint from that held by one of the oldest automobile manufacturers. When the manufacturer was shown through our engineering rooms and laboratories and had met many of our 48 engineers, he said in a manner indicating his satisfaction that he operated his plant at the smallest outlay: "Our Engineering Department occupies a room 25 x 15 feet. We have a man and a boy. The salary cost of the department is $25 a week."

It Protects Us as Well as You

Engineering efficiency accounts for our growth. We have always recognized the importance of having the best engineers. Thus we have avoided mistakes. Replacements, due to faulty design, have not been necessary with us

The slightest error in design might make it necessary to, at the cost of thousands of dollars, change cars already out, or else leave the owners with unsatisfactory automobiles. If correction is made, its cost must be included in the cars sold. We are able to give such values as we do because we need no fund to protect us against error.

Don't you think, in view of such explanation, that it is just as important that the most skilled and experienced engineers design the car you buy, as that you consult the most capable and experienced physicians and lawyers when you have need for their service?

Our 48 experts, having been trained in the leading factories of the world, just about represent the sum total of all that experience and ingenuity have taught in motor car building.

Easy to See Surface Values—Real Worth Not so Evident

Because of attractive lines, of pleasing appearance and the completeness of equipment, many choose cars that in other particulars are not up to the standard set by the features most easily understood.

By far the greatest cost in effort, in test and in engineering service in HUDSON cars is spent in perfecting the features least understood by the buyer. Every detail of equipment, every up-to-date idea of appointment and luxury, is included in the new HUDSONS.

But Equipment Does Not Mean Car Value

But you also obtain such features in large part in the very cheap cars. A speedometer, demountable rims, etc., have no more to do with the value of the car itself than does the putting of the most expensive wall paper in a house affect the real value of the property.

You are not asked to buy HUDSON cars just because their lines appeal to you or because they are completely equipped. In every detail of beauty, comfort and appointment we have included the best we know.

But these surface things are not reasons worthy of your consideration if separated from the more important details which you do not so readily understand.

When you know the infinite care, the thorough tests made of metals; when you understand that literally hundreds of the most delicate experiments are necessary to produce a perfectly working mechanism, free from the annoyances common to machinery not so thoroughly planned and built, you understand the importance of engineering brains.

Be sure that whatever car you buy is first of all planned right. Be sure its engineers follow it through the process of manufacture. Be sure the maker is so firmly established in financial strength and prestige that he will continue a power in the industry, and be sure the dealer is the type of merchant in whom you can place confidence. These are vital points to consider in choosing your motor car.

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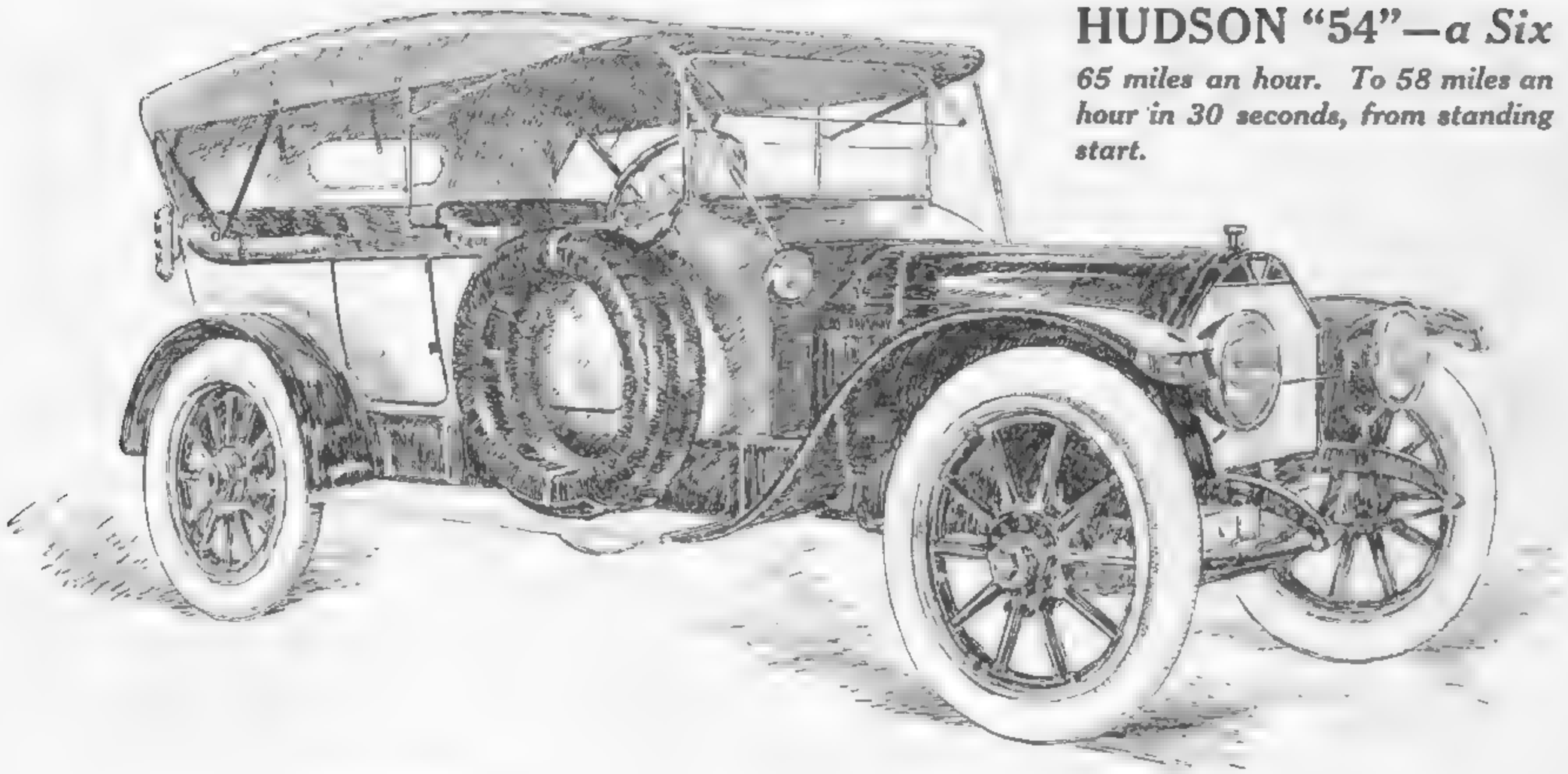
Electric Self-Cranking



HUDSON "54"—*a Six*

65 miles an hour. To 58 miles an hour in 30 seconds, from standing start.

The Six

The "54" HUDSON supplies every demand made of any automobile, in speed, get-a-way, safety, power, luxurious equipment, distinctive appearance and comfort.

It is not merely a "Six" made so by the addition of two cylinders to a good four-cylinder car. It is capable of a speed of 65 miles an hour with full equipment and will jump to a speed of 58 miles an hour in 30 seconds from a standing start.

Its equipment is complete in every detail, which includes an electric self-cranking, electric lighting dynamo type—and ignition system, known as the Delco, patented. Illuminated dash and extension lamp, mohair top, curtain, rain vision windshield, speedometer, clock, demountable rims, 36x4½ inch tires, 128 inch wheel base, etc.

The seat cushions are 12 inches deep. The finest materials are used throughout. No detail of finish or equipment is skimped or overlooked.

"54" HUDSON Models. Five-passenger Touring Car, Torpedo and Roadster at $2450 each, f. o. b. Detroit. Seven-passenger Touring Car, $150 additional. Limousine, 7-passenger, $3750; Coupé, 3-passenger, $2950. Open bodies furnished with Limousine and Coupé at extra charge. Canadian price, either Touring Car, Torpedo or Roadster, duty paid, $3200, f. o. b. Detroit.

The Four

No man need be told that Howard E. Coffin leads all in building four-cylinder cars. No designer has built as many successful automobiles.

In building the HUDSON "37" all his skill and experience contributed to its perfection. But in addition there was also worked into the car the skill and experience of his 47 expert associates.

Thus was produced a car such as no one man is capable of building. It is truly a composite masterpiece.

The "37" combines all that these experts know in the art of automobile building. Its detail of comfort, beauty, distinctiveness and equipment is precisely the same as that furnished on the "Six."

The car has sufficient power for every requirement. It is quiet and free from the degree of vibration common to most automobiles.

It is a simple, accessible, durable car—the best our 48 engineers know how to build, therefore we unhesitatingly recommend it as the Master of any four-cylinder car, regardless of cost, power or make.

Models are Five-passenger Touring, Torpedo and Roadster at $1875 each. Limousine—$3250, Coupe—$2350, f. o. b. Detroit. Open bodies with Limousine and Coupé, extra. Canadian prices, either Touring, Torpedo or Roadster—$2425.

TWO kinds of cars are now on the market: Those that have been gradually improved and remodeled from designs of three or four years ago—changed as an old house is remodeled and improved—and

The HUDSONS, planned and built as new cars, with none of the faults of earlier designs and with all the improvements known to motordom, planned and built as a new building is designed.

There are good cars that year after year have been steadily improved. Slight changes, refinements, increased power, etc., have made them satisfactory to many owners.

New devices have been added and so they are like old houses made modern through the installation of a bath, and an up-to-date heating appliance. Their walls with new decorations, a porch and other slight exterior changes make them seem like new, just as a few changes in the body and in other details make the automobile designed four or five years ago look like the current models of the new cars.

But the remodeled house still has many of the faults it originally possessed. Its ventilation may be poor and its arrangement defective. It is not new, nor is a car up-to-date that is built in any manner other than from the ground up.

All the faults of earlier designed cars have been left out of the new HUDSONS.

All that was learned from the cars of earlier design has been included. The HUDSON cars are like the new buildings, designed with a definite plan, with no old structure to build over, with nothing more to accomplish than to produce the best cars of their type—either four or six cylinders—of which the 48 expert engineers are capable. Each man says these are the best cars he knows. Choose whether it shall be the Four or the Six but be sure it is a HUDSON if you want the car that expresses the best effort of the largest body of the ablest engineers in the industry.

Hudson cars are in no sense makeshifts.

See your nearest HUDSON dealer or write us for complete information.

See the Triangle on the Radiator

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY

7414 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Michigan

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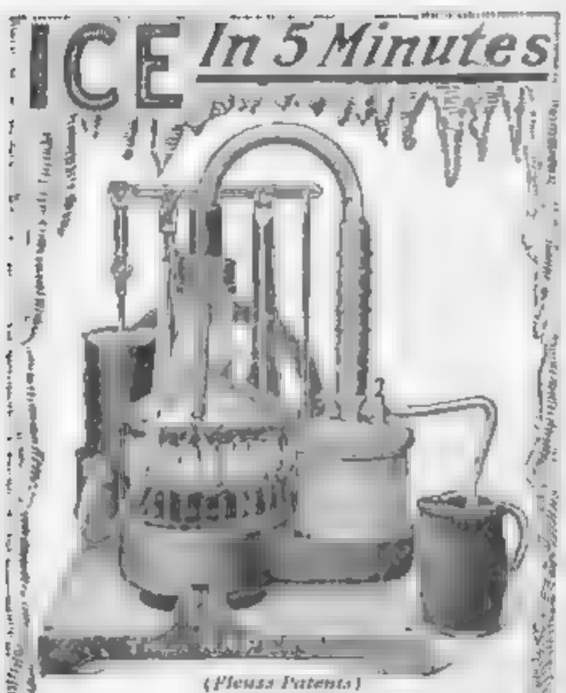

(Pleuss Patents)

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A child can run it. Takes little room and is portable. Vacuum principle, [illegible] and absolutely safe, fully protected by patents. [illegible] I have been using one of your machines for three years and find it satisfactory beyond my expectations. Keeps in perfect order—works admirably.

30 Day TRIAL OFFER We guarantee every machine to be all we represent or money back. Price $75. Send check for $25 with order and pay balance of $50 on receipt of machine, and the entire amount will be refunded, if you [illegible] the Raplin for 30 days. But you won't [illegible] will give you more comfort than any [illegible]

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[illegible] Chicago 29 Broadway New York
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(Concluded from Page 27)

"Honestly, boys," Feigenbaum said as he bit off the end of a cigar, "the way you are keeping me waiting here, understand me, it would of served you right if I would of gone right over to Adelstern's and give him the order instead of you, y'understand; *aber* the way Adelstern treats Jonas Eschenbach, understand me, I would rather die as buy a dollar's worth of goods from that *Rosher*."

"What d'ye mean the way Adelstern treats Eschenbach?" Birsky asked.

"Why, just so soon as Eschenbach tells him he is going to sell out," Feigenbaum continued, "Adelstern right away disbands his mutual aid society; and he also just so good as tells Eschenbach to his face, y'understand, that all this baseball business was a waste of time, understand me, and he only done it to get orders from Eschenbach! And a man like Eschenbach, which he is a philanthropist and a gentleman, understand me, takes the trouble he should give Adelstern pointers about this here mutual aid society, which they are a blessing to both employers and employees, *verstehst du mich*, all I could say is that Adelstern acts like a loafer in throwing the whole thing up just because Eschenbach quits!"

"*Aber*, Mr. Feigenbaum," Birsky said, while a puzzled expression came over his face, "I thought you said when you was here last time that Eschenbach goes too far in such things."

"When I was here last," Feigenbaum replied, "was something else again; but when I left here Friday, understand me, right up till the last minute Eschenbach says no he wouldn't let twenty thousand of the purchase price remain on a real-estate mortgage of the store property. When I got to Cordova Saturday morning my lawyers there says that Eschenbach stood ready to close the deal on them terms, y'understand, provided I would let the old man look after our store's employees' association, which I certainly agreed to; and so I bought his business there and then, and I must got to buy at least five thousand dollars goods before Wednesday morning for shipment by ten days already."

"You bought Eschenbach's store!" Zapp exclaimed.

Feigenbaum wriggled in Birsky's chair, which fitted him like a glove; and after he had freed himself he rose ponderously.

"*Aber* one moment, Mr. Feigenbaum," Birsky pleaded. "Did I understood you to say that Eschenbach is to look after the mutual aid society in your store?"

"I hope you ain't getting deef, Birsky," Feigenbaum replied.

"And you agreed to that?" Zapp cried.

"I certainly did," Feigenbaum said; "which, as I told you before, I am coming to believe that this here mutual aid society business is an elegant thing already, boys. And Eschenbach tells me I should tell you that if he don't get here by next Sunday you should warm up that pitcher and catcher of yours, as he would sure get down to New York by the Sunday after."

Birsky led the way to the showroom with the detached air of a somnambulist, while Zapp came stumbling after.

"And one thing I want to impress on you boys," Feigenbaum concluded: "you want to do all you can to jolly the old boy along, understand me, on account I might want to raise ten or fifteen thousand dollars from him for some alterations I got in mind."

. . . . . .

"Zapp," Birsky cried after he had ushered Feigenbaum into the elevator at ten minutes to eleven, "I am going right over to the Kosciusko Bank and ——"

"What are you going to do?" Zapp cried in alarm—"transfer back that five hundred dollars after what Feigenbaum tells us?"

"Transfer nothing!" Birsky retorted. "I am going over to the Kosciusko Bank, understand me, and I am going to change that account. So, when them *Roshoyim* come in here, Zapp, tell 'em to wait till I get back. By hook or by crook we must got to get 'em to come to work by tomorrow sure, the way we would be rushed here—even if we must pay 'em a hundred dollars apiece!"

Zapp nodded fervently.

"*Aber* why must you got to go over to the bank now, Birsky?" he insisted.

"Because I don't want to take no more chances," Birsky replied; "which I would not only put in the 'as,' understand me, but I would write on the bank's signature card straight up and down what the thing really is"—he coughed impressively to emphasize the announcement—"Louis Birsky," he said, "as Treasurer of the Mutual Aid Society Employees of Birsky & Zapp!"

CATCHING UP WITH CHINA

(Concluded from Page 15)

you will! Certainly you will have to give up the law. You certainly do not expect to practice law!"

The monologue dies off in the air. If coined into speech it would become nothing more copious than:

"Infernal shame! Nice girl like that gone wrong! Nicest of Albert's girls—fascinating in a singular way! After all, why shouldn't women ——" Uncle Chan falls asleep that night in an indecisive frame of mind.

It is the parade, however, that impaints the cause upon New York in brightest dyes, rolling down Fifth Avenue like a piece of tapestry, touched by the foot of some great airy chairman of the Committee of Progress. A new thing, this marching of women for an idea—never before seen in the history of human beings except in the French Revolution, which cast up so many shafts of light into the dim morning. See the Swedish, Finnish, Norwegian women, with their Northland flags, in their scarlet and peasant-blue petticoats, velvet kirtles and flaring starched caps; Chinese women in silvery blue silk coats, carrying the golden dragon; and delegates from the suffrage states of the West—all these are citizens of states where women vote.

Behind them come great groups of women whose life is of the mind and spirit: painters, sculptors, doctors, writers, business women, lawyers, teachers, musicians, architects, mechanical engineers.

"They aren't especially attractive-looking women," comments a squire of dames inspecting the doctors from the curb.

"Oh, sir, it is an ancient bell within your throat,
Pulled by an aged ringer."

They are not trying to be attractive—that is not what they are trying to do. They are trying to be doctors. They pass and become only a surge of hats down the most magnificent street.

Here follows tier after tier of college women in gowns and trencher caps, their faces seeming very pure in this conventual dress. Sometimes a stain of purple or crimson burns in the universal black and white—a master's or doctor's robe.

Quaker men and women walk side by side, with rosettes and streamers of soft old dove-colored satin upon their breasts. The Quaker religion is built upon the equality of the sexes and now it has come out to declare itself in this matter of suffrage.

The Socialists pass, waving their red flags and singing the Marseillaise hymn of humanity striving for a "society of peers, where reading and following can be interchangeable and reciprocal." *Marchons!* Sex-vanities! They pass, their voices floating back on the May wind.

Working girls, in their poor, sleazy skirts, half-beautiful hats, but most beautifully ironed blouses, march themselves by into better conditions of life. *Marchons! Marchons!* Young womanhood, with all your longings for what is most beautiful and most joyful, beckoning you on!

Battalions of high-school girls, with slimmest virginal shoulders and saucy banners—

"All this is the natural consequence of teaching girls to read!" College boys, with smooth, freshly smiling faces and lifted hats! Old women in carriages covered with lilacs—the pioneers; old, interesting faces, and upon the delicate spring air a trail of perfume like a faint purple banner!

Little boys and girls step out splittingly with the wide-eyed look of childhood, and banners—Votes for Mother! Negro women lifting their eyes away from the sable past. *Marchons! Marchons!* The Men's League for Equal Suffrage, five hundred or five thousand strong—the press can never decide which—picked men, such as one has never seen together before—men of the "finest thread!"

And then there come the ranks and ranks of just well-bred, well-dressed, well-kept rank and file women in golden multitudes—hundreds upon hundreds of them marching by districts—the women of homes and children!

Dowered of all blessed things,
Whereat the ruddy torch of Love is lit,
Who is for Love must be for you!

It is they who establish that argument for suffrage which goes about New York triumphant for a week after the parade. The men with cropped mustaches who lean over the pink geraniums in the club windows as we pass put it like this:

"Good show! Handsome girl on the big bay—great beauty, but runs to all sorts of ideas—made a fool of Dexter! Twenty-fifth—a fine lot! You know, really—after all, why shouldn't women ——"

In the mouth of the shockheaded boy who plays tennis with you the next day on Long Island it is purer out-and-out evidence:

"Say, some of those girls were peaches all right!" he says meditatively as he rolls over on his back and splits grass with his teeth. It is called Votes for Good-Looking Women—this argument.

And in them all—temperamental willowy ones, very soft as to collar and belt; correct ones, with collars to the hair and whalebones to the knees; if-I-cannot-be-good-looking-I-shall-be-decorative ones, who look like French chalk drawings: successful-husband-and-three-charming-children ones, with pretty chins and smiling lips; frumpy ones, who had rather read a novel than a fashion book; sad ones; capable ones; humorous ones, with dimples hanging in cheek, and sly captions turned this way and that for the onlooker to read—in all of them the fires are lighted! Blue eyes, that catch yours as they pass, flash like the flight of a tropical bird!

And that banked avenue of people through which the parade passes—five hundred thousand of them—stretching from curb to building line, filling every window, in outline against the sky, attentive, observant, looking into each woman's face in the dispassionate American way that makes short shrift of intellectual issues—what does it say to itself?

"Why, this is nothing new!" it seems to say. "This is the kind of women I've always seen!" And because it is nothing new they will accept universal suffrage.

"But we never get any revolutionary habit of mind," you say to yourself, musing over those attentive faces, "to look at what is new and test it."

Only the Men's League finds the audience through which it goes, not dispassionate but warm enough. Cheers and hisses run along its progress as fire rolls along dry grass—fatiguing to the nerves! From step to step it is like going into layers of hot and cold water. During a halt at Thirty-sixth Street to close up the line, a man on the curb shouts a husky comment. Alas! This is once too often. A lanky reformer—friend of all under dogs—shoots out a long arm and lifts the conversationalist off the curb by the collar. He has had all the side talk that even a propagandist can stand! He holds his prey dangling at arm's length; and, being from Virginia, he gives tongue to as eloquent and picturesque a volley of invective as ever thundered down Fifth Avenue. Surrounding allies of the woman's cause expostulate—push up to tear the disputants apart. Man in the air gasps that he has always believed in woman's suffrage!

"Then why"—and so on—"aren't you out here marching for it?" inquires the friend of all under dogs, setting his recruit carefully back on the curb.

Upon men and women, onlooker and parader, the May day at last bends downward. The spring twilight turns golden—then misty dusk. A sea of women about Carnegie waves colored fire, eddies into circles of friends and persuades itself at length to go home. We mount the green bus. At Delmonico's a group of men and women in evening dress have come out on the balcony in the height of fashion. From the seat behind us we hear a dejected bass voice apostrophizing the parade:

"I pay the rent; I buy her clothes; I give her all the money she asks for—what does she want?" it inquires of the encompassing air.

THE QUEST OF THE GOLDEN GOAT

(Concluded from Page 18)

The Plutocrats reclined at ease,
The Trusts sat in the galleries,
While ladies gemmed from heel to ear
Sat in the Diamond Horseshoe tier
And murmured softly: "Perry's dear!"
When Mr. Belmont, proud of chest,
Marshaled his delegates, each dressed
Resplendent as a wedding guest.

Then came the hour when threat or pull
Could not avail. The hall was full.
And Bryan, with his jaw well set,
Began to sweat,
And jumping lithely through the ropes
With angry gropes,
Exclaimed: "My friends, we do not darse
Repeat the big Chicago farce.
This place is specked
With Money Brutes:
The New York sect—
—ion's full of Plutes.
Ere we begin, let's rule 'em all
Away from our Convention Hall."

Of course the Bosses of renown
Ruled doughty William Jennings down,
And while the venom still did rankle,
The Houn' Dawg yapped
And neatly snapped
The Princeton Tiger on the ankle.
Whereat Friend Hearst, with joy plumb stark,
Yelled: "Extray! Victory for Clark!"

A minor gladiatorial show
Was fought before the final go,
Thus weeding out the little ones.
They butchered Foss with bricks and stuns;
New Jersey sat on Harmon twice,
So out they bore poor Jud on ice,
While Underwood with saddened plunk
Fell to the mat — his wool had shrunk.

Then Norman Mack his seconds sent
To usher in the big event.
Then Bryan introduced, midst flames,
That Blue-Grass giant, Ollie James,
Who took the post of referee.
"Our champeen rasslers," thundered he,
"The Houn' Dawg Champ, the Princeton Prof—
Gouging permitted—bang, they're off!"

Forth strode the braves. The rafters shook.
Champ took the Speaker's pose;
But wondrous Woodrow never took
His glasses from his nose.
Ah, that was rassling as of old!
For, to the world's amaze,
They never loosed their stranglehold
For more than seven days.
Ye gods! It was the fight of fights;
They tripped, they gouged, they bit.
For seven days and seven nights
They fit and fit and fit.

And every half an hour or so
In that Convention Hall
They took a ballot for to show
Which champion must fall.
By nary vote could they denote
Which scrapper was ahead—
Of all the deadlocks in the world
This was the furthest dead.

With bottles, battles, ballots, blood, they voted and they fit;
They brought the Wall Street Clearing House on Wilson's neck to sit.
While Murphy's tiger snarled afraid
They fetched the Dark-Horse Cavalcade
In hopes to skid
The Princeton Kid.
But such a fight he made,
That Clark, the best that he could go,
Observed his figure shrinking slow;
Yet gamily he stayed.

While Champ reached forth for Woodrow's jaw,
Oblivious of danger,
The band played Turkey in the Straw;
But Bryan, lettered in the law,
Played Doggie in the Manger.

When eight long days had thus expired
And neither champion had won,
The crowd grew just a trifle tired
And rather peevishly inquired:
"Ain't they most nearly done?"
Then Bryan, leaping to his feet,
Scared Alton Parker off his seat
By shouting in rambunctious vein:
"The knaves of Wall Street I disdain;
To Woodrow here my vote I'll glue."
Quoth Charley Murphy: "We've been threw!"

Oh, dash! Oh, my! What flash of eye
Did through that hall of battle fly.
Upgabbled then a mighty sound
Which cracked the welkin round on round
While Clarkly votes began to drop
Amidst a mighty party flop,
While Jersey's professorial colt
On Champ obtained a strangleholt,
Who gurgled: "Gug! I'm Gar-r-r! I'll bolt!"
And at this energizing call
The Princeton Tiger raised a squall
And kicked the Houn' Dawg roun' the hall.

Friend Hearst went yellow in the face,
But yet Champ yielded not the race
Till sudden, through that place of gloom
A phantom shape began to loom,
A silhouetted shadow tall
That seemed to darken all the hall—
It was the shape of dankest dread,
The hat, the specs, the teeth of Ted!

The gory champions fell apart,
Fear like an icebag chilled them
As from the heavens, terse and tart,
This mystic message thrilled them:
"Choose ye the most progressive guy
From out our party's ranks. 'Cause why?
'Cause, if you don't, the Teddyvote
Will cop the Presidential Goat."

Then what a scene of wild stampede
Did through that vast convention speed!
Dourly they dragged the Houn' Dawg's hopes,
Limp and disgusted, through the ropes.
Great Bankhead from the throng updrew
And Underwood to Woodrow threw,
Then Sullivan with desperate lunge
For hapless Clark uptossed the sponge.
The ninety braves of Tammanee
Just dropped their votes and muttered, "Chee!"
Which, in the gab in Fourteenth Street,
Is certain symbol of defeat.

And all the crowd
That once did scoff
With curses loud
For Jersey's prof,
Like seraph bands
Now thronged the lists
And shook the hands
That once were fists.

Says Gumshoe Stone to Gov'nor Dix:
"That's just the way with Politix!"
Says Charley Murph to Theo. Bell,
"The party's simply gone to —— Bryan!"
But Kunnel Watterson, says he
To Kunnel Harvey civil:
"Betwixt the Divvil and the Sea
Which do you choose?" Says George:
"For me,
I guess I'll choose the Divvil."

V—HOW THE GOAT LOOKETH FROM THREE WATCHFUL CAMPS

As Woodrow leans down and attaches the Houn'
By a string to the tail of his coat,
He ardently dreams of political schemes
Of estranging Bill Taft from his goat.
"Referendum, recall and the rest of it all
May carry me goatward," quoth he,
"But my platform I thank most of all for the plank
They denominate 'William J. B.'"

As Ted over there grooms his Theodore Bear
And chalks party line number three,
"There is time," he says, "still to confuse Bulbous Bill,
And the fellow to do it is me.
If Progressives can't win in the general din,
Still the giant Stand Pat I can kill
By tossing the goat to the Democrat boat,
Thus detaching the billy from Bill."

But William the Fat standeth fearfully pat
In the boat of the baffled O. P.
And he cleareth his throat as he says to his goat:
"Thou art safe—thou hast Penrose and me!"
Yea, alone with his goat rocketh Bill in his boat
Nor moveth a toe in his shoe;
No, the feet of the judge neither shuffle nor budge—
'Tis his knees that are playing tattoo.

Just look at these fine tomatoes!

SOLID fruity red-ripe specimens they are. No black-and-white picture can begin to show the gorgeous blaze of color they make as they go splashing into the running water from our artesian wells.
These are what we use in

Campbells'
TOMATO
SOUP

We wish you could see the tempting materials which go into it—the fragrant celery, uncolored creamery butter, fine granulated sugar and delicate spices; and see the whole process of making it—the porcelain-lined carriers which convey the tomatoes from point to point untouched by human hands; the immense strainers—needle-fine; the glass-lined pipes and filling-machines, the huge retorts where the soup is sterilized by heat alone, and *after sealing*.

You then would not wonder that it comes to your table as fresh and delicious as on the day it was made. Just try it, that's all.

21 kinds
10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
	Pepper Pot
Clam Bouillon	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consomme	Tomato Okra Vegetable
	Vermicelli-Tomato

Look for the red-and-white label

No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

The Human Side of Tires

The Golden Rule

After all, tire worth depends entirely on the men behind the tires.

So today let us cover the human side—the dreams and the principles—the men and the methods—which underlie Goodyear tires. Not in a personal way—not a boastful way. We wish simply to show, in these days of complaint, that Big Business may still be guided by The Golden Rule.

Complete Independence

We believe that active competition, better than anything else, insures justice to consumers.

It makes quality essential. It compels fair prices. It induces a square deal.

Under free competition the best man wins, and that's best for all concerned.

So we maintain complete independence. We have no trade alliances—no gentlemen's agreements. And consolidation, when proposed, has met our earnest opposition.

Even our patents are licensed to others, to avoid the slightest taint of monopoly.

Modest Capitalization

We believe that high cost of living is largely due to the enormous volume of watered stocks.

We have clung to modest capitalization, though this is the world's largest tire business. Not a dollar of water in our capital stock. We count in our assets neither patents nor good-will. We have no bonded debt.

Moderate Profits

We insist on moderate profits, because we know that our interests, in the long run, are best conserved in that way.

Our profit last year on No-Rim-Cut tires averaged 8½ per cent. And that in a factory where costs are cut to the minimum, by enormous output and modern equipment.

That, in a business with fluctuating materials, means a margin as small as one dares to accept.

Profit Sharing

We believe that men work best who have a share in the earnings. And that owners of the business are apt to best serve its patrons.

So 134 of our leading men share in the Goodyear profits.

And the Company has helped them acquire their stock.

Our branch managers are stockholders.

Thus our dealings with the public, the whole country over, are being conducted by partners.

In our factories, building tires, there are 49 stockholders. In our office there are 33.

Ninety per cent of the Goodyear common stock is owned by the active men in the concern.

Every voice in our policy, every factor in quality, every creator of Goodyear reputation, shares the results of his actions. We know of no better way to insure to our customers the service which we intend.

College Graduates

College-bred men are employed here in large numbers. Their accurate training and breadth of view are evident in Goodyear dealings.

For our factories we pick the most promising men who come from great technical schools.

Every year our superintendent visits the best of these schools, where he aims to select the very cream of the graduates.

Thus we have gathered here, in the course of years, an army of trained and competent men. And the future of all of them depends on better tires.

All Young Men

We believe in young men, and our organization consists of them. The most important man in it, in a manufacturing way, is 36 years old.

Thus the Goodyear concern typifies the activity, the enthusiasm, the ambition, the enterprise of youth.

Each man's career lies mainly before him. So none rests on his laurels, none is yet easing up.

Goodyear men, wherever you meet them, are the kind you like to meet. They personify intelligent activity.

Fairness and Truth

Above all, with these men we insist on fair dealing, and on utter regard for the truth.

Faults and mistakes are forgiven by all of us, but unfairness and falsehood are not.

Here lies, we believe, the chiefest reason for the Goodyear growth. Wherever you seek you'll find unbounded faith in what the Goodyear people do.

No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

A 6-Mile Factory Now Results

Also Monarchy of Tiredom

Do ideals in business pay?

Let us note the result after 13 years. Goodyear tires now far outsell every other tire.

The sales have doubled six times over in the past three years. They double now once in eight months.

Trade came like a flood as soon as men became acquainted with these tires. Now a monthly output of 100,000 fails to keep pace with the call.

Few business stories ever told compare with the Goodyear story.

Factory Growth

Our original factory had 36,000 square feet. Our additions for the year 1912 alone will total 560,000 square feet.

When these additions are completed they will give us a total of 1,600,000 square feet.

Figure what this means. Were the factory fifty feet wide, and one story high, it would be over six miles long.

Goodyear Popularity

Our monthly sales now just about equal our year's sales in the year 1909.

Last year's output for the first six months was 186,307 automobile tires. This year's output, for the same six months, came to 485,983 tires. This has largely come about through what motorists said about Goodyear tires and methods.

Those are eloquent figures to answer the question, "Do ideals in business pay?"

How It Came About

The ablest men we could find have, for 13 years, worked to perfect these tires.

Years ago, in our factory, they built a tire-testing machine. This machine wears out four tires at a time, under all sorts of road conditions.

On this machine they have tested over 200 fabrics, and some 40 formulas for treads.

Every method and process has here been put to the ultimate test of mileage.

New ideas have been constantly compared with the old. Rival tires have been compared with our own.

Every question that came up has been answered only by the mileage test.

After 13 years of that sort of comparison we have brought Goodyear tires pretty close to finality.

Rim-Cutting Ended Completely

Then some of our experts took up the rim-cutting question. They examined thousands of ruined tires, of nearly every make. And they found among all the beaded tires that 23 per cent were rim-cut.

Then a tire was invented to make rim-cutting impossible. It is known as the Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire.

These tires now outsell every other tire made. They are used today on tens of thousands of cars. Yet never has one been rim-cut. By this invention alone we wiped out for tire users about 23 per cent of their tire upkeep.

Saving Blow-Outs

At the same time our experts took up the question of blow-outs, due to overloaded tires.

Nine tires in ten, when of just rated size, are at times much overloaded. Sometimes by extras added to the car—sometimes by over-weight passengers.

It is figured that 5 per cent added to the weight takes 15 per cent from the tire mileage.

So we made these tires—No-Rim-Cut tires—10 per cent over the rated size. And that 10 per cent oversize, under average conditions, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

These two features together—No-Rim-Cut and oversize—have saved motor car owners many millions of dollars. For tens of thousands of men they have cut tire bills very materially.

200,000 Users

There are not less than 200,000 motorists now using Goodyear tires. Wherever we have made a careful count—at shows and in showrooms—every third car is equipped with them.

This year, 127 leading motor car makers contracted for Goodyear tires. Over 100,000 cars of the 1912 models were equipped at the factory with them.

That is the present situation, with 25 competitors making tires.

Now Goodyear sales are doubling every 8 months. They are 12 times larger than 3 years ago.

Judge for yourself what conditions will be when all men know these tires.

The Goodyear Tire Book—based on 13 years of tire making—is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires
With or Without Non-Skid Treads

Goodyear pneumatic tires are guaranteed when filled with air at the recommended pressure. When filled with any substitute for air our guarantee is withdrawn.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities
More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits
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(757)

Notice who
Smoke Them

If you are "all at sea" on the Cigar question steer for a "Preferencia"—your course will be clear after that.

La
Preferencia
"30 minutes in Havana"

A buoy to the spirits—a special companion in all weathers on water or land.

Staunchly good from first puff to last.

The biggest selling
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Your *preference* as to shapes—the quality is always "Preferencia."

Tins of 25—protects cigars against climatic changes.

In the way of a good short smoke—the 5 cent size.

HAVANA-AMERICAN COMPANY
111 Fifth Avenue
New York

THE BLACK SQUAD

(Continued from Page 4)

nearer to his hearth sent his laughter booming through the long pass. "Trimmer, throw out some coal!" he said.

This was not so bad. We had just coaled at Melbourne, and the bunkers were running, port and starboard. A great fan of coal spread away from the bunker doors, and the coal could be pitched to the fires without the intercession of a barrow. Thus, at the outset, the trimmer's life, in the words of the song, is bold and free. He may roll himself cigarettes, sit about on buckets and tolerate the jeers of those above him. Now, if he chooses, he may learn to be a fireman; he may slice and rake and pitch to his heart's content—and his fireman will beam upon him and take his ease. The trimmer, if he is well-advised, will do nothing of this sort, however, but take his own ease while he may; for his affair is not what it seems at present. Like some malignant fever, it has its phases; and this is but the first of them.

The first watch concluded, I got myself on deck. In a last frenzy of shoveling, I had taken off my shirt and was quite black from the waist up, saving the livid welt across my arm. I saw black, thought black, spit black; the base of my brain was inclosed in a black fog, through which a heavy train of cars was rumbling. The knuckles of my left hand oozed blood and I had twisted my right leg. All things considered, I would do well to ponder my position.

I did ponder it. I discovered by a simple calculation that I had seventy watches to stand; but I have never allowed myself to be alarmed by the merely numerical. Still, I must have spoken my thought aloud, for the man in the bunk next me groaned. I swiveled about wearily.

"That's a long time, mate," said he. His thin body was caved in against the stanchion to his cot. His dirty mustaches were all wild where he had chewed them; his eyes were full of fever. "I'm taking my wife and the kiddies home third class," he whispered.

He got no sympathy for his confessions from the four-to-eight. You will not easily touch the sensibilities of stokers. It fell to me to ask this poor fellow, now and again, how the kiddies were—and the missus. He had special license to go aft and see them. On that first night he despaired. At every movement in the forecastle he would waken.

"What time is it, mate?"

And somebody would say so many bells, and then, seeing that meant nothing to him, translate it into dial time. Then he would sink back in relief and compose his wretched body again to that distressful slumber. The dreaded seven bells had not yet come.

I washed. A stoker in his hours of leisure is a cleanly person black for four hours, but white like marble the ensuing eight. His ablutions are rigorous and enforced upon him twice a day. A dozen of us were in that washroom, with its slippery deck and its atmosphere of steam, sea-oaths and fragmentary song.

White again, but very sore, I limped into the forecastle. Already that place was too thick to breathe in. The bunks were decorated with wet towels, sweatrags, lurid fiction and articles verging on the nameless. Here and there a glistening arm hung down over a bunkboard. The benches were covered with sooty shoes, slippers, pots of cold tea. A sound of painful breathing filled the place. The heat had come already and we had jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire!

I took my mattress to the fore deck and stretched out on it, intending to light my pipe in a moment or two. There was no wind—or, rather, what there was came up behind the ship and we could not feel it.

"I will light my pipe in a minute," I thought.

Then somebody shook me. I opened my eyes. A black figure was leaning over me.

"Seven bells!" it uttered.

This was incredible. I had only just now lain down. I had still to light my pipe.

"Look here, this is some mistake," I stammered. "I'm in the four-to-eight. I've just come up here!"

This dirty devil was already vanishing. There was no more arguing with him than with time itself.

"It's half past three," he said in a sulky voice. "Suit yourself." He was gone.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Coating Tires With
TIRENEW TRADE MARK
Cuts Down Tire Bills
Save your tires — don't let them rot. *TIRENEW* is a scientific preservative, a liquid unvulcanized rubber compound made of pure para gum. Protects tires from water, oil and light—flows into cuts and waterproofs the exposed fabric, preventing decay and lengthening the life of the tire.
Makes Tires Look New and Last Longer

Apply *TIRENEW* weekly—It will [illegible] Use it on [illegible] Don't use [illegible] *TIRENEW* [illegible] on lighted cars.
Made in 2 shades
White and Tire Gray
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[illegible]. Try it and you will use [illegible]. Don't delay—get it today.
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$25.00 Per Week
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We will show you how to earn $25 to $100 per week. Write TODAY to
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By JACQUES FUTRELLE
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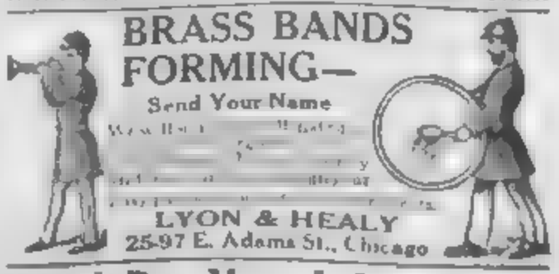
For sale at all book stores. Price, $1.35 net
RAND McNALLY & CO., CHICAGO and NEW YORK



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Which is the better off, the man who has a good trade, or he who belongs to the vast army of unskilled workers? The New York Trade School, founded in 1881, and endowed, provides practical instruction in various trades for young men. Full day courses, $25 to $45; evening classes, $12 to $16. Illustrated catalogue, showing trades taught and giving full particulars, mailed free on application. Address, 1250 First Avenue, New York City.

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Learn to Swim by One Trial
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Fancy, 35c.
For Sale Everywhere

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"Walk-Over"
The Shoe for You

"Dictator"
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They tread the soil of every nation!

WALK-OVERS are the chosen foot-wear of the world—demanded by *name* of dealers in eighty-four countries.

In every civilized land under the sun you will find Walk-Over stores ready to fit you—and *please* you.

Every day more than seventeen thousand shoe buyers walk into these stores and say: "Fit me to a pair of Walk-Overs."

This world-wide reputation doesn't just happen!—it takes a mighty *good* thing to command the world's commendation.

This enormous business is built on merit—how else? Because Walk-Overs are *proven* to give more quality, more comfort, more style—the utmost in shoe value. Will you *prove* it?

Exclusive Walk-Over stores or agencies are established in all cities and towns of the United States and in the principal cities of the world.

The standard prices of Walk-Overs are $4.50 and $5.00. Other grades down to $3.50 and up to $7.00.

Call on your local dealer and get fitted in the Walk-Over way.

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY
Manufacturers of Walk-Overs for Men and Women
Campello (Brockton), Massachusetts

Photo of Fire Apparatus in Springfield, Mass., driven by U-S-L Batteries

Where the Test is Severest

USL TRADE MARK

THE UNITED STATES LIGHT AND HEATING CO

(Formerly National)

Storage Battery

The demand for speed and power, for sustained voltage dependability and general high efficiency has led to the selection of the **U-S-L** Storage Battery for every important installation of electrically-driven fire equipment in the United States.

In Springfield, Mass., four pieces of apparatus—weighing from 7½ to 10 tons—are propelled from 23 to 36 miles an hour by **U-S-L** Batteries. Endorsing their service, Chief Engineer W. H. Daggett says: "The apparatus has not been an hour out of service on account of battery trouble since installation, and after two years of service the plates show scarcely any sign of deterioration. I can say that our experience with **U-S-L** Batteries has thus far been very pleasing and altogether satisfactory."

If you use or contemplate purchasing an electric truck or pleasure car, *and want Fire Department dependability*, insist on the installation of the **U-S-L** Battery. It is made in the largest plant in the world devoted exclusively to specialized electrical products; it is backed by 14 years' experience and an organization of eminent engineers.

On every point of merit and performance, the **U-S-L** challenges comparison with any other storage battery in the world, regardless of name or type.

It has repeatedly proved itself to require less charging current for a given energy output than other batteries, which means greater mileage at less expense. In voltage maintenance under severe service, it stands out as a signal achievement in storage battery engineering.

A car equipped with a **U-S-L** Battery is lively and responsive as the limit of discharge approaches. Many batteries become loggy and heavy. On hills, sandy stretches, and under heavy overload, this unique characteristic of the **U-S-L** Battery most asserts its value.

U-S-L Service

Operating from our service stations located in eight large cities, we maintain an active corps of experts and inspectors who are at the disposal of **U-S-L** users. **U-S-L** Service means continuous attention toward the end of maximum efficiency. All stations carry extra parts.

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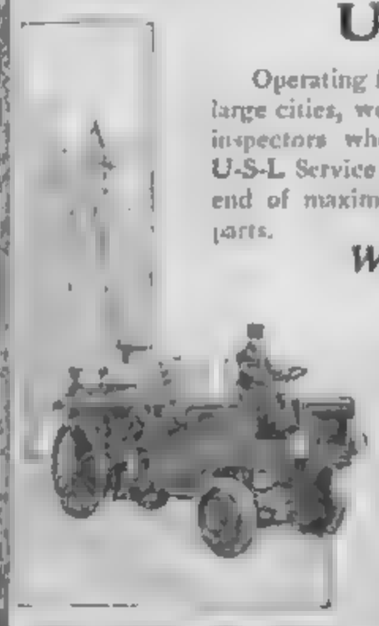
Manufacturers also of the **U-S-L** Electric Starter and Lighter for [illegible] Automobiles.



[illegible] Battery [illegible] Apparatus in New York [illegible] Department

U-S-L Battery Driven Apparatus in Springfield, Mass., Fire Department

THE MAN WHO WOULDN'T MARRY

(Concluded from Page 7)

answered mine was boyish in its cheerfulness. Did he remember me? Could he forget old Buckey Leigh, the friend who had stood up with him at the altar? Was I coming to Chicago? Why, I couldn't come too quickly. Would I take the morning train? He would meet it.

My foot had scarcely touched the Chicago platform when my hand was seized in a bearlike grip and Dick Burton's big honest voice rang in my ears.

"Know you? Why, of course. Knew you the minute I saw you. Not changed a bit—what's a wrinkle and a few gray hairs? Not come to the house? Nonsense, where else would I go? Hadn't told Mary—kept it for a surprise. Of course she'd be tickled to death!"

Ten minutes later the big touring car dashed up to the door of the handsomest house in the handsome street which we had just entered, and Dick was fitting the latchkey into his own door. As I entered behind him there was a light rush of feet, the swish of silk, and I saw a pair of white arms round Dick's neck. Then a pair of big brown eyes, under golden hair, met mine over his shoulder. Their owner drew back with a blush and a smothered "Oh!" and Dick laughed with a happy voice.

"This is Katharine, my youngest, fifteen years old yesterday."

The sweet loveliness of the girl, her very name, stabbed me with a quick sense of what I had lost; but there was no time for sad reflections, for Mary French was coming out of the library, followed by another daughter with the same dark eyes and golden hair that I had first seen peeping over Dick's shoulder.

Mary French's forty-five years sat lightly on her. As a girl she had not been beautiful, but in those years she had added something to herself which made her bright face lovely. Dick had become actually handsome, and as his wife's eyes fell upon his strong comeliness I knew that her honeymoon was undimmed. Late in the evening, when the family had gone and we old men were sitting over our cigars, my friend told me proudly how his son was rising high in a great firm of architects and engineers and how, without doubt, his name would be famous in the future.

"Dick," I asked with a pang of envy at my heart, "how have you done all this?"

"Done it?" echoed Dick with an exaltation of voice and face that thrilled me - "Done it? Why, man, I didn't do it; my wife and children did it. I only worked. Do you think a man could help working with a girl like Mary French behind him? Do you think he could help thinking and planning and aboring and striving to make a name and a home and a place in the world for her? And when our children came and their minds and characters began to unfold to us—why, all that I had done for Mary's sake seemed small and trifling beside what I knew I could do and would do for theirs. Those were the things that made a man of me, and the making began twenty-five years ago, Buckey, the night I told you that Mary had said 'Yes.'"

When I left Dick's house two days later I felt almost young again. The brightness, the cheer, the hopefulness of that home had made me a new man, but when I returned to the empty cheerlessness of my own life—to the men who did not interest me and the women whom I could no longer interest—then the bachelorhood that had once been my joy and pride settled down over me like a pall.

Then as there was nothing else to do I fell to work. I found some relief in work and I worked still harder, and studied and labored in my office, so as to keep my mind from breaking. That was five years ago. There have been vast changes since then. The little city that I first knew is now a metropolis. There has been a call for men, men and more men. There have been great opportunities. Some fortunate investments made with Dick's advice have brought me vast returns. The way to success in my own business has been opened by the death of others, and now I am president of our bank. My salary is fifteen thousand dollars a year, and every dollar of it and every dollar that I own mocks me every hour with the thought of the woman on whom my happiness would have been to lavish it, of the children whose future I might have made, of the happy home I might have builded, if only I had known that bachelorhood is all loss—if, instead of being a bachelor, I had been a man.

ADVENTURES IN BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 10)

machine with our two mechanics. I knew now how to work in straight lines and I instructed those two men out of their curves.

"Mr. Todd was the man who owned the shop across the hall from us. For fifteen years he had been a struggling little manufacturer in New York, never able to get out of the loft class. He laughed at our gospel at first—then grew curious—then eager. We showed him how. Strange it is that men must be shown things that are as self-evident as the equation, twenty-four inches equal two feet! Well, Todd's shop had been consuming its energies, but I put it on an engineering basis for him. Then, because we lacked equipment of our own, we took him in as a third partner. We have never regretted this move, for Todd is a man with a personality—the kind that adds inspiration to cold-blooded engineering. He gave us a human touch.

"Our product found a market rather slowly at first, but we were able to keep the unit production high and the cost low, though on the bonus system our workmen earned from twenty to forty per cent more than the prevailing wages. This is the paradox over which I have seen many a man shake his head with the imagined wisdom of Pittacus. The seven sages of Greece were not more profound than some business men of today who will tell you that low wages mean low costs. The problem of wages and profits is the rock on which thousands of manufacturing and mercantile concerns have gone down; yet the same general principles apply to the corner store and the giant factory. The real problem is one of production. The grocer who had four delivery men at twelve dollars a week each paid a total of forty-eight dollars; but among the four there was a waste of time and motion equivalent to the services of one man. The grocer could have paid three men sixteen dollars a week each and still saved the expense of a quarter of his equipment.

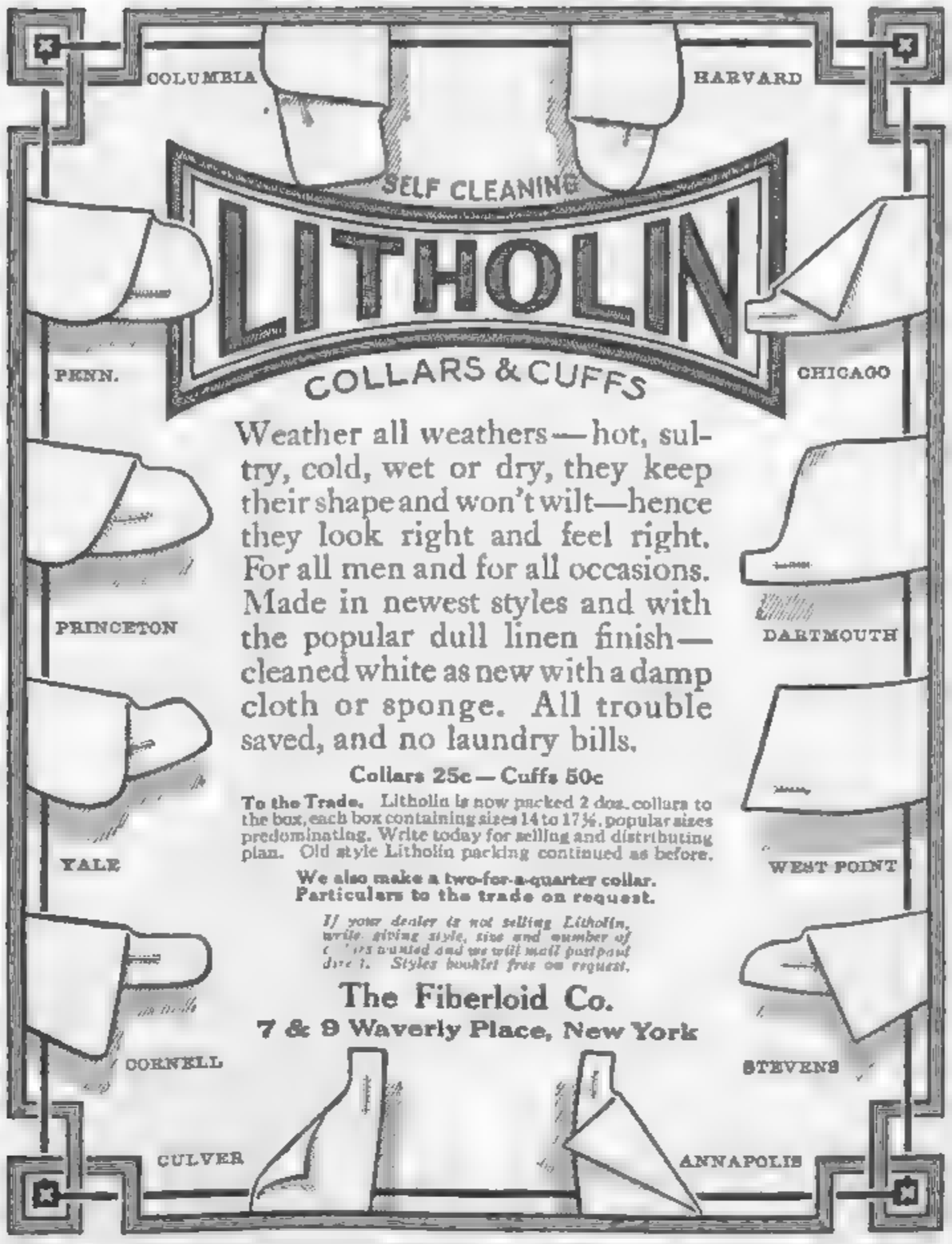
"To be brief, the firm of Goodspeed, Hibbard & Todd, established and managed on engineering principles, grew in geometrical progression. We passed no burdens along to others, but solved them; we guessed at nothing. We took no man's personal opinion. Half a dozen times we have expanded our plant; but each time, before doing so, we made sure that the production of our existing plant was up to its normal capacity. We did this by engineering of both a technical and a business nature.

"Engineering, I believe, is the mightiest force in business and the force that is least applied. The science of business is yet in its infancy, but there are many men in business who are not infants. They are a generation or two ahead of the game.

"Today I live on the heights overlooking the Hudson. My children are grown, and my wife and I are on the downward slope. I have earned back the half million my father left me, with several millions on top of it. I have redeemed the name of Goodspeed. But, were it not for the lessons they hold, I should like to blot from my mind those twenty years of inexcusable failure. In my profession I had the key to success in my pocket every day of those two decades. I believe there are multitudes of men in business today who are carrying a key round with them that could unlock fortune.

"After all, fortune is not so difficult to woo. It was not magic of the fairy-book sort that built the great plant of Goodspeed, Hibbard & Todd."

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Edward Mott Woolley. The third will appear in an early issue.



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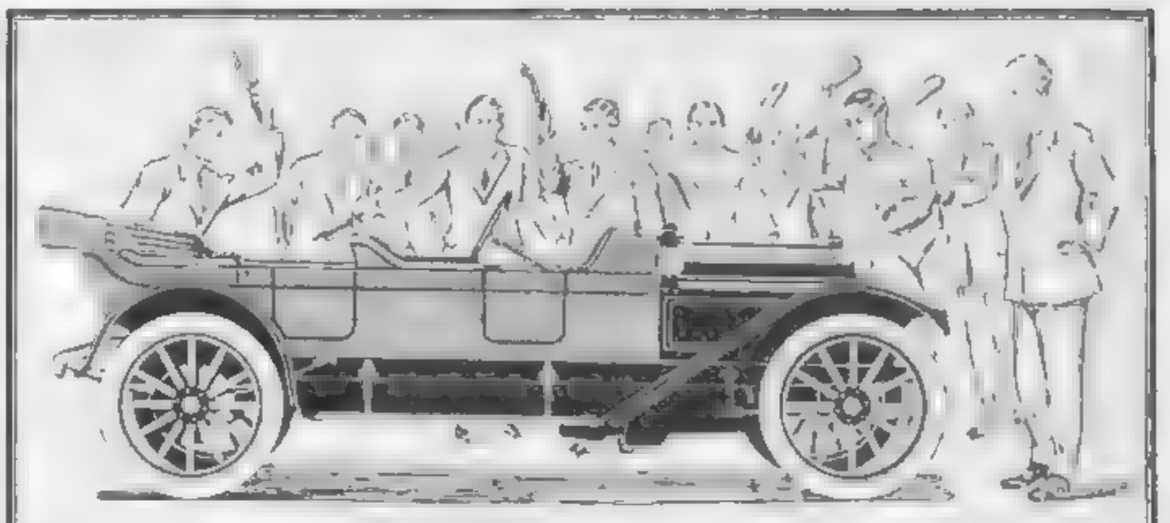

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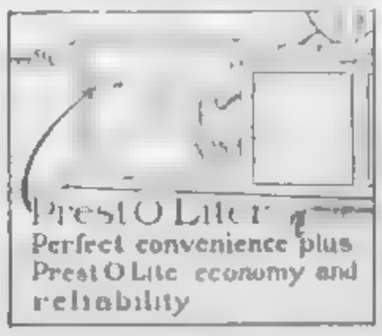

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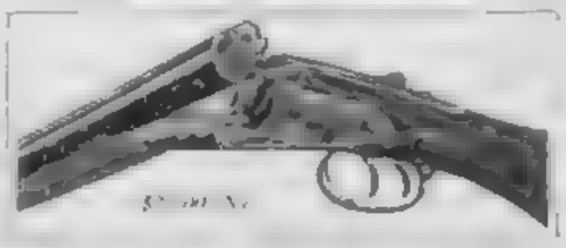

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SILVERSIDE

(Continued from Page 21)

"We come slow," he answered weakly. "S'pose coolie man no steer straight, yawl go this way ——" and he made a zigzag motion with his hand.

Sam Lung scowled.

"Coolie man stee' dam' stlaight," he growled. "How man' days?"

"Three more days," answered Silverside.

Sam Lung swung on his heel and went below, quickly to reëmerge with a short section of diver's air pipe. He walked up to Silverside and thrust the pipe almost in his face.

"You savvy watel-snake?" he snarled. "S'pose we no find piecy islan' dam' quick ——"

Slipping out of the coat of his pajamas he took several turns of the pipe round his muscular torso.

"S'pose one fella' pour hot kettle here," said he, tapping the end of the pipe. "That feel plitty good, hey?"

I saw his meaning then and looked at Silverside. The man was livid, with a blue line round his lips and a greenish pallor under his sunken eyes and round the angles of his jaws. He tottered back, supporting himself by one hand on the main shrouds. For all my pity I was conscious at the same time of a desire to kick him, for his flaccid terror was exciting Sam Lung.

"You hully up find him piecy islan'," said he ominously, then pointed aloft. "Gale comin' plitty quick." He walked to the companionway and flung the pipe below, then stepped aft to glance at the compass, looked aloft to see how the mainsail was drawing and gave an order to slack the mainsheet.

"Buck up, man," said I; "it's all a bluff. But if you act like that he might really get nasty."

Silverside's voice came through dry, quivering lips.

"You don't know them, Doctor Ames," said he.

Sam Lung was right when he said that we were going to get some wind, for as the day wore on the sky began to thicken and the sea to darken. The long swell that had been heaving in astern grew heavier, the wave intervals shortening as their height increased. There was no sunset and the night came with almost startling abruptness. Shortly after dark it began to blow with gradually increasing force, the wind so straight over the taffrail that a mainboom tackle was rigged to keep the heavy spar from jibing.

"This is a good thing for you," said I to Silverside. "The yawl is a dull sailer and needs a gale to move her. With this breeze astern she ought to start off a little."

"It will not make much difference," said Silverside. "Her bottom is foul and she can only get up to a certain speed. See here, Doctor Ames, don't you think that you might say a word in my favor to Sam Lung?"

"It would do no good," I answered. "Besides, he is only trying to frighten you. Stiffen your back, man; tell him that if he tries any ugly business you will not take him to the island at all."

Silverside shook his head.

"It is easy for you to talk, Doctor Ames," said he. "Your spirit has never been broken by the knout and five years' living death in the mercury mines. Once I might have faced Sam Lung, but that was long ago. I am a broken man. Physical torture is my nightmare. At times I have had to saturate myself with opium to sleep!"

A fit of shuddering seized him, and observing that it only excited him to discuss the subject, I began to talk of other things. Silverside told me tales of Daniel Fairfax's treatment of his wife which gave me, I must admit, a rather different feeling about the murder. Of this Silverside spoke but once.

"If I had been sure that he was a dying man," said he, "I would not have strangled him. But for all I knew he might recover and come out to renew his persecutions. Of course I had every reason to hate him, but it was not for that that I killed him. It was for Therese and the child."

All that night and the next day we boomed along, making good time as it seemed to me, though Silverside said that we were not doing much. The wind had settled into a hard, steady gale, but if the yawl was slow she was also able and no doubt under-sparred, for Sam Lung did not shorten sail. His manner had changed, and when I went on deck the next morning he gave me a morose glare, then turned his sinister eyes on Silverside, who was at the wheel.

"S'pose we no sight um piecy islan' twelve o'clock," he growled, "you tly him watel-snake—what?"

A sort of ague seized Silverside. For a moment he seemed scarcely able to hold the wheel.

"I think we find the island about two bells, captain," said he weakly.

Of what happened later I dislike to think. I was standing on the weather-side of the quarterdeck, staring astern at the big, following seas that were beginning to mount threateningly, when Sam Lung passed forward and gave some order at which the coolies came pouring aft. Silverside was sitting in the sampan, which was in the waist on the weather-side. Hearing the scuffle of bare feet he looked up quickly; then, as if terrified by the expression on the face of Sam Lung, he gave a queer gurgling scream and sprang for the main rigging. But Sam Lung was too quick for him, and the next instant Silverside was on the deck, screaming and struggling, while the coolies pinioned his arms and passed a lashing round his ankles.

The thing happened so suddenly that I scarcely realized what was going on, but as Silverside crashed down on the deck I sprang to my feet, casting my eyes about for some sort of weapon. It came over me suddenly that Sam Lung meant to carry out his threat, and the thought rushed through me that life was not worth sitting quietly and seeing a white man tortured by a crew of fiendish Chinese. There were some iron belaying pins in a trunk at the foot of the mainmast—the "horse," I believe sailors call it—but as I scrambled up Sam Lung wheeled and I looked into the muzzle of a big revolver.

"You go b'low," he snarled. "You go dam' quick no getty blains blow' out."

There was no way out of it. As I hesitated I saw the sudden hardening of his ferocious face and the rigid swelling of his muscular forearm as his grip tightened on the stock. No doubt he would have been quite content with this excuse for getting rid of me. I turned, walked to the companionway and went below. Sam Lung stood for a moment in the hatch glaring down at me; then his place was taken by another man, who appeared to be a sort of boatswain. He was armed with an ancient musket, and sitting or squatting at the top of the ladder he leveled it at my chest without so much as a grunt.

The sweat broke out on me, not from any danger of my own but from the thought of what might be going on above. There came the scuffling of naked feet and suddenly a scream rang out, and my own lips echoed it—a scream that was wild and frantic and agonized, and died away into a long, sobbing, shuddering moan. I sprang up from the rim of the bunk, and the musket wove small circles in front of my chest. But even as the tortured cry ebbed and flickered away there came from aloft another cry, thin and sharp and nasal. It carried another note—a shrill "e-e-e-e-yah" followed by a torrent of monosyllabic speech. There was another scurry of feet on the deck and a snarl of swift orders.

Sam Lung's face was silhouetted against the pale glare from the hatch. He said something to the man with the musket, who lowered his piece and clambered on deck. I followed him.

The first thing that I saw was the prone figure of Silverside. From his pallor he might have been a corpse. Beside him lay the wire-wrapped pipe and livid weals wound their way about the gaunt frame. I knelt down beside the prostrate figure and reached for the wrist. For the moment I thought that he was dead. I was feeling for his pulse when Sam Lung came up carrying a bucket of seawater.

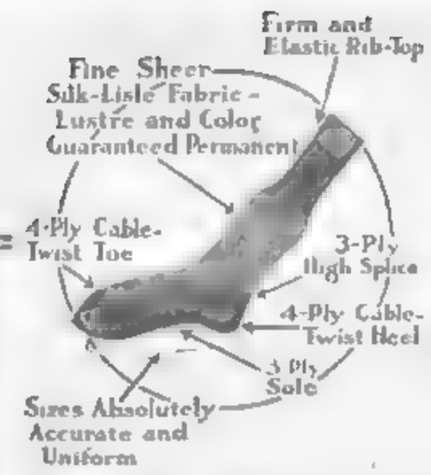
"Him al' light," said the Chinaman, and sluiced the water over Silverside, who gave a gasp and a smothered cry.

"You get up," growled Sam Lung. "Him piecy islan' dead ahead."

VIII

SILVERSIDE tried to struggle to his feet, and would have fallen back to the deck if I had not gripped him under the arm. Sam Lung was eying him fiercely.

"Leave him alone," said I; "he's coming." I picked up Silverside's shirt from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where it was lying on the deck and threw it about his shoulders, for the wind was cold and damp with flying spray.

"Go stee," growled Sam Lung, and gave the tottering man a shove toward the wheel. Silverside gripped the spokes and stood, swaying unsteadily. Sam Lung stared at him for a moment, then walked forward.

"How do you feel?" I asked.

He turned his heavy eyes and stared at me in a dull, uncomprehending way. I repeated the question.

"I will be all right now," he muttered. "Do you see the island?"

"Not yet," I answered. "It was sighted from aloft."

Silverside turned and looked at the big following sea. The crests were beginning to comb a little and the yawl's head was swinging up dangerously as each foaming billow roared out from under her bows. I wondered that Silverside had the strength to meet her heavy yaws, but he did not seem to feel the muscular strain.

"Shall I give you a hand?" I asked.

"No, doctor. We should raise the island quickly now. Ah, did you not see something under the boom? Watch now when she rises."

We were thrown lumberingly up on the crest of a great billow, and as the main-boom swung aloft I saw distinctly a blue, ragged line against the low, gray storm clouds.

"Yes," I answered; "high land."

"That is the crater. I knew that I was on my course."

The island rose rapidly above the mist and spray that partly hid the horizon, until we could distinguish plainly the contour of the extinct volcano. A little later a row of palm fronds jutted clear of the haze, and then, as we rapidly approached, a band of white, spouting surf stretched away as far as the eye could see. The wind seemed to gain in weight as we drew in toward the land, and astern of us the mammoth surges were crumbling dangerously.

Sam Lung came aft and stood for a moment by the rail, clinging to one of the main backstay runners and staring alternately ahead, astern, then at Silverside, whose big bony hands were wrapped about the spokes of the wheel, the long fingers gripping like the tentacles of an octopus. His face was colorless, but the brown, sunken eyes burned with a hot, slumberous glow, and his thin lips, tightly drawn from the violence of the physical strain, showed a double row of yellow teeth. There was something in his face that puzzled me—a deep, inscrutable look that told of some set purpose—and about his mouth and jaws was a sort of savage ruthlessness. Studying his features, I could scarcely believe that this was the same man who, a few short minutes ago, had been groveling in abject fear of bodily suffering.

Sam Lung was studying him narrowly, puzzled as I was at the sudden change in the appearance of the man. It was plain, also, that the Chinaman was troubled in his mind at the look of the sea ahead and the unbroken line of surf that stretched across the entrance of the lagoon. Presently he made his way to the main rigging, ran aloft and stood for several minutes in the cross-trees, clinging to the topmast shrouds and studying the water ahead. We were less than a mile from the reef, and, so far as I could see, driving straight on to it, when he came down and walking aft stood for a moment scowling at Silverside.

"Can do?" he demanded.

"Can do," answered Silverside, and I noticed that a small red spot had come in either sunken cheek.

"Entlance dam' bad."

"Not too bad," said Silverside. "Get better close in. Entrance turn like thus," and he traced on the deck with his sandaled foot an inverted "L" with a perpendicular at right angles to the upper limb.

The old tub was yawing fearfully now, threatening with each soaring plunge to snap the boom tackle and jibe the main boom across the deck. I marveled at the muscular strength of Silverside. With legs braced and his big bony shoulders pitched forward, he met each driving luff, twisting the clumsy wheel as one would twist the neck of a fowl.

"S'pose you lend a hand at the wheel," said he to Sam Lung, and his usually plaintive voice had a harsh note of authority. "Tell coolie men to stand by to trim main-sheet. We make one quick turn, then pay off quick. You savvy?"

"Me savvy plenty," answered Sam Lung, and took the other side of the wheel.

"My Vegetables and Canned Fruit *never* Spoil"

The Family Preserver

You may now put up your vegetables and fruit for "keeps." You need not dread the danger of *spoiling*. If you have your own garden (or if you buy in the market), you will find it cheaper to preserve your own "garden stuff" than to buy "store goods" at winter prices.

Think of the "good things" you may have all winter—think of the *saving*—think of the comfort. Then make the best use now of the Jar that *never* disappoints.

ATLAS

E-Z SEAL JARS

(Get one free from your grocer)

This is the sanitary, all-glass jar—the housewife's *joy*.

Because of the wide mouth, the glass cap, the green tint and the air-tight, wire-spring, easy seal you are *sure* of the best results with the least labor.

The green tint of the glass excludes the light, the wire-clamped glass cap excludes the air, and the spring seal saves the trouble of twisting the old style, unsanitary "screw tops."

Cheaper, Better Living

The "high cost of living" is troubling most housewives. The grocer's winter prices are about as follows:

1 doz. Quarts String Beans	$2.65
" " Peas	2.10
" Asparagus	2.50
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
	$[illegible]
[illegible] Quart E-Z Seal Jars (net)	[illegible]
[illegible]	$7.65

Thereafter your jars cost nothing and your yearly saving is $13.05, less the small cost of preserving. And vegetables from your own garden (or market) jarred in your *own* home are so much better than any you may buy! Many women are doing their own jarring—why not *YOU?*

"By its fruit you may know it."

A Free Jar and a Free Book

Cut out this coupon, take it to your grocer and get one E-Z Seal Jar—*free*. Be sure and write us for *free* Book of Recipes—it tells many things you should know about preserving. Get the Jar from the *grocer*, get the Book from *us*. Then you will know!

A 1-Qt. E-Z Seal Jar FREE

Dealer's Name [illegible]

Address

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When they're apt to "get up" close, slip in a *Remington-UMC* Scatter Load—and make your choke bore gun good for brush or thicket shooting.

Arrow and Nitro Club steel lined Scatter Load Shot Shells give the same uniformly open pattern at 25 yards that standard loading gives at 40. And with greater penetration.

A special system of wadding gives the spread. The Steel lining gives speed plus perfect pattern assurance.

Get a box today. Your local dealer has them.
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New invention; the cheapest and quickest blowout repair known. Is guaranteed to fix the worst blowout. Extra casings and blowout shoes are needless. Eliminates tire worries on the road, and the necessity of "hugging" a garage.

Economy Blowout Bands need but a corner of the tool box for a dozen. They fit under the rim, cause no jar, or wear on treads. Tire worries cease with their use. A box of a dozen costs $2. Many times that amount is saved in time, worry, and labor. When ordering specify size of tires used. Send for a box today, $2.00 postpaid. Some choice territory for A1 agents.
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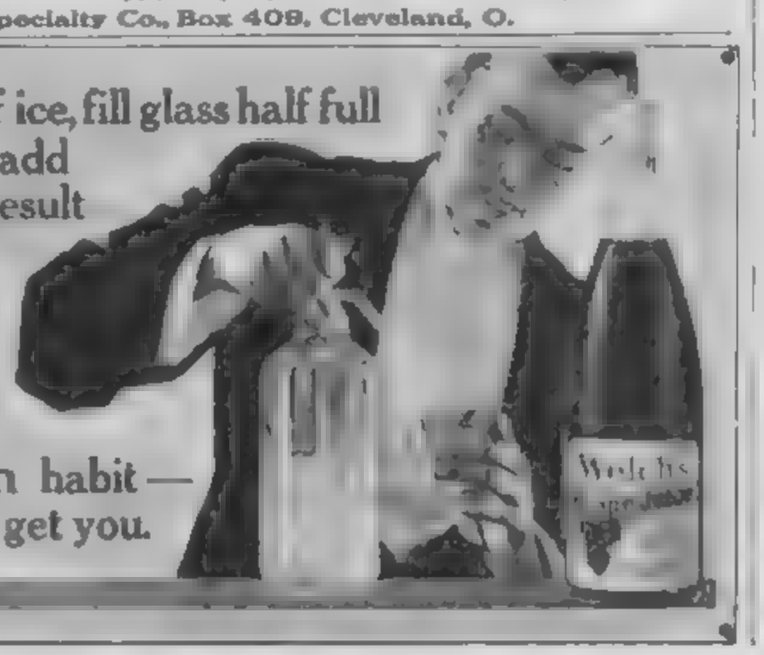
Tall glass, chunk of ice, fill glass half full of Welch's—add charged water. Result

Welch Cocktail

A Man's Drink

Get the Welch habit—it's one that won't get you.



"When I holler mainsheet," said Silverside, "tell coolies trim in pretty quick. Then all hands run for'ad, back out piecy forestaysail. You savvy?"

"Savvy," grunted Sam Lung. He raised his voice to a shout, and the man who had been my guard while Silverside was suffering the "water-snake" came running aft. The captain of a full-rigged ship could have brought his vessel about with less talk than was exchanged between the two, but finally it appeared that the maneuver was plain and the boatswain called the coolies aft.

It was none too soon, for we were almost in the moving water, and the yawl was rushing toward what I could now distinguish as an opening in the outer line of reef. Beyond this, not more than a quarter of a mile shoreward, ran the second line, and the big seas as they hurled themselves against it flung their heavy sprays, as it looked, a hundred feet in air, completely hiding the land and veiling in a snowy mist the rim of the crater, which suggested the stump of a rotten tooth. It was a fearful sight, and even the expressionless faces of the coolies had a drawn and sickly look as they clung to the mainsheet and stared.

I had already guessed at the maneuver, which was to run straight in, then, hauling smartly on the wind, reach down between the two lines of reef for the entrance in the second, there to put the helm hard up and scud away before the wind again into the lagoon. But the sea, heavy as one finds it only in the Pacific and driven as it was by the weight of the monsoon, scarcely more than crumbled over the outer reef, and it seemed to me that when we came to haul on the wind we would find ourselves in mighty ugly water. So it seemed also to the coolies, as I could tell from their pointing and jabbering, but it was too late to turn back. Indeed I doubt if the yawl could have clawed offshore in that broken water.

Down we roared, and it looked as though the reef were rushing seaward to devour us. We drove into a maelstrom of sucking whirlpools and broad, bland eddies, such as one sees on the top of a cauldron. The spray flew clear to the truck, lashed across the deck, and smote the straining sails with cannoning reports. The heavy yawl shuddered as the deep, crazy currents gripped adversely at her keel as though to wrench her hull apart. Close aboard I caught a glimpse of a rugged mass of coral that reared itself from the sea like some leviathan hurtling from the deep to fall athwart us and bury the vessel in the brine. Halfway to the truck it reared, then a roaring sea submerged it, and the shock was that of two planets loosed from their orbits and meeting in full course.

Flat on the deck by the quarter bitts, with the spray cascading over my head, I lay and stared at Silverside. Shoulder to shoulder with the man who had just tortured him he strained at the wheel with all of his great strength, teeth bared, gaunt forearms bulging. All at once he thrust his face toward that of the Chinaman and I saw his mouth open as if in a shout, though the sound was swept away in the roar of waters. Then over came the wheel, while the coolies, who had been waiting the signal, fought and struggled with the straining sheet rope.

Round came the yawl, and in an instant her decks were flooded with the boiling brine; but hove down as she was when the gale struck her abeam no damage was done except to the sampan, which was torn from its lashings and flung clear as if it had been a paper boat. Forward we rushed, our headsails thundering, as the crew, belaying the mainsheet, sprang to trim them down. Sam Lung's strident voice rose above the uproar and the coolies rushed forward again. To leeward stretched the long white smother about the inner reef and the spouting sprays, which seemed to hang in air as if unwilling to fall back; and as my eyes followed the line of the reef I could see where the white water suddenly gave way to a translucent green.

The yawl was an able boat and forged staunchly through the turmoil. As we neared our turning-point I looked at Silverside. The face of the man seemed transfigured. The dull red spots in either cheek blazed crimsonly; his yellow teeth were bared like those of a dog about to strike, and his eyes, usually dull and soft and vacant, seemed to hold the heat of a crucible of molten copper. He snarled some order into the ear of Sam Lung, who loosed one yellow hand to gesture fiercely. The boatswain had a turn of the mainsheet

(Continued on Page 42)

American Boy

START YOUR BOY to school right this fall with a pair of "American Boy" shoes on his feet. He will like their mannish style, their glove fit, and their comfort. And you will like them for their solid honesty and the good every-day service they always give. The Menz "Ease" is the same shoe for men. *The name on sole and a yellow label always protect you against imitations.*

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Our two specialties are every-day shoes in all heights for men and boys only. One is called Menz "Ease," the other "American Boy," and both have earned a reputation for service and comfort no other every-day shoe has ever equalled.

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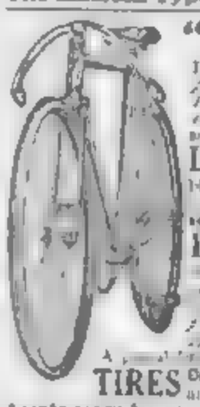
The Emerson Typewriter Co., Box 208, Woodstock, Ill.



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Cadillac 1913

Any car at any price which you choose to compare with this new Cadillac will be honored by the comparison

Long stroke engine. More power. Silent chain-driven camshaft; enclosed valves; quiet engine. Longer wheelbase; larger tires; Electrical system of automatic cranking, lighting and ignition simplified and improved; automatic spark control. Numerous refinements of essential details

You will bear witness that the Cadillac case has never been overstated.

Hold to that thought, please, in considering what we shall say of this new car.

Cadillac practice has progressively improved upon itself season after season.

It has now reached a point, which, we believe, warrants us in thinking that comparison of the choicest cars with the Cadillac will hereafter confer a distinction upon those cars, rather than otherwise.

For several years we have calmly observed the rapid rise of the Cadillac in public opinion.

Each year we have seen the little group of its equals in popular esteem narrowed down.

Each year we have seen a higher and higher price named as the basis of comparison with the Cadillac.

And we believe that basis of price comparison is about to vanish altogether.

We believe that the last mental reservation is about to remove itself from the public mind.

We ourselves have felt serenely sure for a long time that in point of real and substantial value the line of demarcation between cars of highest price and the Cadillac was an imaginary line.

We have felt that it was written in water, like the international boundary lines in the ocean—and we feel that this new Cadillac will complete the process of so convincing the public.

The advent of such a car at the Cadillac price is, of course, a matter of genuine moment; and you will be interested, therefore, in this news concerning it.

A few of the improvements in the 1913 Cadillac

LONG STROKE ENGINE:—4½" bore by 5¾" stroke, increasing the power of the always extraordinarily efficient Cadillac engine. This amplification of power is especially observable at speeds from 12 to 35 miles an hour, dynamometer tests registering an increase of from 18 to 25 per cent.

SILENT CHAIN-DRIVEN cam shaft, also pump and generator shaft, replacing meshed gears, in conjunction with:

ENCLOSED VALVES, and the superb workmanship throughout in which the Cadillac has always excelled, producing an engine which runs with unusual quietness.

CARBURETOR:—A carburetor of marked efficiency and simplicity has been further simplified, now requiring but a single means of adjustment, removing from it to the greatest possible degree, the necessity of attention.

AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC CRANKING DEVICE, ELECTRIC LIGHTS, IGNITION:—A vastly simplified and improved Delco system developed at the instigation of the Cadillac Company for Cadillac cars, the result of experience with the old system on twelve thousand 1912 models.

While the old system demonstrated itself to be by far the most efficient for its purposes that had ever been developed, the Cadillac Company has evolved means of increasing that efficiency to as near the 100 per cent point as any mechanical appliance could be. Among the simplifications are, the successful adoption of the single instead of double voltage system, thereby eliminating the controlling switch, the meter, much wiring and other parts. The meter is replaced by a voltage regulator which automatically governs the charging rate of the battery, reducing to an absolute minimum the attention required on the part of the user. The switches for starting, lighting and ignition, the latter equipped with Yale lock, are more conveniently located. Lights are provided with fuses. These and other advantages will be enjoyed by users of the 1913 Cadillac.

AUTOMATIC SPARK CONTROL:—Relieving the driver of the necessity of constant attention in order to secure the maximum results.

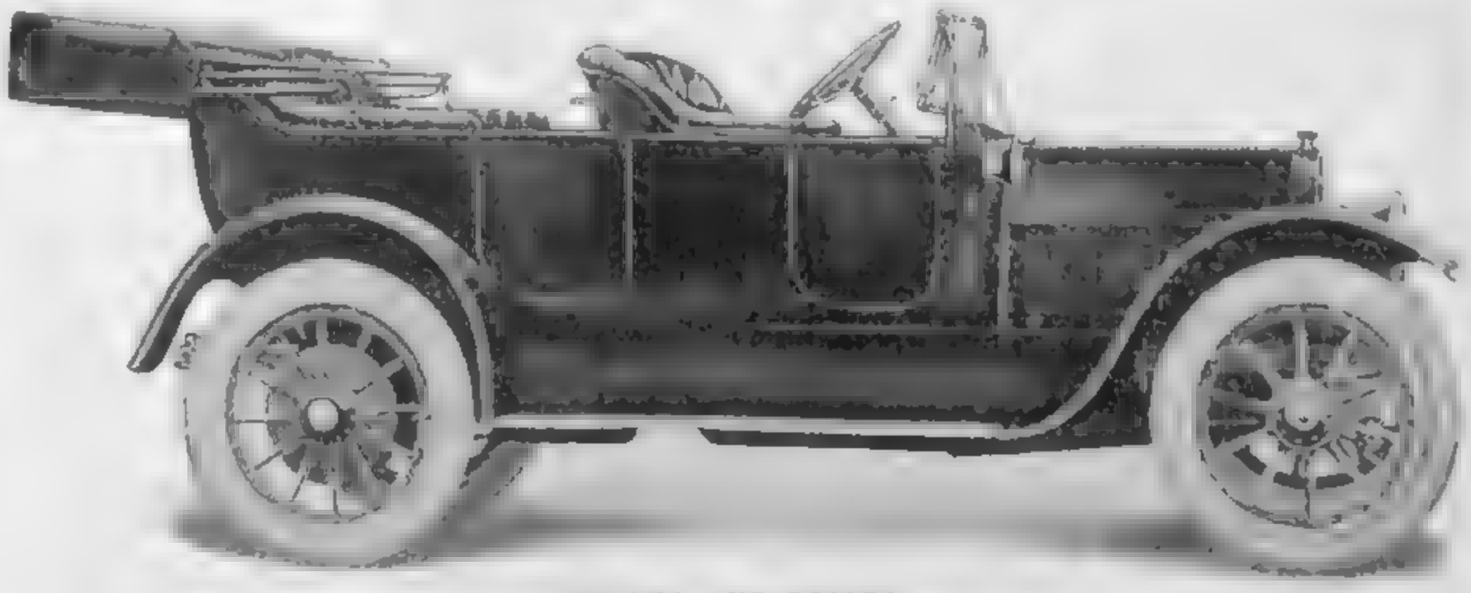
LONGER WHEELBASE:—The easy riding qualities of a car which has been regarded as the acme of luxury are accentuated by an increase in the length of the wheel base from 116 to 120 inches, and a corresponding increase in the length of rear springs.

TIRES:—Increased from 36" x 4" to 36" x 4½", with the obvious advantages resulting therefrom. Demountable rims.

EQUIPMENT:—Cadillac top and windshield included. See specifications.

SPECIFICATIONS IN BRIEF

ENGINE—Long stroke 4½ inch bore by 5¾ inch stroke; four-cylinder silent chain-driven cam shaft, also pump and generator shaft, enclosed valves. Five bearing crankshaft. **HORSE-POWER**—40-50. **COOLING**—Water [illegible] Centrifugal pump [illegible] tubular and [illegible] type. **IGNITION** See "Equipment." **LUBRICATION** [illegible] system oil and [illegible] distributes. **CARBURETOR** Special Cadillac [illegible] of [illegible] construction, [illegible] heated. Air adjustment from driver's [illegible] **CLUTCH** [illegible] large leather faced with special spring ring in fly wheel. **TRANSMISSION** Sliding gear, selective type, three speeds forward and reverse [illegible] steel gears, running on five Hess-Bright ball bearings [illegible] **CONTROL** Hand gear change lever and [illegible] brake lever at driver's right, in the [illegible] Service brake pedal over [illegible] set lever. Emergency brake foot lever. Spark and throttle levers at steering wheel. Carburetor air adjustment [illegible] lever under steering wheel. **DRIVE**—Direct shaft to bevel gears of special cut teeth to afford maximum strength. Drive shaft runs on Timken bearing. **AXLES** Rear, Timken full floating type; special alloy steel live axle shaft, Timken roller bearing. Front axle, drop forged I beam section with drop forged yokes, spring perches, tie rod ends and roller bearing steering spindles. Front wheels fitted with Timken bearings. **BRAKES**—One internal and one external brake direct on wheels, 17-inch by 2½-inch drums. Exception [illegible] Both equipped with equalizers. **STEERING GEAR** Cadillac [illegible] worm and worm gear sector type [illegible] Irreversible, [illegible] with wheel [illegible] spokes. **WHEEL BASE** 120 inches. **TIRES** 3 inch by 4 inch Hartford or Morgan & Wright, demountable rims. **SPRINGS**—Front, semi-elliptical. Rear, three-quarter platform. **FINISH**—Cadillac blue throughout, including wheels; light [illegible] nickel trimmings. **STANDARD EQUIPMENT**—Cadillac mohair top, [illegible] Delco [illegible] system embodying automatic cranking, [illegible] Automatic spark advance. Also Delco [illegible] Gray & Davis lamps especially designed for Cadillac cars, [illegible] enamel with nickel trimmings; two headlights; two side lights, tail light. Hans gasoline gauge on dash, horn; full foot rail in tonneau; robe rail; tire irons; set of tools, including pump and tire repair kit; cocoa mat in all tonneaux except closed cars. Speedometer, Warner, with electric light.



STYLES AND PRICES

Standard Touring Car, five passenger	$1975.00		
Six passenger car	$2075.00	Roadster, two passenger	$1975.00
Phaeton, four passenger	1975.00	Coupé, four passenger	2500.00
Torpedo, four passenger	1975.00	Limousine, seven passenger	3250.00

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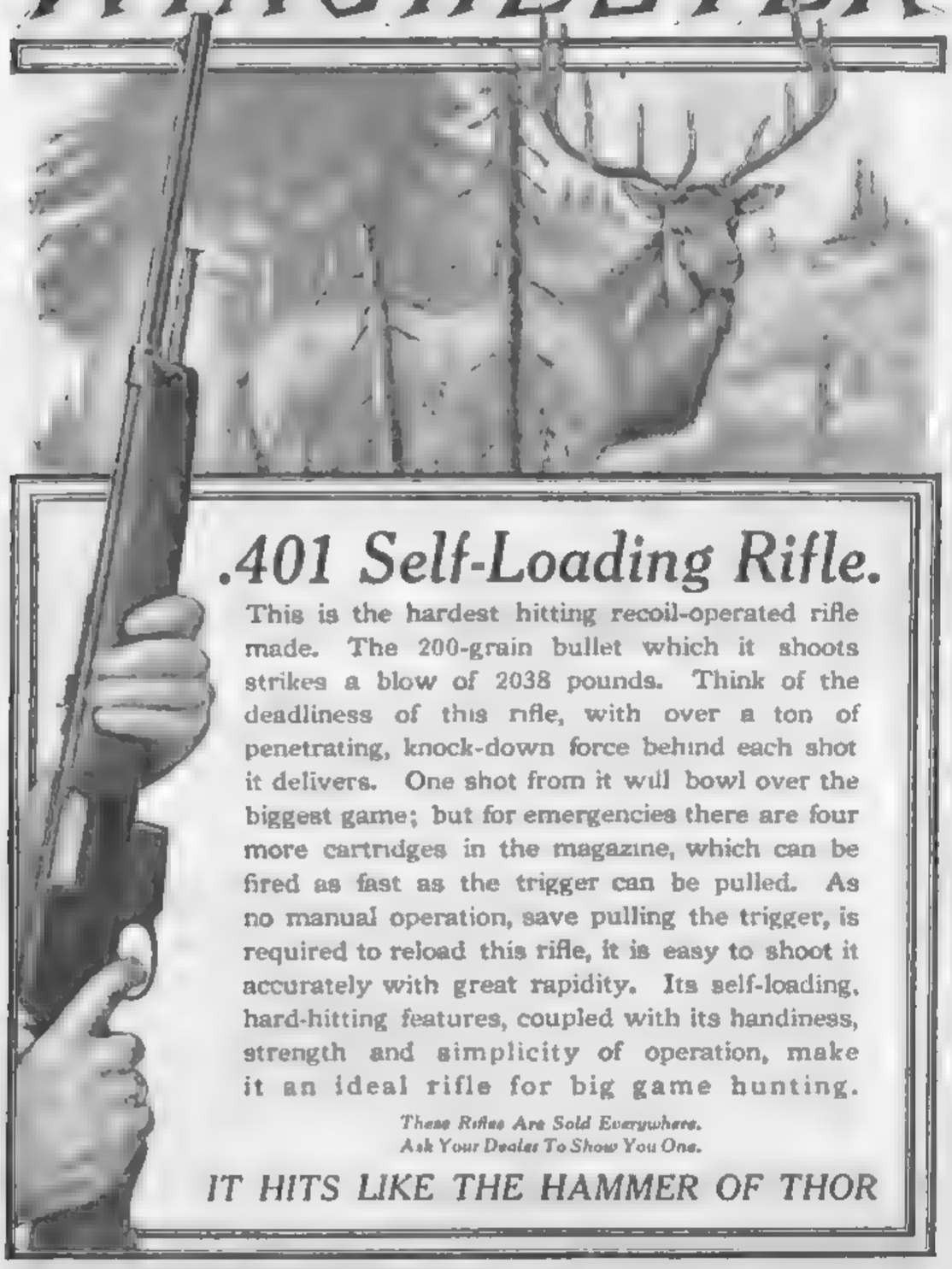

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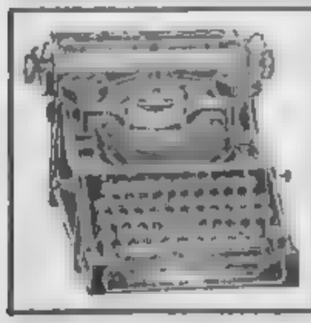

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(Continued from Page 40)

on the bitts and at Sam Lung's motion I saw the sheet rope steam as he let it run. Forward, the coolies had led the forestay sail sheet outside the weather shrouds and were hauling the sail aback with what feeble strength was in them. Sam Lung and Silverside were clawing at the wheel, jamming the helm hard up, and the yawl, her mizzen volleying free, was swinging on her heel to head for the opening in the second reef, which was, if anything, a more appalling portal than the first.

Around she came straight for the entrance, then swung past it until her bows were headed for the breaking water. A cry burst from me and I scrambled up, my heart bursting, for we were driving directly onto the reef. My first thought was that the steering gear had parted under the strain, and then as I looked at the two figures at the wheel I understood, and the blood seemed to freeze in my veins.

An awful struggle was going on, the more terrible for its utter silence; though any outcry, had there been such, would have been swept away in the roar of wind and water. Silverside, his face like that of a destroying angel, was putting out the whole of his great strength to heave up on the wheel; while opposite and against him the Chinaman was struggling like a demon.

On the instant I saw the terrible design of Silverside. He meant to lay the yawl across the reef. Square before the wind as we were, another spoke and the mainsail would jibe, when no power on earth could save the vessel. The Chinaman saw it, too, and his Tartar face was that of a frantic fiend. Silverside was to windward, and as I watched I saw his hands loose their hold and dart down to clasp round a lower spoke. With feet braced on the slanting deck he strained slowly upward, forcing the wheel inch by inch against his adversary. A gust caught the mainsail aback and I thought that all was over, but Sam Lung, with the fury of despair, put out a burst of superhuman strength, and the back of Silverside was bent like a springing spar. The head of the yawl swung up a trifle. But the Chinaman could not long support the strain, and back we swung again. And so, for what seemed ages but was in reality swift seconds, the terrific struggle went on, grimly, silently, terribly.

Then as I watched I saw a sudden flame pass over the face of Silverside and back against him came the wheel. At first I thought that his iron muscles were yielding under the strain, but as I looked I saw that the spoke he gripped was bending slowly upward. The tough oak was giving way.

The end came quickly. Silverside loosed his grip on the parting wood and one hand flashed out toward Sam Lung's waist. I saw the flash of steel as Silverside raised the long curved blade he had snatched from the belt of the Chinaman. Sam Lung sank to the deck, his grip relaxed, and almost at the same instant the mainsail jibed with the roar of an avalanche.

I flung myself face downward, clasping both hands round the iron bitts, and commended my soul to Heaven—for the yawl was driving straight at the reef. What followed was chaotic. Even as we lifted to drive into that smother of destruction I saw the boatswain spring knife in hand at Silverside, and saw Silverside swing sideways to evade the blow and plunge his own blade into the man's chest. Then everything was blotted out in the white haze of oblivion.

Yet not a complete oblivion. I was conscious that the yawl plunged into a sort of elemental vortex, whence she was plucked by some Titan hand and flung spinning aloft. There were no noises, just one sense-ignoring diapason of sound that might have been a silence, utter and absolute, for all the consciousness it produced. It had even a sort of deadening effect, as though the immensity of all about made the individual seem a mean thing, even to himself, and too slight to make his obliteration worth so much as a pang of consciousness. I have trod on ants whose little lives seemed more important than did mine in that moment. I felt myself an atom in the grip of the Infinite.

Yet, in spite of that, the instinct of self-preservation was keenly alive, and I locked my arms just under the crosspiece of the bittheads and waited. Even while the yawl appeared to hang in midair before the downward plunge to annihilation, I was conscious that I was not alone, for a human body was close to mine, the arms gripped about the bitts over mine, and without knowing who it was my heart went out to him in a wave of companionship. It seemed to me that this person and I were about to face great truths together.

Then the deck appeared to drop away. Down, down, down it went and the sensation was that of a nightmare. But not for long, for there came a crash that broke the flight, driving the breath from my body.

The next impression was of a sort of suffocating peace, and I stared about bewilderedly. I was still clinging to the bitts, but instead of lying horizontally, my body was at a pitch of forty-five degrees or more; and as the water, which seemed over everything, washed away, I found myself almost hanging from the bitts, my legs in the brine and what appeared to be the taffrail high overhead. Half of the wheel was there, above me and to the left, and the ragged stump of the mizzenmast. I was conscious, too, that all was turning, not gently but with a dizzying force.

My arms ached and there was a weight across my body. I turned to examine and looked into the face of Silverside. He was clinging to the same bitts, his locked arms over mine. A surge of water swept over us, and when it had passed I saw that his eyes were open and intelligent.

"Scramble up," he gasped in my ear, "before the next one."

Even as he spoke he hauled himself up over the bitts, then, clutching at the rail, he climbed up abaft the stump of the mizzen, where he sat astride. I followed him, coming to rest abaft the pillar of the compass. Then as I looked about I began to comprehend.

The yawl, flung directly on the sharp crest of the reef, had been cut in two amidships. The after-fragment, where we found ourselves, had emptied itself of ballast and was floating nearly vertically, some ton or so of slag having no doubt clung in some way to her amidships section, possibly being boxed in to the frames.

All about us the water was swirling, the surface deep in spume but comparatively still. Masses of débris were eddying here and there, but of the forward fragment of the yawl I saw no sign.

Silverside, braced behind the stump of the mizzen, looked down at me with a bleak smile. I stared at him questioningly. Thought and action were fast becoming possibilities again.

"Where are they?" I gasped.

"Ask John Shark," he answered in a harsh voice. "His family swarm behind such reefs in a gale, waiting for the bounties the sea may bring. I like to pay my debts."

"You might have told me," I muttered.

"I saw that you were doing all that a man could. Besides, what did you matter? What did I matter? It was for Therese. The bottom under us is sown as thick with pearls as the tunic of a rajah."

I did not answer. It seemed to me that I was beginning to understand Silverside to some slight extent. My life mattered as much to him as the life of a cockroach; in fact I was not sure but that he might have preferred to see me go the road of the coolies. Dead men are good confidants.

The water about us seemed to clear, and close by I saw a swimmer. It was one of the coolies, and as I watched him there came a swirl which was not that of the tide, and he disappeared. Silverside had been watching him too. He smiled at me.

"My friends are out in force today," said he. "Look there—and there!"

I followed the direction of his pointing arm and saw a series of long, sickle-shaped, slate-colored fins, weaving slow circles here and there. The after-fragment of the yawl to which we clung had ceased its aimless twisting and turning and presently came to rest in still water. The ripples washed past as though we were at anchor.

"We've stopped moving," I called.

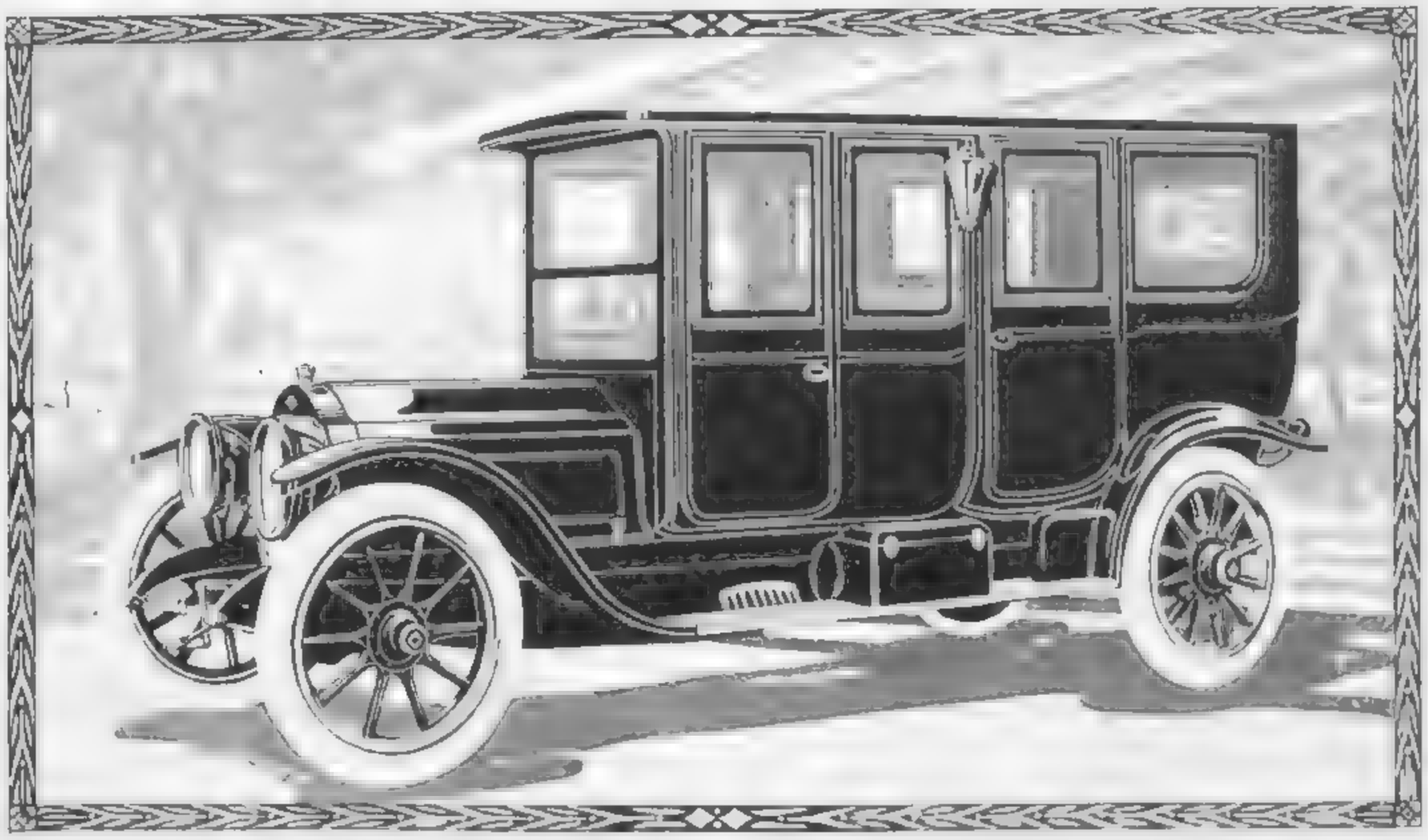
"Yes," he answered, "something is holding us. A bight of iron shroud, perhaps, caught round a mass of coral. Did you ever see so many sharks? The water is alive with them."

He slipped his feet out of his sandals, then drew off his shirt and sat there, nude to the waist. As I looked at the big, bony frame, banded with clean-cut muscles, I understood the source of the man's iron strength. Hanging about his neck by what seemed to be a cord of plaited horsehair was a black, glistening object.

"What are you going to do?" I asked, watching him in a sort of fascination.

"Swim ashore," said Silverside.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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MOTOR CARS

MOTOR—Six cylinder, vertical water cooled; cylinders cast in two sets of three each with integral water jackets
DIMENSIONS—4¼ in. bore by 5½ in. stroke
RATING—50 Horsepower

TRANSMISSION—Selective; four speeds forward and reverse
WHEEL BASE—135 inches
TIRES—36 x 4½ front; 37 x 5 rear

EQUIPMENT—Complete electric light equipment for head lights, side lights, rear light and interior lights. Warner speedometer, top and wind shield, horn, tire holders, jack, complete outfit of tools

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Address: Garford Department

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

Farewell to $1,055

By R. E. Olds, Designer

I publish this ad. to give 30 days' notice that Reo the Fifth must advance in price.

The costliest materials are all going up. Labor cost is higher. And our margin at present is entirely too small to permit us to stand these advances.

I am sorry, but this underprice must end forever on October 1.

Only 1,000 More

Between now and that date our output will be an even thousand cars. Go to your local Reo dealer and see if he can get you one.

If so, this is your last chance—here or anywhere else—to get a car like this for 1,055 dollars.

The 1912 Sensation

Reo the Fifth at this price, as you know, has been the year's sensation.

There were times when orders ran five times our output. Even now we are not caught up.

But the future demand will break all the past records. Men are only beginning to find this car out. Now thousands of users are telling to others what a wonderful car is my final creation. And legions of men are now coming to want it.

Nothing Newer

Other new-model cars now being announced show how Reo the Fifth is followed

The center control and the left-side drive are coming next year into widespread adoption. But no other car has such simple control as my latest Reo.

And the best of other cars will now use roller bearings, but none will use more than I. In Reo the Fifth there are eleven Timken bearings, and four of the Hyatt high duty.

The most important changes in 1913 models are the features I brought out in Reo the Fifth.

Where I Excel

I claim no ability beyond other designers. In fact, Reo the Fifth is a hundred-man car. A hundred have helped to perfect it.

But I have behind me 25 years of motor car experience. I have had 60,000 cars of my creation to guide me.

I know the need for big margins of safety. I know where economies ruin a car.

I realize the need for slow, careful building. My men are never rushed. I employ extreme tests and endless inspection, for I know how defects otherwise creep in.

Reo the Fifth owes its splendid perfection to the caution which the years have taught me.

Each lot of steel is analyzed twice. Gears are tested in a crushing machine of 50 tons' capacity.

For 48 hours I submit every engine to five very radical tests. And finished cars are given tests which rarely are employed.

Reo the Fifth is a marvel of silence, because parts are ground over and over—ground to utter exactness.

The body gets 17 coats. Every detail of finish and upholstering shows the final touch. You can see the evidence of the care I use.

Then there are in this car 190 drop forgings. There are nickel steel axles, vanadium steel connections. We consider nothing too costly for Reo the Fifth. Those are the reasons for this amazing success

My Center Control

I suggest to all car buyers the vital importance of getting a center control. Also a left-side drive.

Center control means free entrance in front. Both of the doors are clear. In the Reo it means a single small lever between the two front seats. All the gear shifting is done by moving this lever only three inches in each of four directions.

Both brakes are operated by foot pedals. So there is no reaching—no lever in the way.

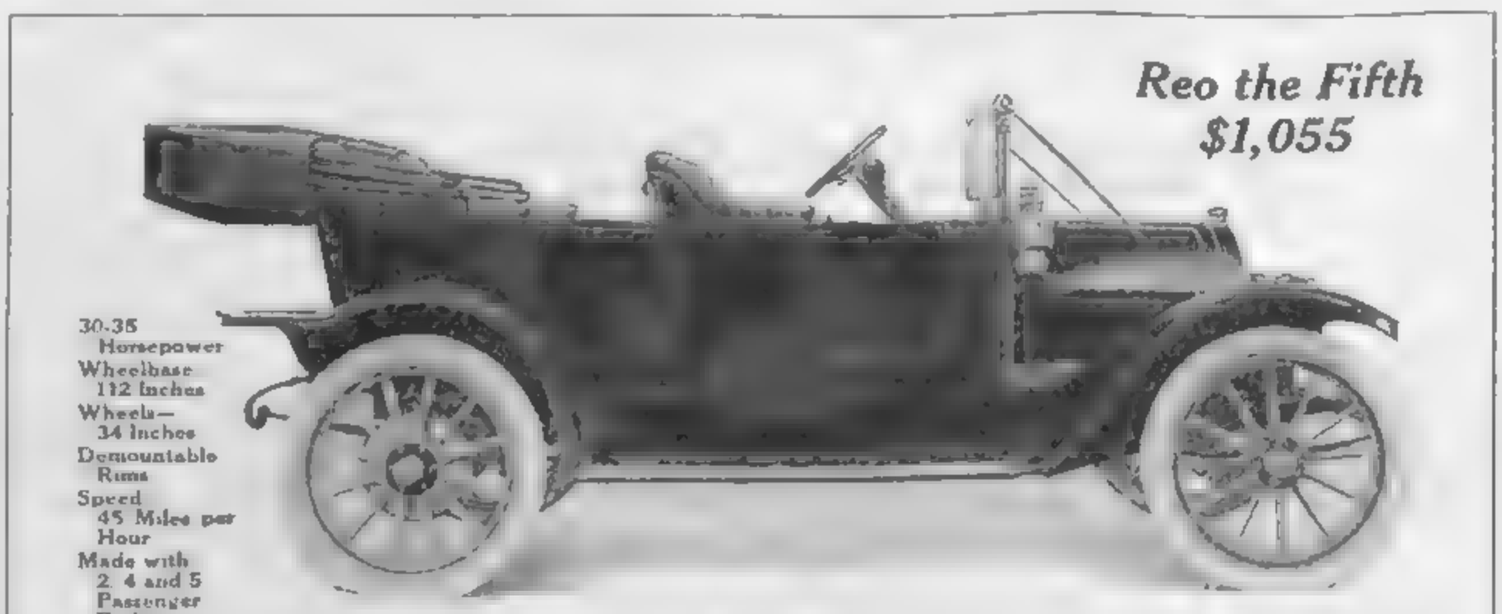
This arrangement permits of the left-side drive, the same as in electrics. The driver sits close to the cars which he passes and on the up side of the road.

These are coming features in all leading cars. You get them in perfection in Reo the Fifth.

Get Today's Price

If you want such a car, try to get it before the price goes up. Go to the nearest Reo dealer. We have them in a thousand towns. Ask him to get you the present price, and he will if he possibly can.

If you don't know our dealer write us for his name. And write for our catalog showing all styles of bodies. In view of the facts here stated, you will save by acting now.



Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with mohair top, side curtains and slip cover, windshield, gas tank and speedometer—all for $100 extra. Self-starter, if wanted, $20 extra.

R. M. Owen & Co. General Sales Agents for Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich.

Canadian Factory, St. Catharines, Ont.

(101)

THE MEDDLING OF MISTER BIM

(Continued from Page 17)

plate with knife and fork and headed for the leader. Odok, the Shilluk, stood steady on one leg, his hair done into a Punch-cap plastered with white ashes. Zack met him face to face. "Here, Side, tell dis nigger I'm gwine to give him one piece; 'twon't cost him nary cent." Said filed this message in the circumlocution office and the answer meandered back: "Shilluk no eat by dem tings; eat so." Said went through the motions of rending meat with his teeth.

"All right; ef he can't un'erstan' catfish talk I'll try him on catfish taste. Eat dis!" Zack held out a piece of fish. The savage took it suspiciously and crumpled tiny bits to the ground; he smelled of it but did not eat. "Eat it! 'Tain't pizen! Gimme dat fish!" Zack bit out a section and returned it. Odok nibbled the edges and chewed an experimental bite, bolted the balance and extended his hand for more.

"Jeemunny, nigger! I never saw whar dat went! Here's anudder piece." Another piece; another—hopeless as feeding nickels into a slot machine; but Zack persevered.

"Side, how much kin one o' dese niggers eat?" Said answered by a glance at the dishpan.

"Look here, nigger; you got to fire an' fall back. Tell him dat, Side." Zack's flights of rhetoric kept Said guessing, but the wily Arab never blinked an eye; he always translated something to the addressee. With the aid of two interpreters and much noise he failed to convey this fall-back idea to Odok. The Shilluk maintained his position, with open palm and mouth ready to fly open. Old Reliable helped Said and the interpreters to make his meaning clear by shoving Odok bodily into the crowd. "Git back an' 'low somebody else a chance!"

When Zack returned to the shack he had learned not to piddle with titbits. It took a man's-size eating for one of these fellows. He massed his fish in two dishpans. "Now den, one mo' gen'leman step forward. Tell 'em dat, Side."

This was easy. Said beckoned and that hungry horde did the rest, rushing against the shack with mouths open, and Odok fighting for the front place.

"Quit dat shovin'! Ev'ybody gwine to git a taste!" Zack sallied out again with a heaped-up plate and his prospective customers met him. Somebody jostled his arm, the plate spilled and a tangle of black nakedness fell upon it in the dirt.

Old Reliable retreated into his eating house while the blacks came crowding forward. The pressure of their bodies bent the rail. "Stan' back, you niggers! Stan' back!" The rail snapped like a pipestem, the leaders tumbled in, overturning his bench and knocking his table cranksided; plates and pans clattered to the ground; the shack tilted dangerously and that got Zack agitated. "Here, take it all! Take it all!" Both dishpans were falling; he grabbed them and hurled their contents over the heads of the crowd. That distributed the samples and saved the shack; the scramblers whirled round backward and scuffled for the fish.

When the riot broke out MacDonald came bounding across the open space, but he failed to cover that fifty yards before those negroes had gobbled the grub. MacDonald was not a man to get excited and he did not mean to be abrupt; but he strode among them and they melted away.

"What's the trouble, Zack? How came those fellows to rush you?"

"'Twarn't no trouble, Mr. Bim. Ev'ything nice an' pleasant."

"Didn't they like your fish?"

"Yas, suh; dey took to it mightily—shore did!"

MacDonald glanced at the empty pans. "What became of it?"

"Dem niggers et it."

"All of it? So quick?"

"Dem niggers eats fish mighty swif'."

"Hadn't you better catch some more?"

Zack had shucked off his white cap and was folding up the apron. "Naw, suh. I reckin dis eatin' house is jes' about to shet up."

"Why? Won't our plan work?"

"Yas, suh; yas, suh. It's gwine to work all right; but one man can't do no mo' dan jes' so much work in one day. I'm plumb wore out."

"Then you'll open up tomorrow?"

"Yas, suh." Zack assented without enthusiasm.

"When do I get my plowhands?"

"Mr. Bim, I reckin you better rock 'long kind o' gentle wid dese niggers—dey 'pears to git flustrated ef you stampedes 'em."

MacDonald kept thrashing his puttees with a whip, watching Old Reliable move the displaced table and benches into position. "What happened to your railing?"

"Dem niggers busted it." For a moment Old Reliable looked serious and then opened a wide-mouthed laugh. "Mr. Bim, ef dey keeps on bein' dat crazy 'bout fried fish you'll make plenty cotton befo' I gits 'em fat."

"We'll try." MacDonald wheeled, strode back to quarters and summoned his foremen. Zack gazed thoughtfully after him, then cut his eye round at the scattered negroes. "Mr. Bim shore do act brief. I got a hunch he's gwine to bust up dis catfish stan'."

During the long afternoon MacDonald's interpreters circulated industriously among the blacks, demonstrating all the ins and outs of the catfish system. Fried fish would be sold at one piaster a man—men must plow to get the money; and the news thereof percolated to distant villages. Odok stalked from one group to another adding his practical indorsement—being the established authority on fried fish.

Zack saw it all and did not approve. "Dat ain't no way to do—tellin' dem niggers he wants 'em so bad. Oughter treat 'em like a drove o' mules—not try to drive 'em in a gate—jes' leave de gate onlatched an' let 'em bust in!"

Quite disgusted he straggled over to quarters and sat on the front step. Mr. Bim casually remarked that by private arrangement Odok must have as much as he could eat in consideration of his influence in leading men to the fields. This ominous provision made Old Reliable sit up and take notice. "Mr. Bim, ef you undertakes to fill up dat Odok nigger you got to git somebody to he'p Side ketch fish. An' 'low me a cook—one man can't tend to no catfish stan' de way dese niggers does deir tradin'."

"Very good." Mr. Bim promptly settled the matter and Zack composed himself for a long rest; but the bimbashi was not a man who rested. Excess of steam kept him shoving ahead. He set everybody to ransacking quarters and commissary for more fishing tackle—hooks and leads, corks and sinkers. "Everything must be ready by daylight." And everything was ready—likewise Mr. Bim.

Long before daylight MacDonald bent over Zack's cot and shook him—not roughly but effectually.

"Who dat? You, Mr. Bim?"

"Get up! It's time to go after the fish."

"Lordy, Mr. Bim, I jes' dis minute dozed off." Nevertheless Old Reliable got up yawningly and fared forth with the fishers.

At sunrise MacDonald went to the fields, his face glowing like the dawn. Odok had forty-seven men eager to grab the plow-handles—a somewhat disappointing number, but forty-seven more than MacDonald had mustered for many a week. When evening came this weary vanguard of honor lined up at the catfish counter, with double as many for an audience. MacDonald pushed through and whispered to Zack: "Give 'em plenty; you have four times as much as you need."

"Yas, suh, Mr. Bim, ef you says so; but 'tain't no way to do. You'll shore spile dese niggers!"

"Oh, MacDonald! MacDonald!" Colonel Spottiswoode shouted from quarters. "Come over here, quick!"

Old Reliable grinned. "Cunnel's de onlies' white man on dis place what's got sense like a nigger."

Left to himself, Zack proceeded to swap fish for piasters, serving the exact number that had followed the plows; the receipts of the catfish stand tallied accurately with the payroll. The piasterless negroes, sunk-flanked and hungry, looked on with ravenous eyes and a twitching at the mouth. Many times Zack glanced toward them and his heart softened; but finally he shook his head. "I kin count ev'y rib you got. But ef I wuz to begin givin' away fish I'd spile some mighty good plowhands. Here!" he called, taking a piece in each hand and feeding a couple of dogs. "You-all ain't had no chance to plow."

MacDonald was jubilant over that evening's work—the strutting of the fed, the envy of the unfed!

Next morning Mr. Bim counted one hundred and fifteen recruits actually at work.

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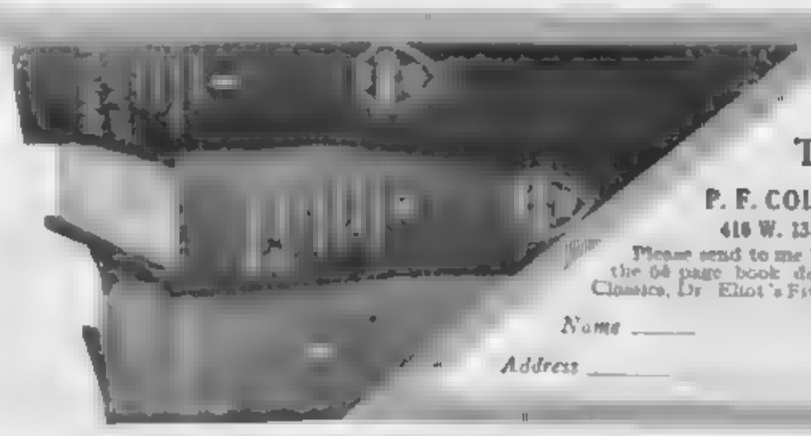

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"Ain't I tole you so, Mr. Bim? In two mo' days I'll have niggers in dat fiel' thicker'n boll-weevils." The negroes might have gone on multiplying like boll-weevils if Mr. Bim hadn't overplayed his hand.

It happened this way: Toward afternoon, two good hours before quitting time, one hundred and fifteen men were plowing, planting and looking forward to a feast. A ring of others squatted near the eating house, watching to see if the unbelievable could be true. Zack fried up four noble dishpans of fish. MacDonald hurried from the fields. "Everything is all right? Good! They'll be here presently." Then he bolted back again.

"Huh! Mr. Bim shore is steppin' mighty high! He feels powerful good!" The fact is, Mr. Bim did feel good and wanted to reward everybody—which led to his fatal meddling.

Said, the Dongolawi—the meek-eyed man of experience—reported to Zack that the two hippos slain by the bimbashi had risen and were floating down the river. Zack didn't rightly grasp the importance of what Said told him, but he found out very soon.

Even as Zack stood ready to dish up one hundred and fifteen portions of fried fish—even as Said was laying out his net for another successful day—even at that moment of success some evil jinnee sent Fudl running to the bimbashi with tidings that his hippos were in sight. MacDonald hurried toward the river; it was true. Two huge black bodies, puffed up like footballs, were drifting close in shore.

An inspiration seized Mr. Bim. He would prove the white man's generosity—he would feed the multitude. "Hey, there!" his voice rang out and Zack heard it clearly. "Hey, there!" MacDonald waved his hands to the idle negroes. "Catch those hippos—they're yours!" The simplicity of this suggestion needed no interpreter. one long, shrill cry uprose from a lanky negro at the water's edge: "Rink! Rink! Rau!" Splash went his ambatch canoe and the lone man paddled off like mad.

At the cry of "Flesh! Flesh! Hippo!" every Shilluk and every Dinka sprang to his feet shouting. There was a cloud of dust, a scurry of bare legs. A dozen canoes were paddling swiftly toward the black objects; naked men ran along the water's edge to catch up ropes and drag the prizes ashore.

Back through the quarters spread the cry of "Rink! Rink!" Afar off in the fields red throats opened and reechoed the call of flesh. Exactly one hundred and fifteen men dropped the plowhandles, abandoned the mules, flung down their seed-sacks and dashed to the river, heedless of Mr. Bim, who raved and swore.

They beached their hippos fifty yards below the eating house; every black creature within a mile was present—and abided. Fifty knives slashed the carcasses into a thousand bits. Glistening black bodies capered about and yellow dogs dodged between their legs.

Old Reliable stood dazed. Said began carefully folding his useless net just as it came from the box and resigned himself to the afflictions of Allah! "No peoples buy; no peoples work in field; eat hippo; much full, same like great snake. All peoples go 'way—two week—one month—no come back—maybe Allah, He know!"

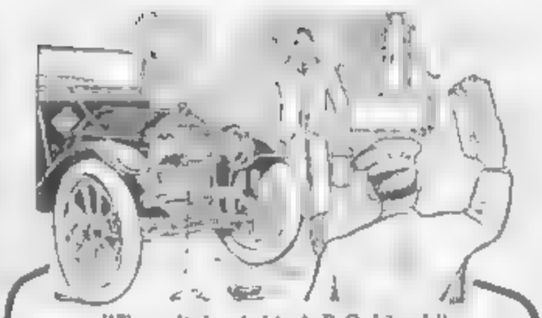
Zack dropped upon the eating-house bench, holding a piece of refuse fish. "Dar now! D'ain't even a dog to eat dis fish! Mr. Bim done got dis bizness in a jam!"

Self-Restraint

IT WAS a very hot day and the fat drummer who wanted the twelve-twenty train got through the gate at just twelve-twenty-one. The ensuing handicap was watched with absorbed interest both from the train and the station platform. At its conclusion the breathless and perspiring knight of the road wearily took the back trail, and a vacant-faced "red cap" came out to relieve him of his grip.

"Mister," he inquired, "was you tryin' to ketch that Pennsylvania train?"

"No, my son," replied the patient man. "No; I was merely chasing it out of the yard."



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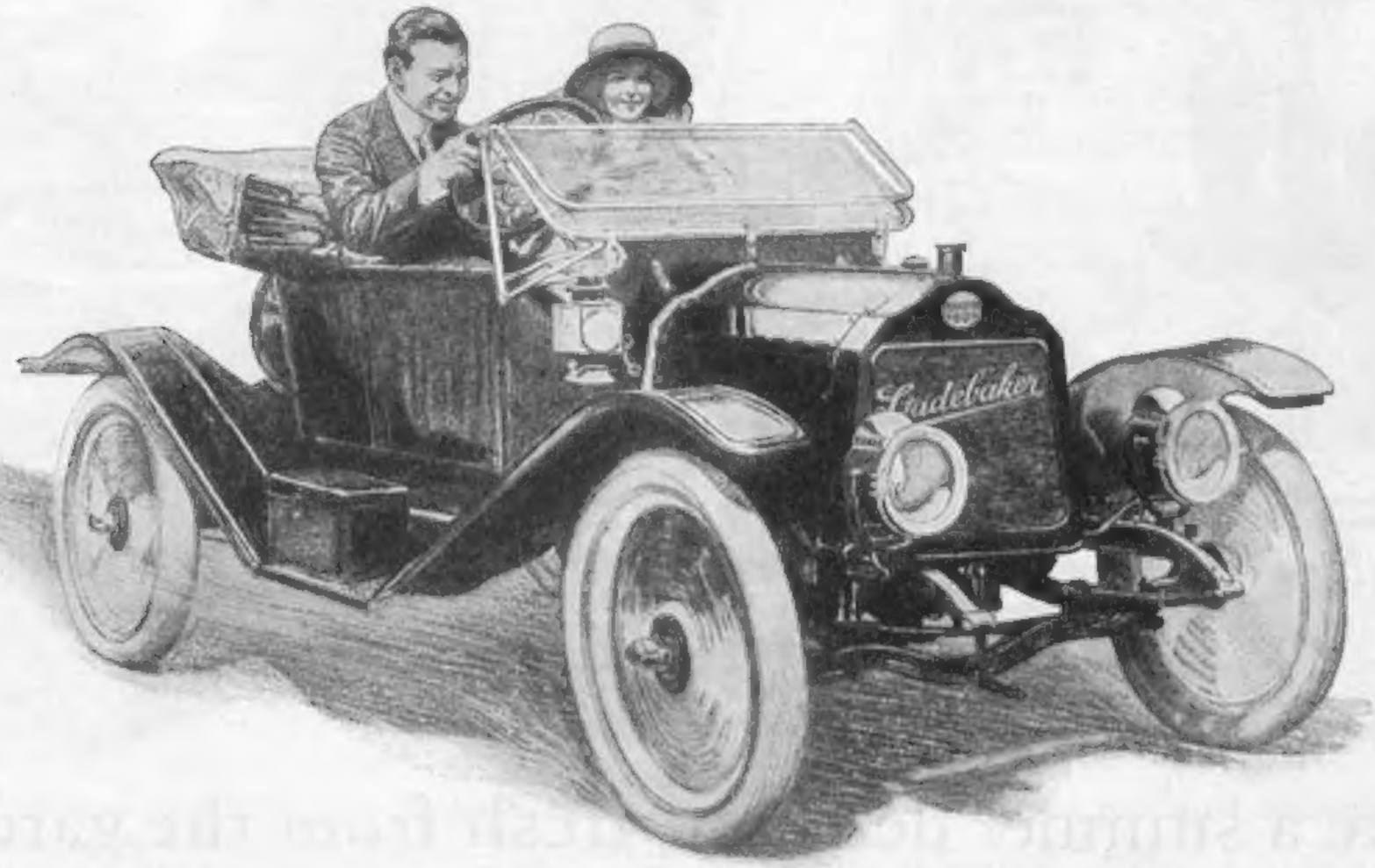

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The ***quality*** of the Studebaker car is equal to that of any car made, irrespective of price. We know this, because everything that goes into our cars is manufactured in our own plant, under the most jealous supervision, from materials that have been analyzed and tested in the Studebaker laboratories. Nothing is left to chance or the fortunes of the road.

The ***low price*** has been made possible by the enormous Studebaker facilities—the use of automatic machines that perform their task with superhuman exactness and mechanical efficiency—and an organization unapproached in the world.

Every owner of a **Studebaker** has the satisfaction of riding in a car on which he can absolutely depend—so perfect in construction that nothing can get out of order—so simple in operation that any member of the family can run it as well as an expert.

Added to these qualities are beauty of design, absolute riding comfort, style and finish—and ***unequaled economy of service.***

With our enormously increased facilities we can promise prompt delivery. Ride in a car that bears a name you know—and always lives up to its name.

STUDEBAKER CARS

(Nickel Trimmed)

STUDEBAKER (FLANDERS) "20"		STUDEBAKER (E-M-F) "30"	
Roadster	$750	Touring Car	$1100
Touring Car	800	Detachable Demi-Tonneau	1100
Utility Car	800	Roadster	1100
Delivery Car	800		

See our dealer. You can get prompt delivery. Our Art Catalog S mailed on request.

The Studebaker Corporation Detroit, Michigan

Like a summer delicacy, fresh from the garden.

When body and mind are craving the refreshment of summer food and summer scenes, the addition of Snider's Tomato Catsup to any food is like a breath of summer. That's because

SNIDER'S Tomato CATSUP

is made from *fresh* tomatoes, plucked when *just ripe*, crisp, juicy and at their best.

Snider's is superior because it is made from the original Snider recipe, famous for over a quarter-century, and because *every* material used in Snider's Catsup is of the best quality that money can buy.

We are not content to *make* any but the *best* Catsup.

Snider's Tomato Catsup is the perfect relish for all meats, hot or cold; for fish, macaroni, spaghetti, as a seasoning for all gravies and meat sauces and as a basis for luscious soups.

IN SOUPS, allow one-and-a-half tablespoonfuls of Snider's Tomato Catsup to each plate of soup, added at the table or on the stove.

IN GRAVIES, add a tablespoonful of Snider's Tomato Catsup for each person to be served.

Taste Snider's Pork and Beans. You will say you never tasted such delicious beans. Snider's *are* best and we intend to *keep* them so. That takes better beans, in the first place; every experienced housewife knows that. We buy the very best beans obtainable for Snider's.

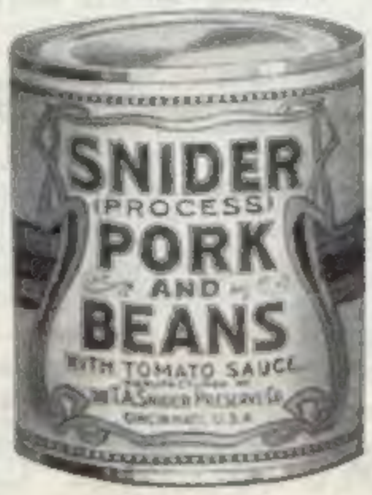
The perfect seasoning which gives *a genuine relish* to Snider's Beans is made from Snider's Tomato Catsup

The *pork* in Snider's Beans is a slice of *jowl*, or cheek, the most delicate bit in the whole animal.

Take a critical taste of Snider's Beans. You will want more—and more.

Snider's Chili Sauce is the unsurpassed relish for all meats.

Try Snider's Beans. If you do not think them the best beans you ever tasted, return the empty can to your Grocer and he will refund your money.



"It's the Process"

The T. A. SNIDER PRESERVE CO., Cincinnati, U.S.A.

All Snider Products comply with all Pure Food Laws of the World.

THREE POINT SUPPORT UNIT POWER PLANT

Stevens Duryea

Announcement and Review

The originality and leadership in basic principles and mechanical construction, shown for 21 years by the Stevens-Duryea, are carried still further in the new Model C-Six. While other makers have been coming around to these principles, the Stevens-Duryea has steadily been refined, and, this year, has been brought to the perfect balance, smoothness and quietness, which those who pay the highest prices have a right to expect.

And now, in the new Model C-Six, the Stevens-Duryea takes a new leadership in the original, harmonious and beautiful lines of the car. This new leadership is apparent at a glance. The old leadership has repeatedly been acknowledged by imitation.

The New Leadership
The Lines of the Car

The Model C-Six has an entirely original series of bodies. The hood is now really a part of the body, as it should be. It rises and widens gradually from the radiator to the body proper, meeting it gracefully with an upward and outward curve at the windshield and eliminating the vertical dash. From this point, the body-lines are carried in continuous curves to the rear. The entire rail of the open cars is upholstered from windshield to tonneau. The mud-guards add gentle flowing lines to the gracefulness of the car.

Comfort is ensured by a new design of springs—in itself a great advance; in the quiet motor; also in the wealth of depth of upholstery; and a rear seat which may be instantly raised, lowered, carried forward or backward.

Prices of Model C-Six

Seven passengers; wheel-base, 138 inches
Touring Car, $4750 Berline, $5950
Limousine, $5750

Five passengers; wheel-base, 131 inches
Touring Car, $4500 Demi-Berline, $5550

Two passengers; wheel-base, 131 inches
Roadster, $4500 Coupélet, $5200

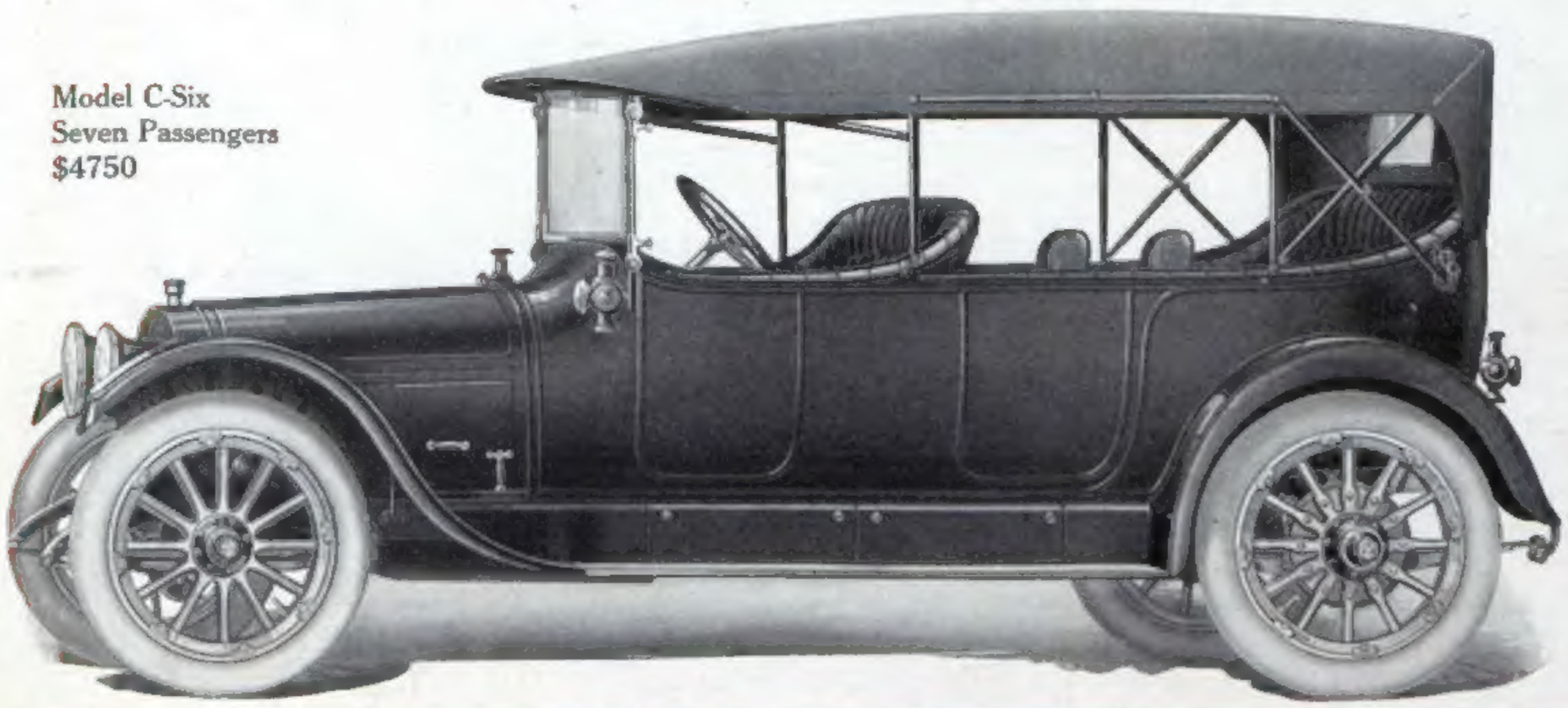
Seven passengers; wheel-base, 131 inches
Limousine, $5500 Berline, $5700

Standard equipment—Electric Lights with Generator, Power Driven Tire-pump, Warner Speedometer, Starting Device. Open cars also with Universal-Position Windshield, to which the top is firmly attached without straps.

The old and new leadership of the Stevens-Duryea are clearly shown in our latest catalogue. It contains information of value to anyone interested in motoring.

Stevens-Duryea Company Chicopee Falls Mass

"Pioneer Builders of American Sixes"



Model C-Six
Seven Passengers
$4750

The White Factory at Cleveland, Ohio
Where White Motor Cars and Trucks are Manufactured

White *Self-Starting* Six-Sixty

White Power Dumping Truck

White Fire Tea Truck

White *Self-Starting* Forty

The greatest variety of motor vehicles produced by any company in the world is a White achievement, the result of more than fifty years of practical manufacturing experience, and during all these years the name of White has been the guarantee of absolute responsibility and excellence of production.

White One-and-One-Half Ton Truck

White *Self-Starting* Thirty

White Three Ton Truck

The White Company
Cleveland

White *Self-Starting* Six Berline Limousine

White Combination Chemical and Hose Truck

White Three-Quarter Ton Truck